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NEW FACTS CONCERNING THE PANTHEON.

THE Pantheon of M. Vipsanius Agrippa well deserves the name given to it by topographers, the Sphinx of the Campus Martius, because, in spite of its preservation, it remains inexplicable from many points of view. This state of uncertainty relates to the general outline as well as to the details of the building. The rotunda is obviously disjointed from the portico, and their architectural lines are not in harmony with each other. On the other hand, it is evident that the Pantheon seen by Pliny the elder, in Vespasian's time, was not the one which has come down to us, because there is no place in the present building for the Caryatides of Diogenes the Athenian, and for the capitals of Syracusan bronze which he saw and described as crowning the columns of the temple. Therefore, when I was asked, in 1881, to write an official account of the excavations undertaken by Guido Baccelli, the Minister of Public Instruction, who freed the Pantheon from its ignoble surroundings,¹ I began the report by stating that the veil of mystery in which the monument was shrouded had by no means been lifted by these last researches, and that perhaps it never would be. Who would have suspected, however, that before a few years had elapsed we should discover another, nay, two more Pantheons under the existing one, and should be able to declare that Agrippa's name engraved on the

epistyle of the pronaos is historically and artistically misleading?

To make clear the case, I must give a brief account of the fortune of the building, from Agrippa's time to the last restoration by Septimius Severus and Caracalla.

There are two witnesses to the origin of its construction: the legend on the face of the building, M. AGRIPPA . L . F . COS . TERTIVM . FECIT, and the record of Dion Cassius, liii. 27, "[Agrippa] finished the construction of the so-called Pantheon." The date of the inscription is 27 B. C., while Dion relates the events of the year 25. This discrepancy of dates may be reconciled if we suppose the inscription to commemorate the material completion of the structure, and the historian to be recording the solemn dedication of the Pantheon and of the Laconikon, which stood close by.

The same historian relates that the Pantheon was dedicated to the ancestral gods of the Julian family, namely, Mars and Venus, and that "Agrippa wished to raise a statue to Augustus, also, so that the temple might be placed under his protection. Augustus, however, declined the proposal. In consequence of his refusal, only the statue of Julius Cæsar was placed inside; those of Augustus and Agrippa outside in the pronaos."

From this passage we gather the evidence that Agrippa's temple was further, 1881. Id. id. Seconda Relazione, Agosto, 1882.

¹ Il Pantheon e le Terme di Agrippa. Prima Relazione a sua Eccellenza il Ministro della Istruzione pubblica. Roma: Salviucci. Otto-

nished with a portico, or pronaos. Now, as I remarked at the beginning, between the present rotunda and the portico inscribed with the name of the founder there is no artistic or structural connection. The cornices of the round body are cut up by the portico, while those of the portico are intercepted by the round body. There is a break between the two, five and a half centimetres wide, through which the light shines. This state of things has been discussed by Milizia, Fontana, Piranesi, Lazzeri, Hirt, Fea, Piale, Nibby, and Canina. The majority believe, and I believed with them in 1881, that the portico was a later addition; in other words, that, before the refusal of Augustus to permit his statue to stand within the temple, Agrippa's architect had not thought of the portico, and that it was added by him when the Emperor selected for his own statue a site in front of the rotunda.

No less debatable is the relation between the Pantheon and the Thermæ of Agrippa. Regarding this architects and archaeologists are divided into two camps. Some believe that the rotunda belongs to the original plan of the Baths, and that it was designed for a *calidarium*; others deny any connection between the two. It is interesting, in view of the light now thrown, to recall what Emil Braun wrote on this subject thirty-nine years ago: "The incomparable circular edifice originally intended by Agrippa to form the termination of his Thermæ, with which it is intimately connected, is one of the noblest and most perfect productions of that style of architecture specifically designated Roman. When the first wonderful creation of this species came into existence, the designer of this glorious dome appears to have himself shrunk back from it, and to have felt that it was not adapted to be the every-day residence of men, but to be a habitation for the gods. It is as difficult to reconcile the statements of different authors respecting the original idea of Agrippa as

it is hazardous to attempt to prove the successive metamorphoses which the plan sketched by the artist has undergone. Thus much is, however, certain: that with respect to the modal transformation of the whole the consequences have been most melancholy and injurious. The combination of the circular edifice with the rectilinear masses of the vestibule . . . has been unsuccessful, and the original design of the Roman architect has lost much of its significance. . . . No one previously unacquainted with the edifice could form an idea, from the aspect of the portico, of that wonderful structure behind, which must ever be considered as one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind over matter in connection with the law of gravity."

Eheu, quantum mutatus ab illo!
How differently we are obliged to speak and write since the last discoveries! At the same time, the reader will notice that Emil Braun himself, in 1854, considered it difficult, if not impossible, to wrest from the Sphinx of the Campus Martius the secret of its existence and metamorphoses. We know a great deal more in 1893, but the difficulties have remained the same.

The Thermæ were built six years after the dedication of the Pantheon and of the Laconikon; namely, in B. C. 19. It appears, also, that in this second period of the great undertaking Agrippa must have changed his mind more than once. At all events, after the year 19 we hear no more of the Laconikon, but only of the Thermæ. Was the Pantheon connected directly or indirectly with the Baths, or did it stand by itself, alone, independent, at the northern end of the quadrangle? In other words, is it possible that the Pantheon, originally dedicated to the gods, should have been used, six years later, as a calidarium, and thus have been absorbed as an integral part into the great whole? The question must remain unanswered; so many alterations have taken place at the point of contact

between the rotunda and the Baths that nothing is left of the first design. No other Roman structure, except the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, has been so unfortunate, and has undergone so many trials. We begin to suspect that Agrippa was a jettatore.

In the year 80 of our era, during the fire of Titus, the Baths and the Pantheon were burnt down. Domitian restored both.

In the year 110, under the rule of Trajan, *Pantheon fulminibus subversum est*: a thunderbolt set the building on fire, and destroyed it to the level of the ground. How such a thing could have happened is a mystery, to be added to the many others connected with this wonderful structure.

In the years 120–124 Hadrian reconstructed the rotunda and the Baths, as testified by Spartianus, ch. xix.: "*Romæ instauravit Pantheum . . . (et) lavacrum Agrippæ.*"

Some other dreadful accident must have happened soon after, for Hadrian's successor, Antoninus Pius, is said to have restored *templum Agrippæ* (Capitolin., ch. viii.).

In the year 202, Septimius Severus and Caracalla *PANTHEVM VETVSTATE CORRVPTVM RESTITVERVNT*. These words, engraved on the same entablature which is inscribed with the name of the founder, are more than enigmatic. How is it possible that a structure of immense solidity, only eighty years old if we reckon from the restoration of Hadrian, fifty or sixty if we reckon from the restoration of Antoninus, should have become in so short a time "*vetvstate corrvpta*"? It may help us to explain the case if we assume that while the upper part of the Pantheon was struck by lightning and attacked by flames, the lower part was submerged by the Tiber three or four times a year. Fire and water must have increased tenfold the normal wearing action of time.

Summing up the information supplied

to us by writers and inscriptions, we had come to these inferences, which were hypotheses rather than conclusions: first, that the present Pantheon, inscribed with the name of Agrippa, was substantially his work; second, that the portico was a later addition, or alteration, to the original plan; third, that some details of the structure, especially the inner decoration, were the work of Hadrian and of Severus and Caracalla; fourth, that the Pantheon had never been used as a calidarium. Such were the current theories at the beginning of 1892.

At that time, the Department of Antiquities was raising a movable scaffolding to repair the dome in two or three places, where rain water had filtered in and damaged the coating of stucco. A distinguished pupil of the French Academy (Villa Medici), Monsieur Louis Chedanne, actively engaged in the architectural study of the Pantheon, was allowed by the department to take advantage of the scaffolding, and to examine the structure of the great dome. He was surprised to find it built of bricks stamped with a date (Agrippa's bricks are not dated); and the date was of the time of Hadrian. It was felt to be desirable to ascertain at once whether these bricks belonged to a local and unimportant restoration at the beginning of the second century, or whether they bore testimony to the chronology of the whole edifice.

The masonry of the rotunda, like that of Hadrian's mausoleum, is faced with small triangular bricks, and with rows of *tegulæ bipedales* (large bricks, one foot ten inches square, two and a quarter inches thick) at intervals of five feet, one above the other. Since these *tegulæ bipedales* are dated, as a rule, holes were bored into them in about fifty places, and as many brick stamps were found; some on the outside facing, others in the thickness of the wall, in the foundations, in the dome, in the staircases, in the arches and vaults; in short, wherever the search was made.

The dates vary from the year 115 to 125 of our era. I mean, they are the dates of tilers who produced bricks between those dates. A stricter chronological investigation, too minute and too technical to be recorded in these pages, has enabled us to ascertain that the reconstruction of the Pantheon began in the year 120, and was finished in 124. It was absolute, complete, from the lowest depths of the foundations to the skylight of the dome; it included the rotunda as well as the portico, whose foundations have also been explored to a depth never reached before. In short, the present Pantheon, the world-known masterpiece, — counted by Ammianus Marcellinus among the wonders of Rome, considered by Michael Angelo "*disegno angelico e non umano*," proclaimed by Urban VIII. "*œdificium toto terrarum orbe celebrissimum*,"¹ — is not the work of Agrippa, whose name it bears, but the work of Hadrian. The fact, however startling, is confirmed by other evidence, to which very little or no attention has been paid. In a pamphlet entitled *Conclusioni per la integrità del Pantheon*, Rome, 1807, Carlo Fea, then Commissioner of Antiquities, describes how, on September 13, 1804, he found three brick-stamps of the time of Hadrian, — one in the thickness of the round wall, one under the flagstones of the portico, one in the so-called Laconicum. Piranesi, likewise, who witnessed the barbaric "restorations" of Benedict XIV. in 1747, read on the brick of the attic other names and dates of the same period.

We must now meet the question which at once confronts us in this new state of things. In rebuilding the Pantheon in its entirety, from top to bottom, from the steps of the portico to the small apse at the opposite end of the structure, did Hadrian respect the architectural form of Agrippa's (and Domitian's) building, or did he erect a new structure of his

own design, altogether different in general outline and details? This is the problem, the solution of which we are anxiously awaiting from the investigations which the Department of Antiquities is making at all available points; wherever, that is, they can be carried on without injury to the monument. The following considerations may help the student to unravel the tangle.

If we read on the face of the Pantheon the names of Agrippa, the founder, and of Septimius Severus, the restorer in B. C. 202, and not that of Hadrian, the explanation is ready at hand. "Hadrian never inscribed his name on the monuments which he designed and raised, with the exception only of the temple which he dedicated to Trajan," at the northern end of the Forum. So says Spartianus in the nineteenth chapter of that Emperor's life. The omission of the name is thus easily explained. Some one, however, has succeeded in finding it inside the rotunda. In a paper read before the Archæological Academy by Stefano Piale, June 26, 1828,² I find the following passage: —

"I have been kindly informed by our worthy secretary, Filippo Aurelio Visconti, that when the tribune (the main altar and apse) of the rotunda was restored, a short time ago, the name of Julia Sabina, the Empress of Hadrian, was found engraved on the columns of pavonazzetto. This confirms the theory which I have long held, that the apse does not belong to the original structure, but is the work of Hadrian. He made use of it as a bench, when he, together with other magistrates, sat in the Pantheon to administer justice and dictate the law, as we are told by Dion Cassius." He was fond of presiding on the bench, and held sittings in his own palace, in the Forum, in the Pantheon, and elsewhere.

The inference to be drawn from these remarkable statements is that the inscrip-

¹ The inscription on the pronaos.

² Un monumento . . . della basilica di S. Paolo, Roma.

tion on the face of the building, which we had always supposed to be the "signature," as it were, of the first builder of the Pantheon, must be considered simply as homage paid to his memory by some one who did the work over a century and a half later. This some one was a great artist, in the true sense of the word, a worthy rival of the great Apollodoros, the builder of the Forum of Trajan. The temples of Venus and Rome, of Matidia, of Trajan, of Neptune, designed and built by Hadrian, his own mausoleum, the bridge which leads to it, count among the architectural masterpieces of ancient Rome. To a man possessed of such genius the rebuilding of the Pantheon must have proved an almost irresistible temptation to show his power; it is more than probable, therefore, that the original design would have been changed, enlarged, improved. This supposition, namely, that the pre-Hadrianite structure was different in shape, size, material, etc., seems to be supported by the record of the two fires in the times of Titus and Trajan. The present building is absolutely fireproof:¹ therefore the Pantheon of Agrippa and of Domitian, wrecked by fire in the years 80 and 110, must have been different from that of Hadrian and Septimius Severus, which does not contain one inch of inflammable matter.

To pass from theory to fact, from speculation to substantial evidence, there was but one way left open: to make a search under the rotunda and its portico. The delicate and hazardous work has been admirably carried out by all persons concerned with it, but the results are rather disappointing; they have thrown even more confusion, uncertainty, and darkness on the controversy. Never have I found myself, after many years of experience, confronted with such a problem as this; every time I think I have

grasped and conquered it, by some new phase I am thrown out of balance again. The wisest course is to lay the bare facts before the reader, and let him judge for himself.

First as to the interior of the rotunda. The excavations made in a line from the centre to the chapel of the Madonna del Sasso, and also from the centre to the entrance gate, have shown the existence of an earlier marble pavement at the average depth of six feet under the present one (Hadrian's). The pavement is composed of a bed of concrete, over which are laid slabs of giallo antico and pavonazzetto, marbles which were used in this form and for such purpose only under the empire. The pavement is *not horizontal, but slopes from the centre towards the circumference*, like the lower floor of the arena of the Coliseum. The pavement, therefore, belongs to a *round structure covered by a dome with a skylight*, through which the rain could fall. The same pavement has been found running under the portico, at a depth of five feet. The bed of concrete is one foot thick; the marble slabs from two to three inches. The pavement slopes inward, namely, from the front of the portico towards the bronze door, with an inclination of one foot in thirty.

As regards the portico itself, — under and near which the excavations have been carried on with much more freedom than those in the inside, — it has been found to rest on a magnificent substructure of travertine, much larger, and of different design. The level of the platform is nearly eight feet lower than the floor of Hadrian's portico, and between the two there are traces of an intermediate one.

It is very difficult for me to make this account clear without the help of plans and diagrams. However, summing up the facts which I have tried to describe, and the results of the search made by the Department of Antiquities, we reach the following conclusions: —

¹ The wooden framework of the roof of the portico is an innovation of the seventeenth century; the original trusses were cast in bronze.

(1.) The present Pantheon, portico included, is not the work of Agrippa, but of Hadrian, and dates from 120-124 A. D.

(2.) The columns, capitals, and entablature of the portico inscribed with Agrippa's name may be original, and may date from 27-25 B. C.; but they were first removed, and then put together again by Hadrian. The original portico was decastyle, as shown from the foundations of travertine which project right and left of the present octostyle portico, enough to admit one more intercolumniation at each end.

(3.) The original structure of Agrippa may have been rectangular instead of round; but we can produce no decisive proof that it was.

(4.) The platform, built of huge blocks of travertine, some eight feet below Hadrian's level, dates from the time of Agrippa.

(5.) The intermediate marble floor (from three to two feet higher than Agrippa's, from five to six feet lower than Hadrian's) dates, most likely, from the time of Domitian. The fact that this pavement slopes from the centre towards the circumference shows that Domitian's Pantheon was round, like the present one.

(6.) Septimius Severus and Caracalla did not alter the shape of the structure. Their restorations were only superficial, and relate mostly to the attic inside, which they encrusted with slabs of porphyry and serpentine. Their beautiful decorations were destroyed by Pope Benedict XIV. in 1747.

(7.) The excavations undertaken by the Italian government have not yet come to an end; there is still a very faint hope of discovering new dates which may confirm or destroy the suppositions expressed above.

(8.) If the outside architecture of Hadrian's rotunda is rather coarse, and not worthy the exquisite beauty of the interior, we must remember that the round body — the front excepted — was

entirely concealed and made invisible by the *Thermæ*.

The fortune of the building, from its last restoration in 202 A. D. to our own times, is too well known to be narrated again in these pages. I shall mention two episodes only: one relating to the destruction of the roof of the portico by Pope Barberini, the other to the discovery of Raphael's body in 1833.

Giacinto Gigli, a diarist contemporary with Urban VIII., thus describes his shameful action: "In 1625, while the war cry was raised from one end of the peninsula to the other, Urban VIII. made a great provision of arms and ammunition, and more especially of artillery. To provide himself with a copious stock of *materia prima*, he caused the portico of the Pantheon to be stripped of its bronze roof, a marvelous work, resting on the capitals of the columns. But no sooner was the destruction accomplished than he found the alloy of the metal not hard enough for artillery work.¹ Meanwhile, the population, who flocked in great numbers to see what was being done at the Pantheon, were deeply grieved, and complained that such a beautiful work of antiquity, the only one which had escaped plunder from the barbarians, should now be dismantled. But the intention of the Pope was not to destroy the Pantheon; he gave orders for the construction of a new roof, and showed his willingness to make other improvements. The weight of the metal stored in the apostolic foundry was 450,251 pounds, of which 440,877 represented the weight of the beams, 9374 that of the nails alone. Besides the four columns of the baldacchino in S. Peter's, eighty guns were cast from it, and mounted on the bastions of Castel S. Angelo."

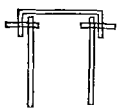
The story about the casting of the four columns of the baldacchino is not correct; the bronze, save a few thousand

¹ Gigli affirms that the metal "was copiously mixed with silver and gold."

pounds, was all absorbed by the guns of Castello. Giano Nicio Eritreo, another eye witness, thus speaks of the event: "Our good pontiff, Urban VIII., could not bear the idea that such a mass of metal, intended for loftier purposes, should humble itself to the office of keeping off forever the rain from the portico of the Pantheon. He raised it to worthier destinies, because it is more becoming that such noble material should keep off the enemies of the Church rather than the rain. At all events, Agrippa's temple has gained more than it has lost, because Pope Urban VIII. has provided it with a much better roof" (*tectum multo quam antea elegantius*). I doubt whether Giano Nicio Eritreo was in his right senses when he wrote these lines.

Carlo Fea has discovered among the accounts of the Pope's treasury that concerning the fate of the bronze. The casting of the eighty guns (*bombarde*) used up 410,778 pounds, worth 67,260 scudi. The small fraction that was left was handed over to the Apostolic Chamber and used for other purposes. The metal for the baldacchino was supplied from Venice.

I have discovered in the Uffizi in Florence, and in other, private, collections, a set of drawings by Sallustio Peruzzi, Sebastiano Serlio, Giovanni Antonio Dotio, Jacopo Sansovino, and Cherubino Alberti, which show the construction of the bronze trusses in their minutest details. The main beams were composed of three sheets, two vertical, one horizontal, riveted together in this shape.



The beams as well as the heads of the nails were ornamented with gilt rosettes.

One of the nails was presented as a souvenir to the Duke of Alcalá, and was placed in the private museum of that distinguished statesman.

The second and latest episode in the

¹ The first members of this artistico-religious company were Ligorio, Labacco, Siccio-

history of the Pantheon is the discovery of the remains of Raphael, which took place on September 14, 1833. Doubts had been raised as to the genuineness of the skull preserved in the Accademia di S. Luca; while Carlo Fea had advanced the theory that Raphael's remains were not to be found under the great dome of the Pantheon, but in the chapel of the Urbinati, in the church of S. Maria sopra Minerva. The Congregazione dei Virtuosi (an association of architects, painters, and sculptors, instituted in 1543 by Desiderio Adintorio,¹ whose assembly rooms are in the attic of the Pantheon itself) decided to settle the controversy by exploring the chapel of the Madonna del Sasso, the traditional burial-place of the great man. I own an autograph account of the event, signed by Gaspare Servi, the leader of the explorations, as well as a sketch in water-colors, taken by Carlo Ruspi on the very day of the find. The search began in the early morning of September 9, in the presence of a committee of eminent artists, prelates, and public notaries. It took five days to remove the massive masonry of the altar and to reach the *arcosolium* under the statue of the Madonna del Sasso, the place distinctly mentioned by Vasari in Raphael's biography as well as in Lorenzetto Lotti's. "Raphael provided in his will for the restoration of one of the antique tabernacles in the church of S. Maria Rotonda, and expressed the wish to be buried in it, under the new altar, and under a marble statue of Our Lady." In the life of Lorenzetto he adds: "In execution of Raphael's will, he modeled a marble statue four cubits (*quattro braccia*) high, to be placed over his tomb in S. Maria Rotonda, in the tabernacle restored at his expense."

The *arcosolium* appears to have been built in a hurry, together with the wall which sealed its opening, — a particular lante, Vignola, Pierino del Vaga, Giovanni da Udine, etc.

which agrees well with the account of the burial. Raphael died in the night between Good Friday and Easter Eve (1520). His remains were laid to rest on the following night, and the wall which seals the opening of the crypt must have been finished before dawn; that is to say, before the Easter office began. Every kind of material was used in it, bricks, tufa, travertine, and chips of porphyry and serpentine.

At noon of the 14th of September, 1833, the last stone was removed, and the excited assembly beheld for the first time the remains of the "divine painter." They were lying in a coffin made of deal boards nailed with small iron nails. It seems that the waters of the Tiber, by which the Pantheon is periodically inundated, had filtered into the tomb, in spite of its being surrounded by a wall two feet thick, and had caused the wooden coffin to decay, and the bones to be covered by a layer of mud. The first bones to appear were the right scapula and the crest of the right ileus. At 2.25 P. M., Gaspare Servi announced the discovery of the skull, the leading feature of which was a double set of strong, healthy, shining teeth. At 2.30, Baron Camuccini, the painter, made a pencil sketch of the skeleton, which shows that the body had been laid to rest well composed, with hands crossed on the breast, and the face looking up towards the Madonna del Sasso, as if exploring from her the peace of the just. The size of the skeleton, from the vertex of the skull to the protuberance of the heel, was measured by means of a wooden

compass of the kind used by marble-cutters: it was given at sixteen hundred and sixty-four millimetres, exactly eight times the measure of the head. The *sceletognosis*, or expert examination of the bones, was made by the "last of the Frangipanis," the learned surgeon Baron Antonio Trasmondo. Among the peculiarities described in his report, there is a "great roughness of the thumb" which is characteristic of painters.

The paper of attestation was signed by seventy-one eminent men, among whose names I notice that of Carlo Fea, who had always denied the existence of Raphael's tomb in the Pantheon. When he was shown the tomb and the skeleton, the gruff but honest veteran of Roman excavations was heard to say, "*Ergo erravimus!*"

The mud which filled the arcosolium was sifted most carefully, with no result worthy of notice. The missing tooth of the lower jaw (the last molar on the left) was not found. There were, however, some tags and small rings for lacing, which proves that Raphael was buried in his official robe of *cubicularius pontificis*, a copy of which is given by some contemporary painters.

After being exposed in a glass case for some days, Raphael's remains were again buried under the Madonna del Sasso, near those of Maria da Bibiena, his betrothed, the niece of the well-known Cardinal Bernardo Divizio, as the inscription over the girl's grave says: LÆTOS HYMENEOS MORTE PRÆVERTIT, ET ANTE NUPTIALES FACIES VIRGO EST ELATA.

Rodolfo Lanciani.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

FOUR o'clock in the morning is the magical hour of the day. I do not offer this sentiment as original, nor have I the slightest hope of converting any one to my opinion; I merely state the fact.

For years I had known it perfectly well; and, fortified by my knowledge, and bristling with good resolutions, I went out every June determined to rise at that unnatural hour. Nothing is easier than to get up at four o'clock — the night before; but when morning comes, the point of view is changed, and all the arguments that arise in the mind are on the other side; sleep is the one thing desirable. The case appeared hopeless. Appeals from Philip drunk (with sleep) to Philip sober did not seem to avail; for whatever the latter decreed, the former would surely disobey.

But last June I found my spur; last summer I learned to get up with eagerness, and stay up with delight. This was effected by means of an alarm, set by the evening's wakefulness that had no mercy on the morning's sleepiness. The secret is — a present interest. What may be going on somewhere out of sight and hearing in the world is a matter of perfect indifference; what is heard and seen at the moment is an argument that no one can resist.

Having got my hint by the accident of some shelled corn being left on the ground before my window, and so attracting a four-o'clock party, consisting of blackbirds, blue jays, and doves, I waited, after the corn was gone, several days, till these birds ceased to expect anything, and so came no more, and then I spread a fresh breakfast table for more interesting guests, whose manners and customs I studied for weeks.

I was wakened by the light at exactly four o'clock; and just as I was sleepily concluding that no one could be up yet,

and I would draw down my shades, I was invariably startled wide awake by a bird note, and sprang up, to see at one glance that

“Day had awakened all things that be,

The lark and the thrush, and the swallow free,”

and that my party was already assembled: one or two cardinals — or red-birds, as they are often called — on the grass, with the usual attendance of English sparrows, and the red-headed woodpecker in the elm, surveying the lawn, and considering which of the trespassers he should fall upon. It was the work of one minute to get into my wraps and seat myself, with opera glass, at the wide-open window.

My first discovery was that four o'clock is the most lovely part of the day. All the dust of human affairs having settled during the hours of sleep, the air is fresh and sweet, as if just made; and generally, just before sunrise, the foliage is at perfect rest, — the repose of night still lingering, the world of nature as well as of men still sleeping.

The first thing one naturally looks for, as birds begin to waken, is a morning chorus of song. True bird lovers, indeed, long for it with a longing that cannot be told. But alas, every year the chorus is withdrawing more and more to the woods, every year it is harder to find a place where English sparrows are not in possession; and it is one of the most grievous sins of that bird that he spoils the song, even when he does not succeed in driving out the singer. A running accompaniment of harsh and interminable squawks overpowers the music of meadow lark and robin, and the glorious song of the thrush is fairly murdered by it. One could almost forgive the sparrow his other crimes, if he would only lie abed in the morning; if he would occasionally

listen, and not forever break the peace of the opening day with his vulgar brawling. But the subject of English sparrows is maddening to a lover of native birds ; let us not defile the magic hour by considering it.

The most obvious resident of the neighborhood, at four o'clock in the morning, was always the golden-winged woodpecker, or flicker. Though he scorned the breakfast I offered, having no vegetarian proclivities, he did not refuse me his presence. I found him a character and an amusing study, and I never saw his tribe so numerous and so much at home.

Though largest in size of my four-o'clock birds, and most fully represented (always excepting the English sparrows), the golden-wing was not in command. The autocrat of the hour, the reigning power, was quite a different personage, although belonging to the woodpecker family. It was a red-headed woodpecker who assumed to own the lawn and be master of the feast. This individual was marked by a defect in plumage, and had been a regular caller since the morning of my arrival. During the black-bird supremacy over the corn supply he had been hardly more than a spectator, coming to the trunk of the elm, and surveying the assembly of blue jays, doves, blackbirds, and sparrows with interest, as one looks down upon a herd with whom he has nothing in common. But when those birds departed, and the visitors were of a different character, mostly cardinals, with an occasional blue jay, he at once took the place he felt belonged to him, — that of dictator.

The Virginia cardinal, a genuine F. V., and a regular attendant at my corn breakfast, was a subject of special study with me ; indeed, it was largely on his account that I had set up my tent in that part of the world. I had all my life known him as a tenant of cages, and it struck me at first as very odd to see him flying about freely, like other wild birds. No one, it seemed to me,

ever looked so out of place as this fellow of elegant manners, aristocratic crest, and brilliant dress, hopping about on the ground with his exaggerated little hops, tail held stiffly up out of harm's way, and uttering sharp "tsips." One could not help the feeling that he was altogether too fine for this common workaday existence ; that he was intended for show ; and that a gilded cage was his proper abiding-place, with a retinue of human servants to minister to his comfort. Yet he was modest and unassuming, and appeared really to enjoy his life of hard work ; varying his struggles with a kernel of hard corn on the ground, where his color shone out like a flower against the green, with a rest on a spruce-tree, where

"Like a living jewel he sits and sings ;"
and when he had finished his frugal meal, departing, if nothing hurried him, with a graceful, loitering flight, in which each wing-beat seemed to carry him but a few inches forward, and leave his body poised an infinitesimal second for another beat. With much noise of fluttering wings he would start for some point, but appear not to care much whether he got there. He was never in haste unless there was something to hurry him, in which he differed greatly from some of the fidgety, restless personages I have known among the feathered folk.

The woodpecker's way of making himself disagreeable to this distinguished guest was to keep watch from his tree (an elm overlooking the supply of corn) till he came to eat, and then fly down, aiming for exactly the spot occupied by the bird on the ground. No one, however brave, could help "getting out from under," when he saw this tri-colored whirlwind descending upon him. The cardinal always jumped aside, then drew himself up, erect erect, tail held at an angle of forty-five degrees, and faced the woodpecker, calm, but prepared to stand up for his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of his breakfast. Sometimes

they had a little set-to, with beaks not more than three inches apart, the woodpecker making feints of rushing upon his *vis-à-vis*, and the cardinal jumping up ready to clinch, if a fight became necessary. It never went quite so far as that, though they glared at each other, and the cardinal uttered a little whispered "ha!" every time he sprang up.

The Virginian's deliberate manner of eating made peace important to him. He took a grain of hard corn in his mouth, lengthwise; then working his sharp-edged beak, he soon succeeded in cutting the shell of the kernel through its whole length. From this he went on turning it with his tongue, and still cutting with his beak, till the whole shell rolled out of the side of his mouth in one long piece, completely cleared from its savory contents.

The red-head, on the contrary, took his grain of corn to a branch, or sometimes to the trunk of a tree, where he sought a suitable crevice in the bark or in a crotch, placed his kernel, hammered it well in till firm and safe, and then proceeded to pick off pieces and eat them daintily, one by one. Sometimes he left a kernel there, and I saw how firmly it was wedged in, when the English sparrow discovered his store, fell upon it, and dug it out. It was a good deal of work for a strong-billed, persistent sparrow to dislodge a grain thus placed. But of course he never gave up till he could carry it off, probably because he saw that some one valued it; for since he was unable to crack a grain that was whole, it must have been useless to him. Sometimes the woodpecker wedged the kernel into a crevice in the bark of the trunk, then broke it up, and packed the pieces away in other niches; and I have seen an English sparrow go carefully over the trunk picking out and eating these tidbits. That, or something else, has taught sparrows to climb tree trunks, which they do, in the neighborhood I speak of, with as much ease as a wood-

pecker. I have repeatedly seen them go the whole length of a tall elm trunk; proceeding by little hops, aided by the wings, and using the tail for support almost as handily as a woodpecker himself.

The red-head's assumption of being monarch of all he surveyed did not end with the breakfast table; he seemed to consider himself guardian and protector of the whole place. One evening I was drawn far down on the lawn by a peculiar cry of his. It began with a singular performance which he had indulged in on a previous occasion, a loud, rapid "chit-it-it-it," increasing in volume and rising in pitch, as though he were working himself up to some deed of desperation. In a few minutes, however, he appeared to get his feelings under control, and dropped to a single-note cry, often repeated. It differed widely from his loud call, "wok! wok! wok!" still more from the husky tones of his conversation with others of his kind; neither was it like the war cries with which he intimated to another bird that he was not invited to breakfast. I thought there must be trouble brewing, especially as mingled with it was an occasional excited "pe-auk!" of a flicker. When I reached the spot, I found a curious party, consisting of two doves and three flickers assembled on one small tree, with the woodpecker on an upper branch, as though addressing his remarks to them.

As I drew near the scene of the excitement, the doves flew, and then the golden-wings; but the red-head held his ground, though he stopped his cries when he saw help coming. In vain I looked about for the cause of the row; everything was serene. It was a beautiful quiet evening, and not a child nor a dog nor anything in sight to make trouble. The tree stood quite by itself, in the midst of grass that knew not the clatter of the lawn mower.

I stood still and waited; and I had my reward, for after a few minutes' silence I saw a pair of ears, and then a

head, cautiously lifted above the grass, about fifteen feet from the tree. The mystery was solved: it was a cat, whom all birds know as a creature who will bear watching, when prowling around the haunts of bird families. I am fond of pussy, but I deprecate her taste for game, as I do that of some other hunters, wiser, if not better, than she. I invited her to leave this place, where she plainly was unwelcome, by an emphatic "scat!" and a stick tossed her way. She instantly dropped into the grass and was lost to view; and as the woodpecker, whose eyes were sharper and his position better than mine, said no more, I concluded she had taken the hint and departed.

When the little redbirds began to visit the lawn, there were exciting times. At first they ventured only to the trees overlooking it; and the gayly dressed father who had them in charge reminded me of nothing so much as a fussy young mother. He was alert to the tips of his toes, and excited, as if the whole world was thirsting for the life of those frowzy-headed youngsters in the maple. His manner intimated that nobody ever had birdlings before; indeed, that there never had been, or could be, just such a production as that young family behind the leaves. While they were there, he flirted his tail, jerked himself around, crest standing sharply up, and in every way showed his sense of importance and responsibility.

As for the young ones, after they had been hopping about the branches a week or so, and papa had grown less madly anxious if one looked at them, they appeared bright and spirited, dressed in the subdued and tasteful hues of their mother, with pert little crests and dark beaks. They were not allowed on the grass, and they waited patiently on the tree while their provider shelled a kernel and took it up to them. The cardinal baby I found to be a self-respecting individual, who generally waits in patience his parents' pleasure, though he is not too often

fed. He is not bumptious nor self-assertive, like many others; he rarely teases, and is altogether a well-mannered and proper young person. After a while, as the youngsters learned strength and speed on the wing, they came to the table with the grown-ups, and then I saw there were three spruce young redbirds, all under the care of their gorgeous papa.

No sooner did they appear on the ground than trouble began with the English-sparrow tribe. The grievance of these birds was that they could not manage the tough kernels. They were just as hungry as anybody, and just as well disposed toward corn, but they had not sufficient strength of beak to break it. They did not, however, go without corn, for all that. Their game was the not uncommon one of availing themselves of the labor of others; they invited themselves to everybody's breakfast table, though, to be sure, they had to watch their chances in order to secure a morsel and escape the wrath of the owner thereof.

The cardinal was at first a specially easy victim to this plot. He took the whole matter most solemnly, and was so absorbed in the work that if a bit dropped, in the process of separating it from the shell, as often happened, he did not concern himself about it till he had finished what he had in his mouth, and then he turned one great eye on the ground for the fragments which had long before been snatched by sparrows and gone down sparrow throats. The surprise, and the solemn stare with which he "could hardly believe his eyes," were exceedingly droll. After a while he saw through their little game, and took to watching; and when a sparrow appeared too much interested in his operations, he made a feint of going for him, which warned the gamin that he would better look out for himself.

It did not take these sharp fellows long to discover that the young redbird was the easier prey, and soon every

youngster on the ground was attended by a sparrow or two, ready to seize upon any fragment that fell. The parent's way of feeding was to shell a kernel, and then give it to one of the little ones, who broke it up and ate it. From waiting for fallen bits, the sparrows, never being repulsed, grew bolder, and finally went so far as actually to snatch the corn out of the young cardinals' beaks. Again and again did I see this performance: a sparrow grab and run (or fly), leaving the baby astonished and dazed, looking as if he did not know exactly what had happened, but sure he was in some way bereaved.

One day, while the cardinal family were eating on the grass, the mother of the brood came to a tree near by. At once her gallant spouse flew up there, and offered her the mouthful he had just prepared; then returned to his duties. She was rarely seen on the lawn, and I judged that she was sitting again.

Sometimes, when the youngsters were alone on the ground, I heard a little snatch of song, two or three notes, a musical word or two of very sweet quality. The woodpecker, autocrat though he assumed to be, did not at first interfere with the young birds; but as they became more and more independent and grown up, he began to consider them fair game, and to come down on them with a rush that scattered them; not far, however; they were brave little fellows.

At last, after four weeks of close attention, the cardinal made up his mind that his young folk were babies no longer, and that they were able to feed themselves. I was interested to see his manner of intimating to his young hopefuls that they had reached their majority. When one begged of him, in his gentle way, the parent turned suddenly and gave him a slight push. The urchin understood, and moved a little farther off; but perhaps the next time he asked he would be fed. They learned the lesson, however, and in less than two days

from the first hint they became almost entirely independent.

One morning the whole family happened to meet at table. The mother came first, and then the three young ones, all of whom were trying their best to feed themselves. At last came their "natural provider;" and one of the juveniles, who found the grains almost unmanageable, could not help begging of him. He gently but firmly drove the pleader away, as if he said, "My son, you are big enough to feed yourself." The little one turned, but did not go; he stood with his back toward his parent, and wings still fluttering. Then papa flew to a low branch of the spruce-tree, and instantly the infant followed him, still begging with quivering wings. Suddenly the elder turned, and I expected to see him annihilate that beggar, but, to my surprise, he fed him! He could not hold out against him! He had been playing the stern parent, but could not keep it up. It was a pretty and very human-looking performance.

A day or two after the family had learned to take care of themselves, the original pair, the parents of the pretty brood, came and went together to the field, while the younglings appeared sometimes in a little flock, and sometimes one alone; and from that time they were to be rated as grown-up and educated cardinals. A brighter or prettier trio I have not seen. I am almost positive there was but one family of cardinals on the place; and if I am right, those youngsters had been four weeks out of the nest before they took charge of their own food supply. From what I have seen in the case of other young birds, I have no doubt that is the fact.

While I had been studying four-o'clock manners, grave and gay, other things had happened. Most delightful, perhaps, was my acquaintance with a cardinal family at home. From the first I had looked for a nest, and had suffered two or three disappointments. One pair

flaunted their intentions by appearing on a tree before my window, "tsipping" with all their might: she with her beak full of hay from the lawn, below; he, eager and devoted, assisting by his presence. The important and consequential manner of a bird with building material in mouth is amusing. She has no doubt that what she is about to do is the very most momentous fact in the "Sublime Now" (as some college youth has it). Of course I dropped everything and tried to follow the pair, at a distance great enough not to disturb them, yet to keep in sight at least the direction they took; for they are shy birds, and do not like to be spied upon. But I could not have gauged my distance properly; for, though I thought I knew the exact cedar-tree she had chosen, I found, to my dismay and regret afterward, that no sign of a nest was there or thereabout.

Another pair went further, and held out even more delusive hopes; they actually built a nest in a neighbor's yard, the family in the house maintaining an appearance of the utmost indifference, so as not to alarm the birds till they were committed to that nest. For so little does madam regard the labor of building, and so fickle is she in her fancies, that she thinks nothing of preparing at least two nests before she settles on one. The nest was made on a big branch of cedar, perhaps seven feet from the ground, — a rough affair, as this bird always makes. In it she even placed an egg, and then, for some undiscovered reason, it was abandoned, and they took their domestic joys and sorrows elsewhere.

But now, at last, word came to me of an occupied nest to be seen at a certain house, and I started at once for it. It was up a shady country lane, with a meadow-lark field on one side, and a bobolink meadow on the other. The lark mounted the fence and delivered his strange sputtering cry, — the first I had ever heard from him (or her, for I

believe this is the female's utterance). But the dear little bobolink soared around my head and let fall his happy trills; then suddenly, as Lowell delightfully pictures him, —

"Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops,
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the winrows most demurely drops,
A decorous bird of business, who provides
For his brown mate and fledgelings six besides,
And looks from right to left, a farmer 'mid his crop."

Nothing less attractive than a cardinal family could draw me away from these rival allurements, but I went on.

The cardinal's bower was the prettiest of the summer, built in a climbing rose which ran riot over a trellis beside a kitchen door. The vine was loaded with buds just beginning to unfold their green wraps to flood the place with beauty and fragrance, and the nest was so carefully tucked away behind the leaves that it could not be seen from the front. Whether from confidence in the two or three residents of the cottage, or because the house was alone so many hours of the day, — the occupants being students, and absent most of the time, — the birds had taken no account of a window which opened almost behind them. From that window one could look into, and touch, if he desired, the little family. But no one who lived there did desire (though I wish to record that one was a boy of twelve or fourteen, who had been taught respect for the lives even of birds), and these birds became so accustomed to their human observers that they paid no attention to them.

The female cardinal is so dainty in looks and manner, so delicate in all her ways, that one naturally expects her to build at least a neat and comely nest, and I was surprised to see a rough-looking affair, similar to the one already mentioned. This might be, in her case, because it was the third nest she had built that summer. One had been used

for the first brood. The second had been seized, and appropriated to their own use, by another pair of birds. (As this was told me, and I cannot vouch for it, I shall not name the alleged thief.) This, the third, was made of twigs and fibres of bark, — or what looked like that, — and was strongly stayed to the rose stems, the largest of which was not bigger than my little finger, and most of them much smaller.

On my second visit I was invited into the kitchen to see the family in the rose-bush. It appeared that this was "coming off" day, and one little cardinal had already taken his fate in his hands, when I arrived, soon after breakfast. He had progressed on the journey of life about one foot; and a mere dot of a fellow he looked beside his parents, with a downy fuzz on his head, which surrounded it like a halo, and no sign of a crest. The three nestlings still at home were very restless, crowding, and almost pushing each other out. They could well spare their elder brother, for before he left he had walked all over them at his pleasure; and how he could help it in those close quarters I do not see.

While I looked on, papa came with provisions. At one time the food consisted of green worms about twice as large as a common knitting needle. Three or four of them he held crosswise of his beak, and gave one to each nestling. The next course was a big white grub, which he did not divide, but gave to one, who had considerable difficulty in swallowing it.

I said the birds did not notice the family, but they very quickly recognized me as a stranger. They stood and glared at me in the cardinal way, and uttered some sharp remonstrance; but business was pressing, and I was unobtrusive, so they concluded to ignore me.

The advent of the first redbird baby seemed to give much pleasure, for the head of the family sang a good deal in the intervals of feeding; and both of the pair appeared very happy over it,

often alighting beside the wanderer, evidently to encourage him, for they did not always feed. The youngster, after an hour, perhaps, flew about ten feet to a peach-tree, where he struggled violently, and nearly fell, before he secured a hold on a twig. Both parents flew to his assistance; but he did not fall, and soon after he flew to a grape trellis, and, after a little clambering, to a stem of the vine, where he seemed pleased to stay, — perhaps because this overlooked the garden whence came all his food.

I stayed two or three hours with the little family, and then left them; and when I appeared the next morning all were gone from the nest. I heard the gentle cries of young redbirds all around, but did not try to look them up, both because I did not want to worry the parents, and because I had already made acquaintance with young cardinals in my four-o'clock studies.

The place this discerning pair of birds had selected in which to establish themselves was one of the most charming nooks in the vicinity. Kept free from English sparrows (by persistently destroying their nests), and having but a small and quiet family, it was the delight of cardinals and catbirds. Without taking pains to look for them, one might see the nests of two catbirds, two wood doves, a robin or two, and others; and there were, beside, thickets, the delight of many birds, and a row of spruces so close that a whole flock might have nested there in security. In that spot "the quaintly discontinuous lays" of the catbird were in perfection; one song especially was the best I ever heard, being louder and more clear than catbirds usually sing.

As I turned to leave the grounds, the relieved parent, who had not relished my interest in his little folk, mounted a branch, and,

"Like a pomegranate flower
In the dark foliage of the cedar-tree,
Shone out and sang for me."

And thus I left him.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE PYGMIES OF AFRICA.

THE difference between savages and civilized men is not so marked as is the likeness between them. I propose to consider a race of men possessing characteristics which seem to make them an exception to this rule of common humanity.

The little men, or pygmies, are mostly confined to the continent of Africa; and, as a race, it may be that they are strictly so confined, though it has been frequently said that there is a tribe of small men in Madagascar called Kimos; but the statements concerning these people lack that measure of authenticity which would justify us in accepting them as verified.

Limiting ourselves, therefore, to the African pygmies, we find a remarkable uniformity as regards their capabilities for civilization and their disposition, so far as we are able to apply intelligent tests; but in some of their physical characteristics we find them widely divergent, even when we regard those who occupy the same district of country, and apparently live together in the same tribal relations.

I will first consider that race of little men which has been longest known and most thoroughly studied in modern times. These people originally inhabited all of Africa south of the Zambesi River, together with other aborigines of the country. Their native designation was Sana. The Dutch commenced the settlement of South Africa in 1652. As they advanced into the interior as explorers or settlers, they soon came in contact with this race of little men, who differed widely from the other native races of the country. They were not only much smaller in stature, but of a more savage and malignant disposition, more cruel and heartless in their natures, more treacherous and dishonest in their dealings, more false to their promises, and altogether more irreclaimable than the other

wild nations whom the Dutch encountered. With the Hottentots and Kaffirs it was possible to get along, as they could place some reliance upon their promises and undertakings, but with the Sana they could do practically nothing. They gave them the name of Bushmen, from the character of the country which they generally inhabited. Their dwellings were caves in the mountains, whose sides were covered with thick bushes for the most part. But they did not confine themselves to the mountainous or bushy country. They roamed over the grassy plains as well, and even extended their range into the great Kalahari Desert, with an intimate knowledge of its geography and its resources, its watering-places and its vegetable productions. They were brave in battle, swift of foot, cunning in devices, and even wicked in disposition. Notwithstanding their great fleetness of foot, their capacity to endure hunger and exposure, their ability to make long journeys with incredible dispatch, they were weak of body when their strength was tested by compelling them to bear burdens or to perform ordinary manual labor.

The Dutch Boers were drawn into more wars with these Bushmen than with any other native tribes of the country, and more treaties were broken between them. It must be said, in fairness to the little Bushmen, that, cruel as they were, the Dutch were scarcely less cruel in their treatment of the natives, and especially of these pygmies. They enslaved all alike, and enforced their servitude with a severity of punishment which I have found scarcely paralleled in the annals of slavery. It may be a question whether the malignity of the Bushmen was not inspired by the cruelty of the Boers towards them. The pages of history are blackened with stories of the cruelty and treachery which the Dutch

showed towards these dwarfs. Whenever they could get a band of them into their power, they gave no quarter; all the adults, both men and women, were slain without mercy, and only the children were spared, to be brought up as slaves. The Dutch justified their conduct by the necessity of extermination. Indeed, the little people were so thievish, cunning, treacherous, and cruel that they were practically outlawed by the Boers, who considered it as much a duty to kill them, upon all occasions and by every means, as they did to destroy the hyenas, which were far less destructive to their flocks and herds than were the Bushmen. If a Bushman's cave was discovered, in which hundreds of individuals might be dwelling, it was surrounded by the white settlers, who either smoked or starved out the pygmies, until they were all destroyed. It was but natural that the Bushmen should retaliate in kind.

There is a lack of evidence to show that, before the time of the advent of the whites into South Africa, the other native races lived on terms of hostility with the little men. The latter did not exercise their thievish propensities upon the former to any considerable extent, and so there was little occasion to retaliate. This, it may be said, was because there was nothing for the pygmies to steal; but when the whites forced themselves into the country, and introduced the arts and habits of civilization, particularly the raising of domestic animals, then the opportunity came, and the Bushmen seemed to take a special delight in appropriating their neighbors' property. They would seize whole herds of cattle, and drive them to their mountain fastnesses and conceal them in their caves, where they would slaughter and feast upon them as long as they could preserve their flesh from absolute putrefaction; or else they would rush these stolen herds into the wilderness, with the intricacies of which they were perfectly familiar. In preparation for these raids,

they would transport large quantities of water in gourds to intermediate points in the desert, and there bury them for use on their retreat, by which means they were enabled to outstrip their pursuing owners, who in a few days would be obliged to abandon the chase for want of water. When the pursuit of these little wretches became so hot that it was manifest they could not escape with their plunder, they would not abandon the stock to be recaptured by their owners, but they would mutilate every animal to such an extent that death must necessarily ensue. They showed a fiendish delight in hamstringing the cattle or cutting great gashes in their bellies, in putting out their eyes or cutting out their tongues, and the like. To have killed the stock outright would have deprived them of the pleasure they enjoyed at witnessing the sufferings of the creatures. The Hottentots and Kaffirs showed that they occupied a higher plane in the scale of humanity; for although they were not exempt from the weakness of theft, and often drove off the herds of the Boers, they simply abandoned the stolen property when they were hard pressed, and made good their own escape.

The mode of living practiced by the Bushmen was strictly savage. They cultivated nothing, but subsisted entirely upon wild roots, game, insects, and reptiles, or else lived by theft. They seemed thoroughly acquainted with the quality of roots and of the wild fruits which grew upon the trees and bushes of the wilderness, and of the insects which they were enabled to find, so that they could appropriate the wholesome and avoid the poisonous. The immense flights of locusts which not unfrequently occur in South Africa afforded not only the Bushmen a great feast, but all other peoples of that country. White men have often declared that the locusts furnish an agreeable and nutritious dish. They are greedily consumed not only by all carnivorous and omnivorous animals, but by the her-

bivorous as well. The elephants, which are ranked strictly among the vegetarians, feast upon them, and the hogs and dogs, both wild and domestic, revel in luxury when a swarm of locusts appear.

The Bushmen have shown themselves the most improvident of the races of men. They gorge themselves when they have plenty till all is gone, either by decay or consumption, trusting to chance or their skill for future supplies. When they kill an elephant, they do not preserve the meat, as other natives do, by cutting it into thin strips and drying it, but they lie around it and gorge themselves to repletion. Nor do they stop their feasting when decay has so far advanced as to become horribly offensive, but continue to revel in what to them is a luxury so long as nourishment remains in the rotten mass.

They are skillful and successful hunters, although their bows and arrows are comparatively feeble affairs. They are, in common with most other African tribes, skilled in concocting poisons of the most deadly nature, with which they smear the points of their arrows and assagais, and so render them most efficient weapons. With these they destroy the most formidable wild beasts. Alert and quick of motion, they are enabled to approach the elephant, and, under his very belly, inflict wounds which, though slight, by reason of the virulent poison injected soon result in death. Yet this poison does not seem to pervade the tissues so as to render the meat unwholesome for food. The Bushmen are also highly skilled in snaring birds and small quadrupeds, while for large game they dig pitfalls which are adroitly concealed, into which game falls, and so is readily secured; even the sagacious elephant not unfrequently finds himself at the bottom of a pit, from which he is unable to escape.

They do not show skill as artisans. Their grass and bush huts are small and temporary, and scarcely serve to protect

them from the inclemency of the weather. Their efforts as artisans are confined to the manufacture of their little bows and arrows. They manufacture no iron, and their iron implements, such as knives and spears, are obtained by barter from other native tribes, for which their elephant tusks stand them in good stead. As before stated, they practice no agriculture, nor do they ever raise herds of cattle or flocks of sheep and goats. For these they depend upon the pastoral neighbors among whom they live or roam.

In their domestic relations the Bushmen may be said to be exemplary. They are monogamic in their habits, and their attachment to their children, if not conspicuous, is reasonably constant. They are not prolific as a race, and yet they are as much so as could be expected, when we consider their mode of life. In the wild state they are very exclusive, never intermingling with the larger races around them. A hybrid has never been reported among the wild Bushmen. It is only since their children have been captured and reared as slaves among the Boers that a hybrid race has been produced, which is no improvement on the maternal stock. Indeed, it may be said that it is no improvement on those thoroughbred Bushmen who have been raised amid civilized surroundings.

There are many instances which encourage the belief that these Bushmen possess a respectable measure of mental endowment and capability for civilization under favorable conditions. Nearly fifty years ago, the Scotchman, Gordon Cumming, who made such fearful slaughter among the large game of South Africa, admitted into his camp in the desert a young Bushman who had been taken prisoner when a child by the Boers, and brought up by them as a slave. Driven to extremity by the cruel treatment which he suffered, he had escaped to the desert, and was received by Cumming as one of his followers. Ever

after he served his new master with courage, devotion, and fidelity. When all others deserted Cumming, in the far interior, he was faithful, and finally helped him through to civilization again. This little specimen of humanity attended Cumming during the four years of his hunting experience, ever ready to perform with intelligence any service required of him, and at last followed his master home to Scotland, where he lived in luxury and happiness, enjoying the bounty and protection of the man whom he had served so faithfully. During a part of this time Cumming had in his service another Bushman, of whose former life he does not inform us; but he mentions no deficiency in the service which he was required to perform, owing to any lack of intelligence, capacity, or fidelity.

These are the most conspicuous instances that I have met which indicate anything of the capacity of the Bushmen for civilization. They show that they are capable of attachment and appreciate kindness. It is not improbable that, had a different course been pursued towards them as a people by the whites, a very different story would have been told of them. They can resent and retaliate injuries to as great an extent as any other known people: and our knowledge of human nature teaches us that those who can hate the worst can love the best; that those who feel a wrong most deeply and resent it with fierceness keenly appreciate a kindness and a favor, and are capable of the strongest attachments.

While in many respects these pygmies occupy a very low place on the scale of civilization, in some other respects they rise high above any of the surrounding tribes in South Africa, and perhaps above any other negro tribes on the continent. Their moral sensibilities are of a very low order, but in the arts of dissimulation and cunning, and in devising means to accomplish ends which they deem desirable, they display much ingenuity, although those ends are in the main very

limited, and are mostly confined to the gratification of their simple wants.

But in the midst of their degraded barbarism they have raised themselves to a degree of artistic taste and skill which is truly astonishing. Their ability as artists, as manifested by their works, has shown them to be something more than rude imitators. They possess not only the power to delineate, but the capacity to comprehend and study the ways by which such delineations are made most effective by the exercise of high principles of art. And it is manifest, also, that this artistic skill is not confined to a single individual or family, or even tribe, but is widely extended. Their paintings and sculpture have been for the most part in the form of adornment of the caves which they make their homes.

Mark Hutchinson, an artist of repute, visited some of their painted caves a little more than ten years ago, and made copies of their drawings. He speaks in the highest terms of the taste and ability manifested by their works. The localities which he examined were situated in the Drakenberg Mountains, about latitude 30° south and longitude 30° east. The caves where these drawings were found had been occupied as homes by the Bushmen not more than twenty years previously; and as some of the paintings were plainly of recent date, it was evident that they were not the remains of a lost art, though the Bushmen have for the last two hundred years been hunted like wild beasts. We may well suppose that a material deterioration in this respect has occurred within that time. Hutchinson says "the drawings are the work of many different hands of various degrees of skill. Many are suggestive of being boys' work, and are very rude and careless." As the caves must have been studios for instruction as well as for the work of the master artists, we must expect to find the work of the most unskilled as well as the most skilled artists. Many of the pictures as reproduced

by Hutchinson are caricatures rudely drawn in black paint, yet very spirited in expression. A large class of the pictures represent hunting and battle scenes, and some show the presence of white men as well as of natives. Some of these pictures even suggest actual portraiture, and personal adornment in the way of head-dresses, for instance. The better pictures indicate correct appreciation of the real appearance of objects, and evince remarkable skill in delineation. Perspective and foreshortening are correctly rendered. One of the pictures gives a view of the hind parts of an ox or eland, and is remarkably faithful. The best specimen of coloring was in the representation of an eland. This picture Hutchinson considered admirable for the shading which occurred in it.

The skill of the Bushmen in the handling of stone is quite worthy of observation. Like many of the aborigines in this country, they possess the art of making, cutting, and engraving instruments from flint and other hard stone, and with these they are enabled to execute carvings on the walls of their caves and on detached stones, for other uses and representations, which are not less artistic than are their paintings. With these implements, also, they do their carving upon wood, horn, ivory, bone, shells of ostrich eggs, and other substances, from which they make ornamental articles and useful utensils, implements of the chase and weapons of war.

Dr. Holub, while stopping at the Wesel farm in the Free State, examined the drawings and engravings remaining in the caves formerly occupied by the Bushmen. He also was strongly impressed with the taste and ability manifested in these works of art as still existing there. The drawings are upon the walls of sandstone, and the carvings are made upon the same ground. In some cases the carvings are chiseled entirely out of the solid rock, while in others they are incomplete, and are indicated only by lines

of shading. He mentions particularly the bust of a Bushman, a woman carrying a load, an ostrich with a rider on its back, an ostrich meeting a rhinoceros, a jackal chasing an antelope, together with many figures of birds and quadrupeds. The pigments with which the paintings are done are very enduring, and show skill in their combination. In one place, these paintings are found in a cave which has been frequently filled with water in times of flood, and yet they have preserved their brilliancy to the present time amid those alternations of wet and dry. The implements with which carvings have been executed are found in abundance scattered around in or near all the caves which are discovered to be thus adorned.

The Bushmen are skillful hunters, expert thieves, and courageous fighters, but their mechanical performances are confined to the erection of the rudest temporary dwellings, and to the manufacture of their bows and arrows, and the scanty clothing which they put on to protect themselves from the cold. In the neighboring tribes, among whom they wander or dwell, the art of working iron is practiced wherever the material is found. This has never been attempted by the Bushmen, though they frequently obtain iron implements by the barter of ivory.

Even among men of scientific tastes and attainments, many may be found who seem to take no interest in the diminutive size of these people when they meet them. This may prepare us to understand why the Dutch settlers in South Africa never thought the small size of the Bushmen a characteristic worthy of special mention, while their malignant dispositions and belligerent characteristics are elaborately described. The reader of Dutch narratives would suppose that the pygmies were men of ordinary stature. It is true that in a very few instances they are spoken of as small men, but that fact does not seem to have commanded sufficient interest to induce any one to say how

small they were, by giving their height or other physical dimensions. In later times they have excited more interest and have been studied with more care, and Fritsch, in his account of the natives of South Africa, gives their average height as four feet eight and a half inches, while Bryden gives the height of the male as four feet six inches, and the female four feet. We may reasonably suppose that individuals vary in size as much as they do among the ordinary races of men; that there are no doubt giants among them as well as dwarfs: that some are abnormally tall, and otherwise of exaggerated proportions, and that others are abnormally short and small; so that it would be necessary carefully to measure great numbers of them before we could determine satisfactorily what is their average size. All that we can safely say is, that they are far below the stature of ordinary men, and we should place their standard height at about eighteen inches below that of the average of mankind.

I have been more particular in my consideration of these Sana, or Bushmen, because they have been longer and better known than the other tribes of pygmies of which we have authentic accounts, all of whom reside at a great distance north of them, and in the near neighborhood of the equator. It has been generally considered that all are of the same distinctive race, though now widely separated; but there is no definite authority for the conclusion that all came from the northern part of the continent of Africa at a remote distance of time.

The fact that all the different tribes, however far apart they may be, have so many features and characteristics in common is the strongest evidence to my mind that all are descended from the same origin; and this fact also shows that they have abstained in a remarkable degree from intermingling with other and larger peoples.

The next discovery of dwarfs in Africa was made by Paul Du Chaillu in

1863, on the west coast, in south latitude $1^{\circ} 58' 54''$ and east longitude $11^{\circ} 56' 38''$. In one of his excursions into the interior from the Atlantic coast, before he reached Niemborai, in the land of the Ashangos, he came across some deserted huts of a people who, he was informed by the natives, were of very diminutive stature. He had heard that these people were called Obongos, and that there was a village of them near Niemborai. On his arrival there, he inquired if it were possible for him to get a sight of these little people. He was told that they were in the habit of coming into the village, but that they would not come while the white man was there. Under the guidance of the Ashangos, he approached with great caution the village in the forest, consisting of twelve huts, which were composed of green branches of trees, with small holes for entrance, that were closed by similar branches stuck in the ground. They were excessively filthy, and scattered about without order. Most of the population had fled, but he found three women and one man concealed in the huts on their first visit, and several more on subsequent visits. They were very timid and greatly alarmed at the appearance of the stranger, but were somewhat pacified by gifts of beads and by the assurance of the Ashangos that he would not hurt them, but had come to make them presents and do them good. The women were fond of adornment, and seemed glad of the beads. When Du Chaillu attempted to measure these little people they were greatly frightened, and it was with much difficulty that their fears were so far overcome as to enable him to take the following measurements of six women and one man, all adults:—

Woman, No. 1. Total height, 4 ft. $4\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Between outer angles of eyes $5\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Woman, No. 2. Total height, 4 ft. $7\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Woman, No. 3. Considered unusually tall, 5 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Round broadest part of head, 1 ft. $9\frac{1}{4}$ in.

From eye to ear, 4 in.

Woman, No. 4. Total height, 4 ft. 8 in.

Round the head, 1 ft. 10 in.

From eye to ear, $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Woman, No. 5. Total height, 5 ft.

Round the head, 1 ft. 9 in.

From eye to ear, $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Woman, No. 6. Total height, 4 ft. 5 in.

Round the head, 1 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Eye to ear, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Young man. Total height, 4 ft. 6 in.

Du Chaillu reports the color of these people to be a dirty yellow ; they were distinctly lighter than the Ashangos, near whom they lived ; their eyes evinced an untamable wildness. They had short legs, but seemed to be otherwise well proportioned. The hair of the head was in short, bushy tufts. The abundant hair of their chests and legs grew in short, woolly tufts like that of the head. Their clothing was scanty, consisting of home-made cloth which they got in barter from the Ashangos, and it is not stated that they ever made garments out of the skins of the animals which they captured. They were very expert and nimble hunters, especially in trapping game ; they fairly filled the paths and forests with pitfalls in which they captured large game, and set ingenious traps in the trees for monkeys and other small game. They also caught fish from the streams, and with their fish and game they procured by barter cloths, cooking-utensils, iron implements, and the like. They were never known to practice agriculture to any degree, though their diet consisted partly of vegetable productions, such as fruits and roots procured in the forest, and they sometimes bartered the game they captured for the fruits of the garden, such as bananas, etc., with their neighbors, or stole them if they could not obtain them by barter ; but their choice was for animal food, for which they appeared almost ravenous. Notwithstanding their thievish depredations, they were tolerated by their larger neighbors, who treated them kindly, and rather welcomed their presence in the neighborhood for the game and fish which they fur-

nished. From this it is evident that their skill as hunters far surpassed that of the Ashangos.

Accepting the measurements made by Du Chaillu as fairly representing the average height of the people, we have the remarkable example of a tribe whose females exceed in stature the males, as will be observed by the table of measurements given ; but it would not be safe to adopt this conclusion from so limited a number of specimens. Indeed, there was but one male measured by him, and his height was four feet six inches, which is about the average height of the male Bushmen, and exceeded that of the females of that tribe, while the average height of the females measured was considerably above this.

Du Chaillu learned from the Ashangos that the little people were very exclusive in their intercourse, and never intermarried with the larger tribes ; indeed, that they were so exclusive that they were compelled to incestuous marriages, and he thinks that this may have been one of the causes which had led to the deterioration of the race. I am hardly prepared to accept the facts as stated by the Ashangos.

While this little band of Obongos may have been quite limited in numbers, we have reason to believe that the pygmy race was scattered all through that immense forest region extending north from the Congo to several degrees north of the equator, and west of the place where Du Chaillu found them to near the lake regions of Central Africa ; not in large tribes or bands, it is true, but dispersed in greater or less numbers through that region, ever migratory, changing their positions as the exigencies of their precarious mode of life required. Their mode of living was principally by hunting and trapping game. When it became scarce in one place they immediately sought another locality where it was more abundant, and their little belongings were easily transported from

one place to another as their necessities required; they had no fixed place of abode, but were at home everywhere. In this mode of life, any given tribe of pygmies must have wandered over extensive areas, and in the course of their wanderings the different bands must frequently have met each other, so that the opportunities for marriage with their own people would have often occurred; hence the necessity assigned for incestuous marriages could hardly have existed. Besides, the deterioration of the race is not such as we usually look for as the result of close inbreeding; we hear of no mental imbecility, no deformity, no physical weakness, but only a diminutive stature coupled with remarkable physical activity and great sagacity in their contrivances for capturing game.

In many of their physical features, the facts given by our author from his own personal observation correspond remarkably with those given of other tribes or bands of pygmies. The body of the male measured was covered with a heavy coat of hair, and that has been observed of most of the other pygmy races, while its presence on the males of the larger tribes I have never seen noticed. The hair of the head is remarkable. It is of lighter color than is usual with the negro races, and corresponds very nearly with the color of their skins; it is in limited quantities, is very much curled or kinked, is distributed in tufts, and is altogether peculiar to this branch of the human family. In color there is a general correspondence among all these people; they are lighter in color than the Ashangos and other negro tribes, and in no part of Africa have these pygmies been found to possess the black skin of the negro, though undoubtedly individuals may be met with much darker than others, as was the case with one individual whom Du Chaillu saw at a distance.

Du Chaillu says that they are fishermen as well as hunters, but he does not state the mode in which they capture

fish, if indeed that was told him by the Obongos. I do not remember to have seen it stated elsewhere that the pygmies are fishermen as well as hunters, but this mode of subsistence might well be resorted to in favorable localities without having attracted the attention of their visitors. It may be safely concluded that they do not usually obtain subsistence by fishing, in any part of their habitat.

The next in chronological order to meet with the African pygmies was Dr. Schweinfurth. He found them on the Wille River, among the Monbuttos, in 1871. He appreciated fully the importance of the discovery, and was familiar with all the previous discoveries of that strange people. He recognizes the Bushmen of South Africa as pygmies, and thinks they belong to the same race as those found in the equatorial regions. He gives Du Chaillu full credit for having been the first discoverer of that people in the equatorial region. He first met them at Munza, the residence of the king of the Monbutto of the same name, which is located about $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north latitude and $28\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ east longitude; here the pygmies are called Akkas. He found them scarcely two degrees north of the Obongos, discovered by Du Chaillu, and nearly twenty degrees further east. From the best information which is at present attainable, all these people are found in the great equatorial forest which extends from about longitude 30° east to the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and to undefined limits north and south of the equator. The Obongos of Du Chaillu are the most westerly which have been thus far satisfactorily located, and the Akkas are the most easterly; how abundantly they occupy the intermediate space cannot now be determined. The first pygmy was brought to Schweinfurth's camp at Munza by his own men, and was terribly alarmed at being forced into the presence of the white man; but by presents and kindly treatment he was so far reassured that it was possible to talk with him through

interpreters, when valuable information was obtained. His name was Adimokoo, and he was the head of a small band of Akkas. His band was stationed about a mile from the palace of the king, who had brought and placed them there as curiosities. From this man Schweinfurth learned that the first village of his people was four days' journey south or southeast; that they consisted of different tribes, of which he enumerated nine, each of which was governed by a chief or king. He learned that these people occupied a large territory situated between 1° and 2° north latitude. The man was armed with a small lance and bow and arrow, from which we may infer that the Akkas as well as all the other pygmies are hunters, and probably procure most of their sustenance by the chase; but from this Akka chief very little was learned of the mode of living of his countrymen, though in another place Schweinfurth was informed that some of the Akkas kept fowls. Beyond this we lack evidence to show that any of the pygmies rear or keep domestic animals. Schweinfurth measured this little man, and found him to be four feet ten inches tall; and he considers this to be about the average height of the men of his people. The Akka was prevailed upon to show his agility by dancing, and made most extraordinary leaps and antics, which were characteristic of the pygmies in other parts of Africa. A brother of the king, named Mummery, who was a high officer in the tribe, and had an establishment of his own, had in his regiment a corps of pygmies which was organized for military purposes.

When our explorer met these pygmies marching in the street, he at first took them for a lot of boys; but he soon learned his mistake when they made threatening demonstrations towards him with their bows and arrows and spears. They had evidently lost their hereditary timidity at the sight of the white man, either because they had a strong force,

or had gained confidence by their military organization and training. Anticipating a better opportunity to examine them on the morrow, Schweinfurth let this chance go; but on the morrow they had disappeared.

Munza gave Schweinfurth a young pygmy boy, who completed his growth during the year and a half in which his new master had him under his care and observation. How long he had previously been in the possession of Munza we are not told, but from Schweinfurth's account of him one would be led to the conclusion that he was possessed of a low order of intellect, and especially that he lacked the capacity to acquire new language. He showed the physical activity generally observed among the pygmy tribes, with a cruelty of disposition and a want of sympathy for suffering either of man or beast. Torture was to him a pleasant pastime, and when he saw his master boiling the head of an enemy who had been killed, in order to prepare it for his collection, his delight knew no bounds, and he rushed about the camp shouting, "Bakinda nova? Bakinda he he koto." (Where is Bakinda? Bakinda is in the pot.) Other savage nations, especially our own American Indians, take delight in torture when it is inflicted on an enemy; but this little Akka seemed to enjoy torturing any animal that could suffer pain. He was in the habit of shooting arrows into the dogs just to enjoy their sufferings. He was an enormous eater, especially of flesh, a characteristic of which we find mention in most of the other pygmy tribes where that characteristic would be likely to be noticed. The Akkas possess that high measure of cunning and shrewdness which has been so often attributed to the Bushmen, and which it is safe to say belongs to the whole family of pygmies. It may be that the sanguinary and cruel disposition observed in the race has been stimulated by their chief occupation of capturing animals; they become ac-

customed to animal suffering, and as this suffering is immediately connected with the pleasure they take in their success, the sentiment of sympathy with pain has little chance of being cultivated. Indeed, this may be true of those who live in more civilized countries, where the success of the chase affords the greatest pleasure, and deadens the sense of sympathy for the pain of animals. One who spends his life in an abattoir loses his sensibility at the sight of blood and animal suffering.

Although Dr. Junker, in his first expedition, explored the same country which had been traveled by Schweinfurth, he nowhere refers to the pygmies who had so much interested his predecessor; but in his second expedition, when he penetrated much farther into the interior, he met a tribe of these little people who called themselves Wochua. They were undoubtedly a part of the race which Adimokoo had described to Schweinfurth, but they were apparently not nearly so abundant in that region as one might have expected. Junker's measurements showed that they were a little taller than were the pygmies before reported by other travelers. He does not seem to have measured any of the thirty or forty pygmies by whom he was surrounded, but compares them with an ordinary man, and says some would reach to the shoulders and others to the pit of the stomach, and the largest, who might pass as a giant of his race, attained a height that would allow him to be ranked as a small man of the ordinary race. Like the full-sized natives, they liked to ornament themselves with beads, and were pleased with the sound of music. Junker found these pygmies in about latitude $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north and in longitude $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ east, so that they were very nearly in the same latitude where Du Chaillu found his Obongos, and about seventeen and a half degrees further east, or something more than eleven hundred English miles.

We will next consider the pygmies brought to our attention by Stanley, in

the great forest bordering the Aruwimi River, on his way to the relief of Emin Pasha. On the 18th of September, 1887, at the Arab settlement of Ngarowwas, he met the first specimen of the pygmies. As these Arabs were a party of slave-hunters, we may well presume that this pygmy had been captured and was held by them as a slave, though the explorer does not say so. She was a young woman, apparently about seventeen years of age, and was thirty-three inches in height. Her color was much like that of yellow ivory; her figure, Stanley says, was like that of a colored woman, though diminutive in size; she was possessed of a certain grace, and was manifestly pleased at the admiration which she attracted. The most remarkable feature of this woman was her large lustrous eyes, which were protruding. In this she was the opposite of the pygmies elsewhere observed, who had small eyes. She was quite nude, but to this she was evidently accustomed, as she displayed becoming modesty, and evidently did not consider her condition in any way unbecoming. Stanley understood that the pygmies were numerous north of where he met this example.

On the 31st of October, 1887, Stanley came upon a village of pygmies in latitude $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north and longitude $29\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ east, or about 1° east of where he had seen the pretty little woman at the camp of the Arabs, forty-two days before. He gives us no description of the inhabitants of this village. In his further progress he frequently came across deserted villages of this people, showing that these little men were quite abundant throughout that primeval forest. On the 9th of November, 1887, he passed through another village of the pygmies, without describing them.

He had constructed Fort Bodo while resting in the forest, at a place situated in latitude $1^{\circ} 15'$ north and longitude $29^{\circ} 30'$ east. The forest here seems to have swarmed with pygmies, who by their

thefts and trespasses upon the garden of the fort gave the occupants of Fort Bodo great annoyance. While here in March, 1888, one of Stanley's men captured and brought in a woman whom he calls the queen of the pygmies. She was the wife of the chief of Indekaru. She was decked with jewelry befitting her station. "She was of a light brown complexion, with broad round face, large eyes, and small but full lips." She had a quiet, modest demeanor, though her dress was very scanty. She was about four feet tall and nineteen or twenty years of age, and had a pleasing appearance.

Near a place called Indemwani, in latitude $1^{\circ} 15'$ north and longitude $29^{\circ} 30'$ east, his "men made a splendid capture of pygmies," consisting of four women and a boy. Among these he saw two distinct types. One had all the appearance of the Akkas, with deep-set eyes; the other four possessed large round eyes, full and prominent, broad round foreheads, round faces, small hands and feet, with slight prognathism of jaws; their figures were well formed, though diminutive, and of a brickly complexion. The women had mischievous eyes, protruding lips overhanging the chin, and prominent abdomen; the chest was narrow and flat, with sloping shoulders and long arms. Their feet turned inward greatly, their lower legs were very short, and they appeared to be of an extremely low and degraded type of the human family. One of the women, apparently about seventeen years of age, was evidently a mother, with bright and healthy complexion, brilliant large round eyes, and a peculiar curve of the mouth such as marked the queen of the pygmies before mentioned. She had pinkish-colored lips, small hands, long and delicate fingers; her feet measured seven inches, and her height was four feet four inches.

Here, then, it is clear that we have a distinct type of the pygmies, with features differing widely from those of the Akkas, Obongos, Bushmen, or any other

specimens of the pygmies with which we have heretofore met. The large, prominent, and brilliant eyes distinguish them from any elsewhere described; nor are these large-eyed pygmies confined to this locality. The first one met with at the Arab settlement, and the queen of the pygmies brought into Fort Bodo, were of the same distinct type; so we know that they are found in widely separated districts of the forest. But what serves to attract our attention particularly is the fact that pygmies of this peculiar type are found not in separate bands by themselves, but residing indiscriminately with the other and common type of dwarfs, of which the Akkas are an example. If they live together as common members of a tribe, the inevitable conclusion is that they intermarry with each other. How therefore is it possible for them to maintain their separate and distinct features? The evidence given by Stanley would show that these inconsistencies do actually exist, notwithstanding it positively contradicts all other statements on the subject. Future observations will be looked for with great interest.

Junker locates his band of pygmies about one degree north of where Stanley met those above described; but he makes no mention of any of this large-eyed type of little folk, among the thirty or forty that he saw and whom he so fully describes.

Taking all the evidence together, it is manifest that the whole country north of the Ituri and the Aruwimi, as the river is called lower down, is inhabited by roving bands of the pygmies, who remain at times in the territory of one native chief, and then pass to that of another, as the exigencies of their peculiar mode of life demand; generally on terms of apparent friendship with the larger natives, but always feared and always disliked. Their thievish and malignant dispositions compel a tolerance of their presence, and we may not doubt that when they decamp and wander away to other regions their

departure is never regretted. They practice no agriculture, but help themselves to whatever they can find in the gardens of the more industrious negroes. Junker assures us that when one fancies a bunch of bananas which he intends to appropriate to his own use, he will thrust an arrow into it as an evidence of his claim, and the rightful owner has such a wholesome dread of the little trespasser that he leaves the fruit thus marked untouched.

Travelers have only skirted, as it were, the edge of this great unexplored forest, but their observations tend to support what has been heretofore conjectured: that the pigmy race roam through the whole of the vast primeval forest, never thickly inhabiting it, but wandering about in small bands, limiting their excursions to certain districts of greater or less extent.

The pygmies seem most to affect the densest, dampest, and gloomiest forest, rarely leaving it for the prairie or savanna openings which are not unfrequently met with among its recesses. A treeless country and bright and cheerful sunshine have no charms for them. They wander as far north as the Niam-Niam country, at least, and as far east as the grass lands which border the wooded country; but where the forests are less dense they find less attractions, and are met with less frequently.

Junker describes some individuals of this people as possessing real genius of a certain order. I cannot do better than to quote what he says of the Akkas: "They are also distinguished by sharp powers of observation." They have "amazing talent for mimicry" and "a good memory. . . . A striking proof of this was afforded by an Achua, whom I had seen and measured four years previously in Rumbek, and now again met him at Gambaris. . . . His comical ways and quick, nimble movements made this little fellow the clown of our society. . . . He imitated with marvelous fidelity the peculiarities of persons whom he had once seen; for

instance, the gestures and facial expressions of Jussuf Pasha-esh-Shelahis and of Haj Halil at their devotions, as well as the address and movements of Emin Pasha 'with the four eyes' (spectacles). His imitation of Hawash Effendi in a towering rage, storming and abusing everybody, was a great success; and now he took me off to the life, rehearsing after four years, down to the minutest details and with surprising accuracy, my anthropometric performance when measuring his body in Rumbek."

This certainly does not indicate that the pygmy race has become imbecile or is destitute of mental endowments; but, on the other hand, its members are quick-witted, lively, and sparkling to a degree quite beyond what we might expect from the lower ranks of savagery. Probably this specimen had wandered away from his tribe in the dark recesses of the forest, and mingled with the Arabs and others who occupy a higher plane of civilization than his own people; but it is certain that he had profited by his opportunities to a much greater extent than the average negro savage of Africa. No doubt missionaries would have a hard task to effect much enlightenment among these people; but the difficulty would not arise from want of mental capacity, but from the conditions under which they live, without fixed home or mode of livelihood except by the chase. We may admit as altogether probable that this specimen was much brighter than the average of his people, but the probability still remains that the intellectual endowments of the pygmies are capable of improvement to a very appreciable degree, and this probability is enhanced by their undoubted cunning and sagacity, which seem to be recognized by all whenever conditions allow of their exercise.

As Stanley marched through that forest country, literally abounding in pygmies, his men captured a considerable number of them and brought them along

as prisoners, but how many it is impossible to learn from Stanley's journal. It may be presumed that he turned loose all but the young and vigorous specimens who could be of service either as carriers, as warriors, or as camp followers. He gives an illustration in which a number of ordinary natives and of pygmies are seen grouped in his camp at Kavalli, showing the difference in size between the smaller race and the larger; but how many pygmies he had in his camp at that time we are not told. It is certain, however, that he met no pygmies in the grass lands which he traversed between the great forests on the west and the wooded country which he encountered on the east side of the Semliki River. Indeed, we hear nothing more of pygmies till he reached the country at the foot of Ruwenzori Mountain; and even there he did not encounter any of the little people, but only heard of them from the natives. Near the Ugarama village at the foot of the great mountain his men found in the woods two women of light complexion, who gave them a description of the country and its inhabitants, and said that "the enemies of the Awamba, who cut down the woods and tilled the ground, were the vicious Watwa pygmies, who made their lives miserable by robbing their plantations, and destroying small parties while at work or proceeding to market in adjoining districts." Here is the first evidence I have met with tending to show that the pygmies have ever cut down the woods and tilled the ground, and this Stanley did not see himself, and only heard it from the two native women whom he met at the foot of the mountain; but the little folks still maintained their character for viciousness and malignity, and made the lives of the larger natives miserable by their thefts, and by destroying small parties whom they came across. Further on, Stanley learned from the natives that on the western bank of the Semliki River there were Watwa pygmies.

How much Stanley's statements might be modified by a more intimate knowledge of the habits of this little people we cannot say; but of this we feel assured, that pygmies certainly reside there. This fact of itself is interesting, as it corresponds with the statements of the ancients that pygmies existed about the sources of the Nile, and Stanley's explorations prove satisfactorily that the little people of which he heard now exist around the sources of that great river. The lake which he first discovered in 1876 and re-discovered in 1887, and which he named Lake Albert Edward, is in truth the source of the west branch of the Nile; its waters flow northward through the Semliki River into Lake Albert. Into the northern extremity of Lake Albert the eastern branch runs, and from it the Nile itself flows.

The pygmies which inhabit the country near the shores of Lake Albert Edward and about the western slopes of the Ruwenzori Mountain are so far separated from those inhabiting the great forest to the west of them that the two tribes can hardly be supposed to have any intercourse with each other. We may place these eastern pygmies about under the equator and 30° east longitude, with a grass country intervening between them and their brethren whom we have placed in the western forest.

The last of the pygmies of whose discovery I have an account are located about four degrees south of the equator and about 24° east longitude, on the river Sankurru, in a vast primeval forest which it took our explorer many days to pass through. Dr. Wissmann, who discovered them, says: "I was greatly pleased to see in the afternoon some Batua of pure quality, real beauties. The people were short, of a brown yellowish color, or rather light yellow with a brown shadowing. They were long-limbed and thin, though not angular, and wore neither ornaments, paintings, nor head-dresses. I was chiefly struck with their beautiful

and clever eyes, lighter than those of the Batetela, and their delicate rosy lips, by no means pouting like those of the negro. The demeanor of our new friends, whom I treated with particular kindness, was not savage, like that of the Batetela, but rather timidly modest, I may say maidenly shy. The little men, on the whole, reminded me of portraits of the Bushmen of the south of this continent. Their arms consisted of small bows and delicate arrows, which, before using, they dip into a small calabash filled with poison which they carry fastened in their belts.

"By means of great patience and a continual encouraging smile, and by forcing my voice to the most gentle intonations I could manage, I succeeded in communicating with them, and catching some of their idiomatic expressions, which entirely differed from those of the other tribes. Amongst others, it struck me that here, in the midst of the Batetela, who for the word 'fire' have the term 'kalo,' they had the expression 'kapia,' the same as our Bashilange, with whom they have a certain softness of language in common; something of the singing modulations of our Saxons." He also notices their delicate frames and rather long limbs.

Wissmann obtained the measurements of some Batua men, whose height varied from four feet six inches to four feet eight inches. He never saw any women among them. The young people had rounded figures and fresh complexions, and their movements were especially graceful, easy, and quiet. The old men he considered painfully ugly, a result which he attributes to their savage and roving life in the primeval forest. The head seemed disproportionately large, owing to the thinness of the neck. They were very much feared by the other natives on account of the poison of their arrows.

He further says: "The real home of the Batua is the vast dark primeval forest, which in all seasons yields a variety

of fruits, — perhaps only known to and eaten by them, — roots, fungi, or herbs, and especially meat; the latter chiefly of lesser and lower animals, as rats, nocturnal monkeys, bats, a number of rodentia, many of which may be unknown, now and then a wild boar, a monkey, and, by chance, even an elephant. Other game is not found in that forest, but of smaller animals there is all the more abundance. Caterpillars, cicadas, white ants, and chrysalises also offer an abundant change to their *menu*."

Our author afterward frequently met the Batua in this great forest, but they were too shy to allow him to make minute observations. He nowhere met with any evidence of agriculture among this little people, or of domestic animals. If they gathered cultivated fruits, they were cultivated by the larger natives. Wild fruits and wild animals constituted their great resource for subsistence. Ever wandering in search of these, they had no fixed places of abode. They sheltered themselves in temporary huts, which were quickly erected and readily abandoned. Indeed, they lived almost the same as do all the other pygmy tribes whose habits have been sufficiently studied to be understood. They are nearer the condition of wild savagery than any other of the savage tribes of Africa. But they have their peculiarities. According to this description they are much more comely, especially the young, than any of the pygmies elsewhere met with, and they have longer limbs than the others. While others are said to have long bodies and short limbs, these have long limbs and necessarily shorter bodies; and enough specimens were seen to enable us to determine these general characteristics. With these two exceptions, the description we have of them corresponds precisely with what we are told of other members of the race, though they are separated from each other by immense distances.

The pygmy bands occupying the coun-

try north of the equator in the neighborhood of the Congo and its tributaries are surrounded, or perhaps, more properly speaking, intermingled with the cannibal tribes, who regard human flesh as the choicest meat to be obtained. So situated, we might expect that the pygmies would be cannibals, too, for their great love of a flesh diet and their frequently straitened circumstances would seem to encourage them to adopt that practice; yet I nowhere find the subject alluded to, nor do I find evidence clearly establishing the fact that any of the bands or tribes of pygmies in Africa are in the habit of eating human flesh; and we may well suppose that if explorers had observed sufficient evidence to establish that fact they would have recorded it. True, such practice may have existed among pygmies who have been visited by white men, for we know that many cannibal tribes are loath to admit that they eat human flesh, to visitors whom they know abhor it, so it may have been concealed from observation where it actually existed; but we are not at liberty to accuse them of cannibalism without satisfactory proof to establish the fact.

Many have asserted that these pygmy races are found extended quite across the continent, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, in the neighborhood of the equator, but to this I am not prepared to assent. That the Bushmen did once extend across southern Africa from ocean to ocean is undoubtedly true, and that, in the equatorial regions, individual specimens may have been seen far east of their usual habitat may not be questioned; but even in the Soudan only individuals who have wandered far east of their birthplace have been met with. No collected bands containing both old and young and united families have been there found, so far as my information goes, and without these we cannot conclude that the individuals met with were within a natural habitat. Should we meet with a negro in Norway, we should hardly be

justified in saying that Norway is the home of the negroes. If specimens have been met with east of the south end of Lake Tanganyika or of the north end of Nyassa, it would not prove that the pygmies extend across the continent to the Indian Ocean, or that they inhabit the regions about the great lakes of Central Africa. Joseph Thomson, in his first wonderful expedition, when he traversed the region extending from Zanzibar to the north end of Lake Nyassa, and thence to Tanganyika and up the country west of that great lake to its outlet, and north of it to the river, and explored a considerable district of country west and south of that lake, makes no mention of having met any people below the ordinary stature of the negro races; and again, in his explorations to the Masai land, embracing the whole country between Lake Victoria and the Indian Ocean, he met no people of diminutive size. If he found cave-dwellers in that country, they were of the ordinary stature.

Possibly this conclusion may be modified by a statement by Mrs. Sheldon in her account of her journey of exploration in that part of Africa. She says of the Wandurobo tribe, who had been conquered by the Masai, but not enslaved, "These people are the most insignificant in appearance; almost dwarf. 'Durobo' signifies stumpy. Among those we met there was no man who attained a height of over four feet and a few inches, and some were considerably shorter." Not appreciating the importance of this discovery from the scientific point of view, she does not seem to have taken the trouble to measure any of these little people, or to make other observations of their habits, customs, or mode of life, which would enable us to compare them with the African dwarfs, so as to determine whether they belong to the true pygmy race or not. She found these people located on the eastern flanks of the great mountain Kilimanjaro, and on the eastern borders of Masai land.

I think evidence is wanting to show that pygmies are at home anywhere in Africa east of the Ruwenzori Mountain or the Lake Albert Edward. They may be found south and west of that region, but it will be in the great forest regions which occupy most of that part of Western Africa. Wherever they have been met with elsewhere, they may be considered as estrays. Provisionally we may limit the habitat of these little people to the equatorial regions of Africa west of the African lakes, and to that part of

the continent lying south of the Zambesi River. Even in the latter country the range of the Bushmen has been much curtailed during the last two hundred and forty years, and their numbers have been greatly decreased by the cruel hands of the whites. When the country between the Nile and the Indian Ocean and between Abyssinia and Mt. Kana shall be thoroughly explored, it may be that tribes of pygmies will be found in that unknown region, but at present this must be a matter of conjecture.

John Dean Caton.

AN ISLAND PLANT.

IN THREE PARTS.

II.

THE GREEN BRANCHES.

JUNE brought to Nantucket, in the olden time, a gala day of importance; in the presumption of some minds, of even more importance than were the great festivals of the vintage and of the gods of which we read. Yet nobody reads of the great shearing-days of Nantucket, when the many thousand sheep of that island were shorn of their fleeces. During all the year previous to and succeeding that event the flocks roamed at pleasure over the plains, though sometimes at pleasure was at pain; for when the sparse verdure was cropped close or the deadly breath of winter was upon it, when the pools were frozen, and the sleet-laden winds pierced to the tender skin under their woolly coats, driven by suffering they swarmed into the town, and degenerated from the pastoral flocks of poesy to beggars and scavengers. Then the goodwives threw their vegetable parings and the refuse of their frugal tables into the streets. This was the winter

provision for the sheep. And timid children, awakening on bitter nights, cried out in terror of strange tramlings, as of a stealthy host pressing inward to the house, and of widespread gusty breathings in the air; but they listened with a moment's pleased interest and then sank into peace again, when their mothers' voices bade them fear not, for it was only the sheep pressing close under the house walls to keep warm. By June, their makeshifts and degradation seemed well over, and they were fit subjects for poetry again; but then came the demand for their fleeces, and the luxury of basking and browsing in the sunshine was interrupted by the washing and making ready for shearing-day.

On the part of the human population, besides the gathering and cleansing of the innumerable flocks, there were the preparations for feasting all the island's inhabitants and hundreds of strangers from the continent. Nantucket faces wore a look of sanguine eagerness tinged with fitting gravity during these momentous preliminaries. High pressure and urgency were in the very atmosphere.

While the omnifarious cooking was going forward under the hands of the women, the unwilling victims were collected by the men and boys, and driven to the great Miacomet Pool, where, with much struggle and clamor, they were thrust in among the lily-pads, and not only washed, but throttled, stifled, and utterly undone. Then, "in the wattled pen innumerable pressed, head above head," they wondered and dried themselves into creamy whiteness, so that the wave beyond wave of their rounded backs looked like a pond of rich milk.

At length the great day itself arrived. Let us say the shearing-day of 1791. The sheep-pens and shearing-grounds were on the open plain, near the South Shore. By early cockerow these grounds were covered with tents and awnings, and the soft, fearful creatures gazed through their bars at further strange proceedings of men. The voice of sober excitement, plaintive, apprehensive bleatings, and the astonished cries of wandering shore-birds broke with pleasing discord a stillness that never was silence because of the beating sea. It beat softly, and glittered like polished steel under the white dawn. An uncertain sweetness — perhaps of the dewy, trampled sheep-grass — was in the air, and unnamed balminess from over sea.

Before sunrise, the selectmen, in a body, in best breeches and swallow-tail coats, with their queue-ribbons fresh, and their shoe-buckles and knee-buckles polished till they shone like the moon, or, here and there, in the straight, well-brushed garb of a Quaker, moved imposingly upon the scene. They were the judges in the division of the fleece, and their decision settled any doubt as to the ownership of the sheep whose marks had been defaced or washed out. As they moved about slowly, turning from side to side with an amiable "How em you?" or "How's thee do?" it was felt that one of the great functions of the occasion had begun to operate.

Following close upon them, the long serpentine procession of the islanders and their guests came writhing out of town and over the commons, lifting a section into view on the hummocks, dropping a portion of itself into the hollows, and at last thrusting its head upon the shearing-ground, where it disintegrated into high creaking calashes and Nantucket's own two-wheeled carts that ride lightly on the sandy deep. Women in sunbonnets and pug-bonnets sat back to back in them on stiff chairs, behind the seat where the men were mounted; or men with large families walked patiently beside the horses, and prim children, on crickets, were miraculously wedged into imperceptible chinks, or hanging on to the tails of the carts. Down they came, with much bustle, but sedately, upon the common, and after them the tucked-away sails upon which the sheep were to be sheared, and the baskets, buckets, bottles, bags, and jugs containing the bounteous good things for the shearing-dinner. It is said that, with some, the savings of a whole year were liberally and anxiously appropriated to the appointments of tents, provisions, and camp equipage. Each family reared its own tent and provided its own board, and never were people more distinctly in family than at this general muster. Still, linked together by common interests, and the sympathetic tie that binds an islander more closely than a man of the broad world to his neighbor, no matter could be of indifference to one that was of consequence to another, and, as they unpacked their carts side by side, they chatted to and fro with that mixture of *bonhomie* and gentle reserve peculiar to ingenuous, sober, old-time Nantucket.

On this day there was a matter of consequence to chat about besides the shearing. To some it was of even greater moment. The first whaling-ship ever sent round Cape Horn from Nantucket lay outside the bar, about to start on its adventurous voyage. Its officers and crew

were chiefly from the men and boys of the island. Hitherto they had only ventured off shore for whales, or upon short voyages of weeks in the Atlantic waters; and because of this proposed plunge of fathers, sons, husbands, lovers, into the possibilities of two oceans, there were some sorrowful faces upon the shearing-grounds. To all the hazards, known and unknown, of treacherous waters, of man-eaters and incensed whales, there was but one offset in philosophy, to wit, that all the population of a sand-heap could not live from the sands alone, but some must needs live from the sea.

"There's a good deal to be thought on, *I* consider," said a gentle-faced, round-shouldered man, when, upon all sides, there sounded the whet, whet, whet, and the click, click, click, of the shears, — "a good deal to be thought on," he repeated solemnly, after he had succeeded in quieting the sheep between his knees, so that it submitted to the despoiling hand with a meek, surprised look, "and *one* is that rattle-headed captain."

"Sho!" responded a rosy-cheeked youth, relaxing his own gratuitous clutch upon the passive sheep, and laying a light caressing hand upon the fleeces as they rolled to a pile on the canvas. "They say, when he goes aboard ship, he's as sober and sensible as a parson, and he makes the men bow and scrape to him as if he was a king; but they'd stick their hands into hot fat for him, every day, every one on 'em. He's a wild un on land, sartain, but it's th' land don't agree with him. The minute he touches it — p-z-z-z-z-z! But he's made master voyages. He's a lucky fish. Every sort o' good thing runs straight to his maw. Most o' folks likes him. I be one on 'em."

"Humph! I s'po'so!" With this mild sneer, the gentle shearer clipped faster to offset the incapacity of his moderate tongue. "I don't think well o' the son of a rich man reetrogradin' to

a sailor," he declared. "High or humble, a man's bound to stay by his own father."

"Pooh!" retorted the glib apprentice. "If King David hed 'a' stayed close alongside o' his father, the Bible 'u'd 'a' been a 'nough sight smaller book 'n 't is. There wa'n't nothin' else they could do with Cap'n Dudley. They sent him to sea to keep him fenced in. There's too much room to caper in ashore. He took to the sea, an' 't was the makin' on 'im."

"How is 't you've such a long tale to tell, Pillick?"

"I listened, and heered it told."

"Did you hear wheth' or no he'd come on yet? I expect he'll bring old Satan along with him."

"What! you did n't see 'im? He was in all parts o' town two minutes after he landed, last night. There ain't a maid this side o' th' North Shore that knows which way she wants to turn this mornin'."

This latter assertion was controverted on the spot. Some of these maids, fresh, wholesome creatures, with the clear Nantucket complexion, which the sun seems never to burn, and which, in case of freckles, makes up for that defect by a more snowy whiteness of brow and neck, and a daintier flush of cheek, — some of these, both knowingly and persistently, turned in one direction, and that exactly away from the important things of the morning and the usually favored swains. Backward, toward the town, the blue, the brown, the gray, and the black eyes steadfastly or shyly turned, under cover of deep bonnets.

The rim of the sun lifted itself out of the sea. The low-domed hillocks rolled upward into golden light and downward into violet shadow. Farmhouse windows blazed. A brig with red-purple sails heaved into sight. All things stood sharply out in the lateral rays, reflecting more light than they would in the flood of noon.

"I see Richard Macy's old gray horse," whispered a romantic one in the group of girls. "He'll come with him, certain."

"I'll warrant he's asleep solid," responded the realistic one. "He's up all night, an' don't want his breakfast till it's time to get dinner."

A third, with keen, all-seeing black eyes, laughed a bird's trill. "I can't see the old gray horse," she said, "but I see James Newbegin's old gray sail, as plain as the sun."

This announcement was not without its interest, however. They might, at any rate, have a look at some strange creatures, rarely seen except when they came tag-locking on shearing-days; that is, to gather the numerous little locks of wool scattered upon the ground, the refuse ends of the fleece, torn off by the bushes and fences, or by the struggles of the sheep to free themselves from the shearers, or cut off by the shearers, and thrown away as useless, except to some who had time and patience to cleanse and comb and make them into yarn.

Every year James Newbegin brought his three daughters to the shearing to gather their store of tag-locks.

Richard Macy's guest was, for the moment, almost forgotten, in the interest of watching the passengers alight from that extraordinary sail-rigged vehicle. Slowly and quite silently, with noiseless flappings of the canvas, it moved over the sand billows, and silently came to a stop on the edge of the common.

Girls of to-day would say it was a "weird" sight, but those Nantucket girls of 1791 craned their necks and opened their eyes without fitting comments. The successor of "Tim'thy," with his ram's neck and rickety gait, was much like "Tim'thy" himself, and bore the same name, but the rosy, rotund James had changed to a shrunken, flabby old man. His foolish laugh had ceased, and his animal crawled on uncommanded. The reward of those who watched his young

daughters was to have an ample survey of their slight figures, in scant, short-waisted gowns of faded hues, as they crept out of the tail of the cart, and clung timidly together, with large bags on their arms, tipping their cavernous sunbonnets a little, this way and that, to peep at the prospect and see which was the safest direction. Thus they gave but quick, short glimpses of a blue eye, a golden lock; half a brown face, with an eye that peered narrowly from beneath a sweep of dark lashes; and one full, sudden look at a face with eyes like a startled gazelle, set in creamy whiteness, and tender lips that moved with a nervous quiver under the broad stare of so many bold eyes. The three sunbonnets were quickly pulled far forward, and the backs of them turned to the spectators, while James, turning, jibed his sail, jerked the rope reins, and silently departed townward again.

Nobody moved to offer greeting or to pass the time of day with the young Newbegins. The daughters of a strange, muttering mother and a foolish father were under a ban by reason of their family eccentricities. The girls to whom they were a gazing-stock were recognized to be on an unapproachable plane. There was nothing strange about their families. To have been approached or addressed, however, would have been a terror the more to the shy ones; so, exclusive and excluded, they stole along the edge of the common, nearer, and still a little nearer to the busy centre, as their courage grew, each with a slight protuberance of the pocket which hung from her waist, under her skirt, revealing that she had brought her dinner, to be eaten not with the coincident spread and gaiety, but in some nook where she might hide herself away. Everybody gave the three a passing stare, and let them go on, except the Quakers, who, if they could catch the bashful eyes, gave them kindly nods, or perhaps even a word or two. They were not regarded as objects of

pity or of charity, but only as strange beings who withdrew themselves, and were welcome to do so.

To the sister with the yellow locks and the one with the sleepy eyes and full under lip, there was much of exciting interest in the great scene before them, and the already plentiful tag-locks lured them out of their shrinking. In creeping after these, turning hither for scraps in the poverty grass, and thither for treasures in the bayberry bushes, they came almost as steadily into the very heart of things as if they had been bold. What they saw that day would become the stirring recollections of a lifetime. The last shearing-day furnished them with an unfading memory. Somebody had come over from Cape Cod with a fiddle! They had never seen or heard the like before. They wondered if the little wooden thing with a shrill human cry would come again.

They looked curiously, with parted lips and craving palates, at the tempting commodities under the booths, where, outspread in tantalizing array, were cakes of flour mingled with ginger and treacle, and printed in herring-bone lines by an ivory wheel called a "jagging knife;" cakes stuffed with raisins and covered with crusts of sugar; creamy shells of flour from which gushed luscious red cranberry juice, sweet with an inciting whet of sour; wonderful home-made sweets, and nuts and golden fruit from foreign lands; water sweetened with sugar and flavored with lemons; and pleasant beverages unknown and unknowable to those soft red lips that opened in sighing desire of them, though the smallest and poorest boys had pence and ha'pence that day to lavish upon any luxury they chose.

"Look thee, Mary, what is 't, I wonder, that bubbles up like suds in the cups?" softly cried the one of the yellow locks. "Look, Phebe!"

"Phebe sees nothin'," drawled the

brown-cheeked sister, casting her heavy-lashed eyes lazily over her shoulder at Phebe, who stood with an idle hand lingering in the mouth of her bag, musing absently, and with a grieved look. She roused herself and moved on in pursuit of a fair lock, which the breeze was chasing into the embrace of a wild rosebush. But a red-visaged Indian woman secured it.

Phebe Newbegin was Phebe Nichols's first-born daughter, — all her own. The forces of life had apparently repelled the Newbegin strain in selecting the materials of her being, and the second Phebe was not only her mother in physical lineaments, but the distilled result of her mother's mental distractions. Much tender consideration and reverence are given to a mother because of what she suffers in bearing her child. Is the child sufficiently revered who painfully and patiently bears its mother in brain and blood through a lifetime?

Out of the maternal mixture the second Phebe had evolved, however, some distinct qualities, peculiarly her own. We know that the very desolation and seeming deadness out of which they draw life react in the full veins of April and in the tender heart of May; that the green branch has reachings, like longings, which take energy from a deeply hidden spring in the mother stem, which, after all, was not dead; that spring leaps suddenly into full glow when it is mothered by a long, hard winter. That is what the weather-wise say, — that one extreme follows another, — and Phebe Nichols, during the first years of her married life, was in the deadness of a hard, blighting winter, out of which had sprung a daughter with passionate longings. Anne and Mary were daughters, but Phebe was her mother's own soul. Phebe and her little Phebe drew together in constant companionship, and in the absence of it the girl withdrew, choosing solitude, or perhaps without choice falling into solitude, as every soul

does when not of its surroundings. So she wandered apart from her sisters, who likewise were iron and magnet to each other. While they exchanged their small impressions, Phebe spoke whisperingly, as if to her mother.

"So many folks, an' not one of 'em likes us. If it was n't for gettin' the wool for thee, mother, I could n't have hed a mind to come. Anne an' Mary wants the goodies, but in a minute they'd be eet an' gone. Mother, mother, I do' know what 't is I lack! I ain't hungry, never; nor thirsty, — scurcely ever; an' yet it seems, too, as if I was."

She pushed back her sunbonnet, exposing her yearning face and the sweet, gentle outlines of her head, and looked again, wistfully, sorrowfully, with quivering lip, over the busy, indifferent throng. "They don't like us!" she said again. "*That's* what I want, mother, — to be liked; to be *liked*, — more and more — and *more*!"

The day waxes warm. Selectmen, as red and moist as the most ordinary citizen, mop their faces with bright-colored handkerchiefs, and small boys keep what little remains of their diminished costumes by the sole tenure of their "galuses." The women and girls are bare-headed, and the men in their shirt-sleeves. Here and there the face of an Indian, busy and faithful at work, shines like a wet copper vessel. There is a perpetual demand for beverages, yet the lemon-flavored water and the bottles of small beer do not give out.

Beneath the tents the women are spreading the tables with snow-white homespun linen, upon which room is demanded for "huge mountains of toast; broiled slices of unequaled salmon, caught by the Indians, and brought from the wild regions of the Penobscot; cutlets of veal, slices of mutton-ham broiled and peppered in dark spots and garnished with cloves; beefsteak swimming in butter; the finest flavored fish, an hour before sporting in the sea; delicious clams

and poquaws, or quahaugs; the freshest produce of the domestic dairy in all its variety of rose-impregnated butter yielded by the tender herbage of June; pot-cheese, curds and cream, and venerable cheese which in far lands would pass for Parmesan; pies of dried fruit, custards and cranberry tarts, pound cakes, and puddings of bread, rice, and Indian meal, enriched with eggs; pickles of cucumbers, beans, beets, and onions; rare teas, foreign wine of generous vintage, seldom used by these people of simple habits, and home-made fermentations." All these, piled upon pewter platters or flowing from inexhaustible teapots and flagons, promise feasting and cheer as long as there is a wish or an appetite left.

Under one tent these preparations are made by a negro woman and man, and there is something more of fineness and luxury in the furnishings which they deftly set in array. There is a basket of champagne, and there are small boxes labeled in Spanish as from Habana.

One by one the shearers leave their work, bathe their warm faces, pull down their shirt-sleeves, brush off the fuzz, and look complacently back over the result of the morning's work. The great snowy masses that creep lazily over the heavens are matched on the earth beneath. The heavenly fleeces cover the sun, and then, like a glow of pleasure overspreading and beautifying a plain, sweet face, the humble landscape shines again, without a shade of color that is not soft and quiet, unless, perhaps, a dash made by a smart gown or a kerchief.

The dishes had just begun to move and clink merrily. Engrossing as were their contents, roving eyes directly espied a rival interest in the approach of a little belated train of carioles and calashes led — unmistakably this time — by Richard Macy's gray horse. On the warm, still air floated the sonorous sounds of men's voices, and the laugh of a musically-piped, masculine young throat. From the foremost vehicle, as it drew near, looked out

a pair of dark, keen, all-searching eyes, that seemed brimming with universal good will.

Like a new comet shooting into calm space, Captain Dudley in his shore clothes, that he had worn in his father's house in Boston, sprang from the high green calash that rocked and creaked vigorously in delivery. Flashing good-natured smiles into the staring faces that looked out from under tents and awnings and from the shelter of upturned carts, he was escorted to the tent where the black couple stood in glossy whiteness of attire to attend upon the wishes of the hospitable owners of the Susan Starbuck and their guests, and seated in the place of honor.

Never in all their lives had contiguous Nantucketers heard so much chatting and laughter as were condensed into the following hour; and by and by there was a song, quick and sweet, like the tripping of pretty feet in a dance, and little monologues in a clear, vibrant voice, interrupted by incontinent laughter,—plenty of laughter. That of the staid ship-owners appeared unaccustomed and rusty by comparison with the young captain's silver-bugle notes, and that of admiring younger men was a veritable claque of applause.

The pretty maids who had watched toward the town could not well eat their dinners, and, when the matter of dinner was dismissed, fluttered about like some abnormal species of moth, that fled from the candle with expectation that it would be attracted to them. What a confusion of sensations among them! What a retouching of smooth enough locks and retying of quite correct ribbons, when Captain Dudley, coming out of the festal tent, said, loud enough to be heard on all sides, "No, no, thank you. Good heavens, no. We must go and see the pretty lasses."

His fashion of dress was of the easy order, scorning stiffness and stocks. His handsome supple legs were well defined

by smooth black stockings and tight fawn-colored breeches. His wavy brown hair was cut short, and guiltless of powder. The short-tailed coat was plum-color, with brass buttons, over a vest of flowered satin. A large collar turned over in points upon a loose cravat, displaying the superb brown column of his throat, with its capital of virile beauty. He was a gay landsman until, with the joy of a hunter after large game, he stepped upon the deck of his ship; and he dazzled the Nantucketers, but many a look of grave disapproval melted under his sunny eyes. He singed the wings of the moths right and left, as he moved across the shearing-ground, casting a sweet glance at this one, a smile and an enamored look at that one, offering much-prized words here, and almost a kiss there; never pausing long until he and his comrades were quite on the outskirts of the thronged commons, where, in some freak born of champagne, he caught a browsing horse by its mane, leaped into the bare hollow of its back, and bounded away, round and round, leaving and returning to his companions at the will of the animal.

"Is this a farewell?" shouted one of the attendant suite.

"Not at all; it's an example I invite you to follow. Ha, ha, ha! Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la!"

These clarion notes startled the unaccustomed mare into a mad, unpremeditated career, up and over some low hillocks overgrown with field moss.

"Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la!" The reckless sounds came floating back, softened by distance into tones of tenderness.

He was indeed a wild fellow, in all the turbulence of the youthful, confused scramble after some kind of satisfaction. But out of his nebulous potentialities one star, baleful or beneficent, distinctly shone. It had for its nucleus an earnest wish to adore something. There were the possibilities of a love that makes

heroes, and probabilities of quite another sort. He longed towards some lily-pure maid, and gravitated in an opposite direction. Some Moslem devotee killed a son of the prophet in order to worship at his tomb. With equal fanaticism, Captain Dudley had worshiped, but he reversed the order: he worshiped first, and then — the tomb.

The surprised mare, seeing that she was not put to any peril or force, ceased her confused canter, and resumed her quiet grazing and wandering, with apparent indifference to her strange burden. There was a scent of pine and sweet fern and bayberry that filled the air with a dreamy sweetness, and to-morrow the captain would part with the land.

"Everything is sweetest just before we've done with it," he said, and, humming his love-song again, he let his eyes linger upon the soft homely scene in giving it adieu. There was a glint of something golden in the tall hudsonia, a stone's throw beyond. The captain examined it with interest, and then forsaking the old horse, with quick step and quickening pulse, as though he had been another Jason, he strode eagerly towards the alluring prospect of a golden fleece. Directly he could see the girlish figure of somebody industriously gathering tag-locks where the sheep had been dragged to the washing. He approached it by the shortest route. Throwing her head back at sound of the strange, rapid step, a blooming girl confronted him, buxom and common, but pretty; her face lightly sprinkled with freckles, and aureoled by bright, tumbled hair. Her warm lips pouted defiantly, for the most timid creatures assume that aspect when brought to bay. After a long stare of amazement at the magnificent stranger, the wild thing poised herself for flight.

"Oh, don't go! Look, you've dropped something," the captain called to her, gathering up her bag, well stuffed with wool.

This store of riches, to be sure, she

could not leave behind, and she reached far over to grasp it. The captain laughed at this triumph of cupidity over coyness, and in offering the bag caught the outstretched hand in a tractive, coaxing grasp.

"There; see how harmless I am. *Don't* fear! What are you doing out here, and alone?"

"Mary's yonder, an' Phebe. Lemme go!"

"Oh, but who are you?"

"I'm Anne. Lemme go!"

"No, no; you don't want to go. Do you? Ah, when I'm far away, in dull weather, I shall think of Anne's yellow locks bobbing about in the Nantucket sunshine, and remember how kind she was to me, I hope."

The girl, fascinated, hypnotized into quiet, like a charmed bird, never ceased to fix upon him her wondering, unwinking stare.

"Where 's thee goin'?" she muttered.

"Oh, beating about after whales, round the other side of Cape Horn. Give me something to take with me!"

"I hain't nothin' to give."

"You stingy little thing! Well, then, I've something to give you, in saying farewell, — something to remember me by."

The tractive hand no longer coaxed; it compelled. The high, willful chin drew close. Something strange, terrible, and sweet descended upon Anne's outraged lips, and then, after a pretty stream of foolish, hushing babble, it was gone — *gone!*

The captain moved on deeper into the hollows, and nearer the margin of the pond, snatching a sprig of some balmy shrub, crushing and smelling it as he went.

"Two more somewhere," he murmured. "Let's see — Phebe! Mary! Phebe, Phebe!"

Directly out of the earth, as it seemed, a brown nymph, with languorous, heavy-lashed eyes and a full, sensuous under lip,

arose, evidently from sleep, and looked at him narrowly, immovably.

"Is that you, Mary, or is it Phebe?"

A sullen stare was the only response.

"Ah, I see; it's Mary, she's so contrary. But where's Phebe?"

"What's thee want?" drawled the lazy little animal.

"I want *you*, Mary," said the captain decidedly.

"Then what 'd thee call Phebe for?"

"Oh, never mind Phebe; come and tell me if you're glad to see me."

He did not wait, but moved over to where she stood bound to the earth by rustic curiosity that swallowed up even shyness. With a certain amenity of grace and gentleness in his impudence he made her even more securely bound, pushed back her sunbonnet, lifted the only half-shrinking chin, and gazed into the long, narrow, smouldering eyes with his mesmeric smile, until the girl shuddered, but without a struggle, under the spell.

"Tell me, are you glad I've come? *Tell me!*"

There was a faint, inarticulate, involuntary sound, like the sob of a pacified baby. Then the lightning fell, and a second victim stood alone and overwhelmed by that strange, terrible sweetness that was *gone!*

"Too passive by half," the captain grumbled, trampling the furze and crushing deeply into the yielding field moss. "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. Now where's the Phebe bird?"

He stood upon a knoll and carelessly swept the region round about, whistling the tender notes of the phebe-bird.

Not at once, but after searching had begun to seem tedious, and impatience or indifference to set in, there came slowly out of a thicket of alders on the margin of the pond, unconscious of his presence or his call, a gentle girl, bringing in her arms a stray lamb. Her bare head was bent over her burden. She spoke to it, comforting it. It seemed

long before she lifted her face, and then a fresh delight flooded the captain's senses. It was another order of face than those he had gazed into so boldly. The chaste mouth was not one to be kissed in any mockery of love. She might have been St. Agnes, or the genius of that wild, simple place. Not a creature for conquest, but in her surroundings she had the loveliness of harmony. The reckless youth felt a new and strange sensation as he looked into the startled gazelle eyes. He did not dare. Nothing draws a man like that which calls him to dare and to adore. The unexpected purity which forbade him was more exquisite than the beauty which allured. All the young man's sudden transport and his homage were in the look which fell upon Phebe. Alas for Phebe! she drank the unknown draught poured out to her. She had never heard of love as between man and woman. How should she? Where could she? That half-agony of tenderness which her mother bestowed upon her was to her the only known type of love. She recalled wild, whispered demands, when she was a little child, that she should love her mother, love her more — *more!* There was little association of joy with that abstraction named love. What she felt, as she stood drinking the costly wine of that worshipful look, was something of the torture out of which her mother's whispered words had come, a sharp pang, and a wish that the pang might never cease.

Unconsciously, as much without volition as the strings of a guitar vibrate a corresponding tone to the note that is sung upon them, Phebe timidly returned the wondering, worshiping gaze. The pang mixed with it gave to her look a pathetic intensity, which pierced the captain in the old romantic way, as with a shower of arrows. He moved towards her with something of the manner of a penitent sinner approaching the shrine of his saint.

"Are you Phebe?" he gently inquired. "I'm glad of that. How did I know? I ought to have known long ago, Phebe. I was afraid it was some angel. I hoped it was n't." As he rambled on, he patted the ugly lambkin — chiefly a collection of legs — very near the spot where Phebe's hand lay. "What a happy little beast!" he added rapidly.

"No, he ain't happy; he's lost his mother."

"I should be happy, if you showed kindness to me," said Captain Dudley, "no matter what I'd lost."

Phebe looked up, doubt-stricken, at these incredible words, and slowly surveying that impersonation of prosperity, "Thee ain't in need," she said tremulously.

Coquettish-sounding words, but Phebe's grave simplicity would have put coquetry to utter shame. There was no smile on her tender lips, and her limpid eyes were sad.

"I *am* in need! I am, I *am*!" cried the captain, with low-toned vehemence; and the hand which feigned caresses to the lamb made a broader sweep, and settled with brooding, passionate firmness upon Phebe's little brown fingers, while the face bent down to her sent that sweet pang shooting into the core of her life again and again, it was so imploring and so splendid. "I wander forever on the lonely sea, Phebe." The sound of these phrases was touching to the captain's volatile feelings. "And when I'm upon land," he continued, "I'm a reckless, wretched fellow. I *do* need such kindness, such goodness, such angelic sweetness. I do, I *do*!"

Phebe's reason rocked on its simple foundations.

"Ah! Phebe, Phebe" —

It is uncertain how this apostrophe would have concluded; it was interrupted by the thud, thud, of horse's hoofs on the plain. Richard Macy was cantering down in anxious search of the

lost guest, whom the return of the discarded mare had reported as left on the field.

With a sailor's abandon, with one of his own impulses Captain Dudley seized the lamb, flung it bleating upon the sand, and in the excitement of haste, his face intense with the passion of the last sweet, romantic moment, clasped Phebe's hands in his own.

"Bless your little heart, *bless* you!" he whispered, and she felt his warm breathing. "Think of me; watch for me; *don't* forget me!"

He snatched a little silver ship that pinned his ruffled bosom, fastened Phebe's kerchief with it, and then turned to meet Richard Macy. In another instant he had mounted behind him and was gone.

Pale, throbbing, her chest heaving, Phebe sank down beside the forsaken lamb, and watched him disappear.

III.

THE RESULT OF DROUGHT AND WINTER.

At half past four o'clock, one morning of May, the watchman in the tower of the Unitarian Church at Nantucket blew resounding blasts from his horn. Soon the walks on many housetops were alive with animated figures and groups in unfinished costumes. Sunrise gave them a nimbus fit for ascending saints. To some, the joy of the moment seemed also fitting to a transcending climax.

The long-expected Susan Starbuck was in sight. Her sails swelled like proud breasts with her native air, and flushed carmine as if with consciousness of the hearts she was thrilling. The Susan Starbuck, having crossed and recrossed every approachable latitude, and sailed upon nearly every sea of the earth, was bringing four years' results to lay them upon the lap of Nantucket. Night-capped heads looked out. Quivering

fingers made careful toilets. Children disdained their breakfasts in view of the luscious oranges that were floating towards them, and the sweet, milky cocoanuts that long-absent fathers would soon lay open for them.

Numerous small craft presently put out to meet and welcome the returning voyagers, and get early answers to the eager questions, "What luck? What cheer?"

The old captain was bringing his ship home for the last time. His gout was too troublesome to make seafaring practicable; but he pealed a round, stentorian message through his speaking-trumpet when within hailing distance: "Chuck full! All alive and well!"

A splendid elderly figure he made, bronzed and massive, as he stood in the bow and waved a salute to the visitors coming alongside, uncovering a crown upon which the hair declined to grow. He welcomed his friends aboard; he did the final honors; and then, used as he was to leaving things behind, to seeing the last of them, he looked along and athwart the ship's deck, his abdicated kingdom, with misty eyes, and mouth firmly set to restrain its womanish trembling, before he put foot on the ladder and descended to the boat that was to take him ashore.

The Susan Starbuck was the one feminine to whom he had been true, the one creature whom he had loved without wavering. Even while he chatted and related incidents of his voyage, his thoughts wandered to the noble, slowly-bowing creature anchored outside the bar, over which she must submit to be lifted by machinery called camels, and then, in spite of her dignity, to be towed into harbor. Her old master's eyes gravely caressed her until he had rounded Brant Point. In that time, as in dying moments, the years swept over Captain Dudley. In the surrender he was making, he seemed to die out of youth and prime into the cold other

world of age. As he climbed to the wharf, with some difficulty of stiff and twinging joints, he said to himself that he was fifty-nine. The years that remained to be disposed of were a very sobering consideration. He was richer than his employers by inheritance and the accumulated gain of lucky voyages. The continent, the world, was before him, upon which to choose a convenient, comfortable, or luxurious abiding place, and he might gather about him such friends as he would choose, at wide liberty and pleasure. To be sure, there were some things that he lacked, which age seemed to need: a hearthstone, sympathetic faces about it, dear memories and associations; for he had no family ties.

The rattling jar of transit over cobble-paved streets was troublesome to a forty years' traveler upon fluid roads. Forty years! Only eight voyages and their intervals! There seemed to him a sudden shrinking of perspective.

When he had deposited his papers, Captain Dudley was ready for the late breakfast to which he was invited. It was at this bright, cosy morning table of a famous Nantucket housekeeper that he conceived the restful thought, "Why not stay where I am, in Nantucket?" On land he was everywhere a stranger. At Nantucket the familiar sea would surround him, and he could lie at anchor or sail out at his will. It soothed the homesick feeling that oppressed him at thought of being forever landed. With his remainder of impulse, he began to arrange his own Nantucket breakfast table, and garnish it with the vision of some smiling face. His affections had been a good deal pulled upon, but still preserved a degree of elasticity. They had not reached that disastrous crisis of wear and tear which in old metals is called fatigue.

With the proverbial restlessness of the sailor upon land, and under the impossibility of smoking his cigar in the im-

maculate, untainted house of his hostess, he went out after breakfast to try how his sea legs would serve him upon the steadfast earth. He lighted his cigar, and sauntered up Main Street, with his feet far apart, rolling this way and that, as the earth seemed to lurch under him. On either side, the kindly, homely face of Nantucket invited him again to consider the plan of making permanent port of the island. Wander he must, now and again, but return he must, too, to some refuge strong of the salt and the tar and the oil, when fresh water and dry land became odious to him.

Then, as always, Nantucket set no claim upon luxury or elegance. It had no foolish notions of prettiness, made no luckless excursions after supposititious beauty; but its strong character was everywhere visible in a severe reserve, favorable to the prudent and the useful. Accustomed to the limitation and exactness of his own cabin, the captain liked this definite precision, varying in expression from the more opulent stiffness of the homes in which the oil merchants had serenely sheltered themselves to the unqualified baldness of conveniences for the lesser people to live in, with their needful little windows and doors, flights of steps that either opened a passage up one side, over a landing, and down the other side, or else sternly compelled you to return as you came up. There was seldom room for a direct frontal mount, they stood so close upon the street. Here and there somebody had coaxed an abortive shade tree; but for the most part this court end of the town was unshaded, cobbled, flagged, simple, severe, exquisitely clean, and crooked, like every other part.

The captain, with the comfortable supposition that he had settled upon an abiding place, began to look about for the exact site of his proposed home, and to study the faces of the townsfolk, who, thinking that he must be the lucky captain of the Susan Starbuck, stared at him

as if he had been some strange beast. He recalled his alfresco meeting with some of them before he was old. Vague recollections and vivid rushed upon him. He smiled; he breathed "Heigh-ho!" Since that far-away shearing-day, he had barely landed on the island, and taken the first boat off; or, having sent home his oil of late years, he had not landed here at all.

He felt disposed to exchange glances with some pretty women and girls whom he encountered. He ogled them in a wistful, tentative way. "They don't look at me as they used to," he said, blowing the smoke of his cigar with a long, slow puff that ended in a sigh.

He had sauntered on towards the Friends' burying ground beyond the limit of sidewalks, and was about to turn and retrace his steps, when he was arrested by the appearance of an extraordinary human figure on the lonely scene that opened out beyond: a gaunt woman, with harsh sandy hair and sunburnt face framed in a Quaker bonnet. She bore down the road with a spanking tramp and a lumbering energy, her arms pendulous, her eyes drooped and steadfastly fixed upon the path before her or upon some foreseen goal.

"Good heavens! Who would have expected to see such a sight as that on Nantucket?" said the captain; for as he looked, this homely Quakeress rolled athwart the way, from side to side, like a person basely intoxicated. Yet, after all, no; it was unlike that, since her zig-zag direction seemed strongly and regularly determined in the manner of an able craft moving against the wind. It was no wavering, uncontrolled helplessness, but a chosen course, evidently pursued with enjoyment. The captain's wonder dilated when this human craft, as it was about to pass some marking-post beside the way, made a circuit of it three times, — round and round and round, — and then came tacking on again, until it reached a solitary pine stump,

that had struggled up uninvited and died unmolested by the footpath. This she also circumnavigated three times, and in finishing came face to face with the captain.

"Why do you give yourself so many extra steps, good woman?" he asked.

She swept him a derisive smile that showed the broken ranks of her teeth.

"Does thee expect a ship to go beatin' round Cape Horn as if it was only a boat sailin' up the harbor?" she asked. And the captain would have replied, but the Anne Newbegin came suddenly round to the wind again, and sailed off on her sturdy course.

The captain, smiling, watched her, as something foreign to his ken, and then went slowly rolling after, like an imperfect instance of the same species. He dined with Mr. Macy Starbuck that day. That gentleman, glowing with his own satisfaction in the most remarkable last voyage of the captain, subdued by regret that there were no more such captains to be had for the asking, and Mrs. Starbuck, reflecting her husband's mien, and radiating her own essential cheerfulness, repeated themselves in still brighter tones, on either hand, by way of a fine, strapping taciturn son, and a pretty, loquacious daughter. The captain looked about him with the complacent satisfaction of a fellow-citizen. Everything was "ship-shape," he said to himself, — just as he might have it; yes, even to the son and daughter, peradventure. His audacity was not dead. He began to have a confident manner and tone. Mrs. Starbuck — an expansive, sweet-faced woman in a brown "shiny" gown, with a lace collar pinned by a large topaz breastpin, which looked like a little window through which streamed her stored-up sunshine — looked warm and rosy, as if she had come from a fiery region. This promised a pudding unattainable to the outside world, the secret of which was sacredly held by Nantucket housekeepers, and never trusted to cooks.

"One fault of a Nantucket dinner, for a man who has been four years at sea, is that it *must* have a flavor of the sea," she said, when the lobster soup was disappearing. "Even the things that grow on our land seem to absorb a taste of it."

"To please me, a thing must come either from Nantucket or from the sea," Captain Dudley responded gallantly. "I found I had a little sentiment in connection with Nantucket, tucked away somewhere and forgotten."

"Such things ought not to be allowed to get musty," said Mrs. Starbuck. "Ought n't you to bring it out and air it a little?"

"A — well" — the captain hesitated, "there's no danger of its getting musty. It's preserved in a general fondness for the island."

Mr. Starbuck, smooth-haired, smooth-faced, with large, prominent teeth and a smile that exposed them enormously, listened to these remarks with his wonted disclosure, which expanded to a grand dental display as he called upon the captain to bring on his sentiment. "For here's a bit of the island itself," said he, "every atom extracted from the Nantucket soil." This bit of Nantucket was a roast of spring lamb, the product, not of the sunny plains, but of a sunny corner in Mr. Starbuck's own farm. Its tempting aroma mingled with the sweet pungency of mint.

"My affection for Nantucket is growing," said Captain Dudley, beaming upon the roast. "Give us our lamb with mint, and not sentiment."

"No, no; let's have them all together, captain," pleaded Mrs. Starbuck.

The young man and the maiden looked at the weather-beaten seaman with their vainglory of youth discreetly suppressed. They gleefully hoped the old salt would melt into sentiment. Incongruity in age is one of the standard jokes of youth.

"Well," said the captain pensively, as though he felt their slight unconscious disdain, "I'm an old fellow. I can't

blush with any kind of grace, but upon my word, I was remarkably young once, and your grandfather" (to the young people) "took me out, one shearing-day, to dine on the commons. It was then and there that I packed away in spices a very romantic moment. I found somewhere, down by the margin of a pond, the sweetest pattern of a girl, to my fancy, that I ever set my young eyes upon. My *young* eyes, understand," with a glance of apology at the girl beside him. "I thought about her for a year, — yes, rather more than a year."

"Oh, who was she? Where is she?" asked little Miss Starbuck, graciously accepting the tradition of the captain's youth.

"I don't know."

"Don't know who she was?"

"Did n't think to ask her, and the next morning I sailed out to pass a few years on the Pacific Ocean."

"And you have n't seen her since?"

"No."

"Did n't you try to, when you came back?"

"No."

"Dear me! Why not?"

"O-ho! I can't undertake to tell my whole history."

"Maybe she's here now. Oh, do try to find her! We'll help you."

"Very well. Shall we start out after dinner, you and I, and make a beginning? You could take one side of a street, and I the other, and ask at each door if Phebe is there."

"Phebe? Was her name Phebe?"

"It was."

"Then there's a clue! We *will* find her!"

"But you see, my child, if she's alive, she won't be that enchanting wild lily whose innocence I adored. She's somebody's grandmother by this time."

Miss Starbuck's enthusiasm fell forty degrees. In her pursuit of the romantic, she seemed to come unexpectedly against a blank wall.

"Oh, maybe not," she said, however, "there are such a lot of women here who never married. Can't you think of any who are named Phebe, mother?"

"Plenty," said Mrs. Starbuck, with readiness; "but I don't advise Captain Dudley to look for his wild lily among the middle-aged unmarried women of Nantucket. I can't think of one that he'd be likely to adore to-day. There are some interesting characters among them, but they do get to be so very eccentric."

"I must have met one of them, then, this morning," said the captain. "Ha, ha, ha! Eccentric! I vow, that's the word. She came beating down the road, starboard and port, like a close-hauled lugger against the wind, and rounded every stick and stone that came in her course."

A smile went round the board.

"It was Anne!"

"Oh, Anne Newbegin!"

"Poor Anne!"

These ejaculations fell here and there, and Mr. Starbuck explained, with a smile of medium range: "One of the Newbegins, — three sisters who live out beyond the Friends' burying-ground. Singular creatures. Perhaps you'd like to pay them a visit; almost everybody does. We have n't much to offer. They are our curiosities."

"Thank you. Do they all tack and circumnavigate? What a spectacle when they walk out together!"

"Two of them never walk out at all," said Mrs. Starbuck, "or not beyond their own bounds. They have n't been seen in town for nearly forty years. To them it is the vast outside world. They know only from hearsay of its changes, — of the remarkable buildings that have risen, and the many that were swept away by the great fire. Even the wonder of a boat that goes by steam did not bring them, as we thought it would. Anne does the walking and the talking, while the others sit silently at home, one staring

out of a window that looks towards the town, and the other gazing into the fire, always with their backs turned to each other. Some people find them interesting."

"And droll," said Miss Starbuck, while a mischievous twinkle in young Starbuck's eye seemed reminiscent of funny things.

"They say that Mary has sat so long by the fire that one side of her is baked hard and brown," said he. "We all want to know what they've been thinking about for thirty or forty years."

"And watching for," added his sister. "We build hopes upon the winning and finding-out powers of every new person we take to visit them. So far, all have failed. The Newbegins are as much a mystery to-day as they ever were; but to-morrow we're going to take you out, captain."

The captain shook his head at Miss Starbuck's smiling challenge, and declared that they could not take a man who would feel more abashed before three such remarkable ladies.

The next morning, a solemn black boy — the blackest boy north of the equator — came round to Captain Dudley's lodgings with Mr. Starbuck's carryall and heavy, well-kept horse, to take him up for a turn around the island. Then, putting about for Mrs. Starbuck and her daughter to come aboard, as the captain expressed it, he appealed for the privilege of doing the navigating himself. Tom was put ashore, and the remaining trio set out in a southerly direction, down Orange Street, and past the town farm, in the direction of the shearing-grounds. On either side of the way, flocks of sheep and their lambs, enjoying their spring elysium, gave peaceful life to the bland stretches of the commons; and patches of houstonia, purple and white violets, and yellow rock-roses among the poverty grass represented the exuberance of the soil. The night's fog rolled away over the sea in white columns, and the uncov-

ered sky seemed to soar. The moist air was full of the sweetness of spring. A farmhouse far out, and one 'Sconset fisherman whom they met creeping across the plain in his cart, were the only suggestions of human life; but the tips of the pines had pushed out their pink buds, and among them a song sparrow gushed into ravishing jets of tune. It was almost June. The old captain felt young Captain Dudley alive under disguise of the portly figure and bald head in which he was masquerading. The wishes of his youth returned upon him, like a tide past its ebb, as the simple scene opened exactly as it had years ago, and he smelled again odors of sweet things he had plucked and cast away as he went.

By that sure and swift evocation that is in the power of remembered odors, a blooming yellow-haired damsel appeared behind the thicket of young oak, a lazy, brown-eyed nymph among the hudsonia; tender sweet fern and bayberry and shoots of pine crushing under the wheels united with all other subtleties of the air to bring back the little sad-eyed Quakeress and her words, "Thee ain't in need." Again the captain cried out, almost audibly, "I am! I am!" and then coughing to cover the sound which he fancied had escaped his lips, he asked which way he should steer.

"To the right; we want to go round by the Newbegins', you know," said Miss Starbuck.

Mrs. and Miss Starbuck's kind offers of conversation came short of their reward. The heavy wheels ploughed the sands, and the respectable vehicle rose and fell with the undulations of the island. The road seemed to have no destination. It got quite away from everything except the scant and scathed vegetation of a moorish face of country, and then presented the surprise of a weather-worn old house, with a rainwater barrel at one corner, and windows that needed the water very much indeed; behind this a tottering barn or shed, with pigeon holes in its

gable, and a few pigeons sunning themselves on its caving roof. Through wide gaps could be seen the remnants of a two-wheeled cart, gone to pieces like its owner, who lay below in the Friends' burying-ground, divided at last, by the intervening graves which filled out his row, from Phebe Nichols, to whom the earthly chances had married him.

In the doorway of the old house, Anne Newbegin was reasoning with a brown hen that stood in the sandy path and listened with averted head cocked aside, which gave it a very unpersuaded air. At the approach of visitors Anne caught up the stubborn fowl, and set it on the stairs behind her. "Thee go lay thy aig where thee 'd oughter, Abig'il," she said. "Shoo! Shoo! I know th' plans;" and talk, talk, talking in a high, vixenish voice the hen ruffled herself, hopped up, and disappeared in the room above, while Anne turned to nod and chuckle at Mrs. Starbuck and her large basket, which the sociable stranger of her yesterday's encounter was about to set with in the door.

She acknowledged both basket and bearer with appreciative grins, and cordially invited the three visitors to "come in and set down." This she made possible by banishing a bucket of hen's food, a pan of potatoes, and other contingencies to the sinkroom and bedroom.

The receiving apartment was indescribable in the variety of its appointments. From nails on the walls hung old garments and sunbonnets, interspersed with iron and wooden utensils. Overhead was strung a combination of cobwebs, dried herbs, strings of peppers, onions, and ears of yellow corn. The high chimney-piece was a museum of the miscellaneous things that three queer old dames would set up out of the way: a dead chicken, an old shoe, a yellow pitcher without a handle, a brown earthen teapot without a spout, some whale-oil lamps in the condition of the foolish virgins', and a tallow dip decorated with

its own congealed drippings, were among the most evident. A black cat sat considering on a window sill. From a basket on the table came the shrill peep of a resuscitated sick chicken, brooded by the fragments of an old quilted petticoat. There were continual pattering and clucking sounds overhead.

A woman in the chimney-corner and one by the window roused themselves from their musings. The captain, with a feeling of repression or repulsion, saluted them across the room, seated himself in a fiddle-back chair near the door, and gave mute attention to the curious scene, while Mrs. Starbuck and her daughter chatted kindly to the three sisters in turn. Their prim Quaker caps and kerchiefs gave them an effect of neatness that was absent from their surroundings. The sal-low one in the chimney-corner, with heavy under lip and drowsy eyes, answered only in gruff monosyllables, and turned a look upon the captain now and then, that seemed to him unpleasant. But he felt something pull at that corner of his heart where compassion lay, as he looked upon the slight form at the window. Her sunken eyes unaccountably disturbed him. Her absent responses had a tone of pathetic patience.

Anne, for her part, with undivided interest, sat upon something like a hencoop, and frankly scrutinized the hushed stranger, who grasped his hat with one hand, while with the other he slowly combed the beard that covered half his face, and wondered why he had brought up at this strange anchorage. The three pairs of eyes that either stealthily or steadily examined him had each their own way of making him feel that there was something uncanny in the moment. He remembered that the Fates were three; and the deuce! there was a spindle in the corner, and a pair of shears hanging against the wall!

Anne, always uneasy, got up presently, and potted about the room, advancing little by little upon the cap-

tain's position with a bewildered, dubious air.

"Has thee ever been here before?" she asked suddenly, from close behind his chair.

The captain started.

"No, never," he said, with decision.

"Wal — I do' know."

The poor soul tucked a lock of her thin blonde hair under her cap border, and stood with her hands clasped resignedly, and her eyes fixed upon a crack in the floor, while she struggled to lay hold of some elusive thread of association, some vague shadow that touched her dull perceptions. What was it? Whence came it? The woman by the window started and sighed, and the one in the chimney corner repeated her contemptuous stare. To each of those wastes of womanhood was borne a sense of something troublous, tumultuous, and long-ago. They were far from referring it to that heavy, elderly man with a thick voice.

"Where be thee from?" persisted Anne, to whom Nantucket was the world, and all beyond it as inconceivable as the unseen world of faith to human speculation.

"From round the other side of Cape Horn," the captain answered largely.

A flash of excitement lighted the woman's faded eyes. A mottled flush stained her cheek. She swept a glance over her shoulder at her sisters (who were seemingly listening to Miss Starbuck's lively account of things in town, told as one would tell wonder-tales to children), and then whispered, "Hev there been much dull weather round there?"

"I dare say. Why?"

Anne drew still nearer, with a peculiar flux of confidence, as she whispered the first divulgement of her secret into the ear that shrank from her breathings. "When it's dull weather, somebody's a-thinkin' 'bout me."

The captain, as yet unaware of the irony of the gods or of Anne's unconscious mockery, responded: —

"Ah, I see; you're one of the host of women who have sent their hearts round Cape Horn."

"'Sh!" hissed Anne, glancing over her shoulder again at those long-ago partakers with her in some stray crumbs of love. "They think *they*'re the ones."

This low-toned conversation was indeed a matter of disturbance to the more reticent ones of the triad. The contemptuous look hitherto bestowed upon the captain, in his generic aspect of man, now included Anne, and even the watcher at the window roused herself, and seemed to reproach her sister with her hollow eyes. Anne, evidently good-natured and a lover of concord, quickly left her machinations to attend to more obvious and innocent matters. At some curious, low diverberation of sound, she turned to an ancient oak bureau which seemed to be its source, and opened one of its drawers.

"Hannah's laid!" she announced with smiling satisfaction; and Hannah herself lifted a speckled, electrified neck, and uttered the same proclamation in her own language. Directly from overhead came an answering volley of "cut-cut-cut-ah-cut," until the whole house resounded with a chorus of triumphant, respondent hens, penetrated by the solo of a sympathetic cock. Hannah descended from her official bureau, and continued to laud and magnify herself. Under cover of the racket, Miss Starbuck reached towards the captain, with a merry twinkle in her eye, and said, "You don't recognize the one by the window?"

"Recognize her?" The noise and the question were confounding.

"Her name is Phebe."

Miss Starbuck blushed then, with the afterthought that this would seem a poor joke to the captain. He made no response. His face was stern; and could it be an expression of dread and horror that she saw gathering in the eyes he fixed upon the withered old lily at the

window, now relapsed into abstracted contemplation? Things of the present had little power to hold her. Again she sighed and moved a little. Her thick blue-gray hair lay smoothly over the small hollows in her temples, and brought the sad, darkly marked eyes into vivid distinctness. Her pale mouth, the dead body of tender passion, that had died not in hard struggles, but in long, slow, wasting sickness, had little galvanic tremors. A homely woman, prematurely old; a mere curiosity to her kind.

But there came and stood beside this wreck, in the captain's wrought-up fancy, the same figure retouched. He saw again the eyes that had drunk his own passion, more than thirty years ago; the innocent lips that had quivered under the gust of his momentary ardor. A little breeze from the window fluttered her cap-strings, now revealing, now concealing, a point of brightness on her bosom. The captain's bronzed face was ashen gray, as he leaned forward, put up

his glasses, and discovered, deep in the folds of Phebe's kerchief, his little silver ship. It seemed to punctuate the story of his loves, — to stand for its final period.

The next day, the only person who understood the vagaries of the Newbegins surprised the owners of the Susan Starbuck by proposing to buy them out. What did he want of old Susan? He wanted a home; and he paid for it, put it into the dock at New Bedford for repairs, shipped his men, and sailed out to finish his days on the sea.

The symptoms of that tumult which their one taste of love had aroused in the minds of the Newbegin sisters remained to the end, as the mere persistency of habit.

The Friends gave them a comfortable asylum in their old age; but one by one they stole away by night, and went back to their home and their hens on the desolate plain; and from thence, one by one, they too sailed out.

Mary Catherine Lee.

ON THE RIVER AT NIGHT.

THE city writes, in hieroglyphs of fire,
The story of her life;
Her stress of toil, her passion of desire,
Her ecstasy of strife.

Each night, on either margin of the stream,
Her page of flame unrolls;
And all along the wave, with varied gleam,
She draws her jeweled scrolls.

Her soul's appeal is flashed upon the night;
While, traced in mightier lines,
From clustered stars, in characters of light,
Some calm, great answer shines.

Marion Couthow Smith.

A NATIONAL VICE.

IN the heart of a crowded city, in the hot month of August, I once met a woman whom I had known some ten years before as a resident at one of the most beautiful spots in what is perhaps the most beautiful county of New England. She told me that she now lived, all the year round, in a big boarding-house on — Square. "Fourteen lines of horse-cars," she continued, not without pride, "pass the door, and there are two large hotels nearly opposite." "Good God, madam," I could not help exclaiming in pity, "how you must pine for the country!" "Pine for it?" she answered in astonishment. "Why, the folks wanted me to come up and visit them this summer, but I couldn't bear to leave the city. And I forgot to tell you," she added, with the air of one who caps the climax, "there's a brass band that practices twice a week in the building next door."¹

When I heard all this, I still pitied the woman, but for a different reason. Her case, I take it, was a typical one. She was simply a victim to what I shall venture to call the national vice of undue gregariousness. Thus I assume, not without violence, as some people would think, that gregariousness can be overdone by the human race so as to constitute a vice, and presently I shall endeavor to justify this assumption; but first I might state a few examples by way of showing what I have in mind. This vice — or habit, if the reader prefers that term — is a characteristic of the age; it begins to attack even the morose and healthy nature of John Bull; but obviously its manifestations are most common and most extreme in our own country. Many proofs of this statement will at once occur to the reader: the

¹ These remarks are reported just as they occurred, without exaggeration.

railroad cars in which we travel; the apartments in which we live; the continual exodus from the farm to the village, and from the village to the town; the form which our amusements take; and, above all, the immense development of clubs. Almost every function of modern life is discharged through the medium of a club. To dine in a crowd; to be charitable in a crowd; to go out in a crowd to view the face of nature; and, perhaps greatest absurdity of all, to read poetry in a crowd, — such are the ambitions of a typical American. I believe that there are in existence societies of drunkards, not for legitimate purposes of conviviality, but with the weak intention of reforming in a body. There is certainly a club of persons whose bond of union is a desire to free themselves from the dreadful vice of procrastination; and I have observed advertisements of "Rest Classes" at the seashore for clergymen and school teachers. There are immense summer towns or camps on Cape Cod, where people are herded together almost as closely as the occupants of a tenement house in the city; and this for pleasure.

To what, again, but the same instinct can we attribute the excessive popularity among us of secret or semi-secret societies? To be sure, the possibility of being honored with a magnificent title and the certainty of being decorated with a badge count for a good deal, but the primary reason for the existence of these very numerous bodies must have been the gregarious passion. The same vice exhibits itself in the matter of picnics and of excursions generally. One would think that a middle-aged man, especially a dweller in the city, would like to spend his holiday in comparative solitude, — at some quiet spot in the country, with his family, for example. But the actual case is very different. Paterfamilias puts on a

black coat, and, with fifty or five hundred of his fellows, crowds into a stuffy railroad train (the oldest and most uncomfortable cars are always used on these occasions), and is off for an excursion which very likely includes a dusty march through the streets of a neighboring town.

Moreover, the very slightest bonds are thought sufficient to unite excursionists. Three hundred undertakers, or tailors, or wholesale grocers, for example, will go down the harbor together for a day, although the excursion has nothing technical about it. The common employment is a mere excuse for being gregarious. Can any one fancy three hundred poets, or three hundred men who had written plays which never had been performed, picnicking together? And yet in both of these imaginary cases the bond of union would really be much greater than it is in the actual instances which I have cited. These mammoth excursions involve much speechifying, much eating, drinking, and smoking, but nothing that tends to serenity or elevation of mind. However, there is no need to multiply examples; it might be more useful to inquire what is the gregarious instinct, what are its proper limits, why is it harmful when indulged to excess. To be gregarious is to frequent the society of one's kind. It is a habit necessary to certain wild creatures for protection against their natural enemies. So it was, and to some extent still is, necessary for men to keep together for a like reason. But this instinct, essential at one time, is now comparatively superfluous, and its continuance prevents men from attaining their proper individuality of mind and of character. Mr. Galton gives an interesting account of the gregarious habits of South African cattle, comparing their conduct in this respect with that of the human race. He says:—

"The traveler finds great difficulty in procuring animals capable of acting the part of fore-oxen to his team, the ordi-

nary members of the wild herd being wholly unfitted by nature to move in so prominent and isolated a position, even though, as is the custom, a boy is always in front to persuade or pull them onwards. Therefore a good fore-ox is an animal of an exceptionally independent disposition. Men who break in wild cattle for harness watch assiduously for those who show a self-reliant nature by grazing apart or ahead of the rest, and these they break in for fore-oxen. . . . The oxen who graze apart . . . are even preferred to the actual leaders of the herd; they dare to move more alone, and therefore their independence is undoubted. The leaders are safe enough from lions because their flanks and rear are guarded by their followers; but each of those who graze apart, and who represent the superabundant¹ supply of self-reliant animals, have one flank and the rear exposed, and it is precisely those whom the lions take."

Mr. Galton next shows how the same gregarious instinct is necessary for the safety of the various African tribes, and then he adds: "I hold, from what we know of the clannish fighting habits of our forefathers, that they [the gregarious instincts] are every whit as applicable to the earlier ancestors of our European stock as they are still to a large part of the black population of Africa." And his final conclusion is as follows: "I hold that the blind instincts evolved under these long-continued conditions have been ingrained into our breed, and that they are a bar to our enjoying the freedom which the forms of modern civilization are otherwise capable of giving us. A really intelligent nation might be held together by far stronger forces than are derived from the purely gregarious instincts," etc.

The gregarious instinct with which chiefly Mr. Galton is concerned, as we

¹ In the sense, as Mr. Galton elsewhere explains, that they are not needed for leadership of the herd.

have seen, leads men to associate for mutual protection. It is, no doubt, the primary gregarious instinct; but it is reinforced by the social instinct,—the instinct to derive amusement and sympathy from mingling freely with one's kind. This is very strong in all animals: it is especially strong in monkeys.

I do not wish to underestimate the value of this social instinct: it fosters sympathy and pity and charity. Gregariousness, indeed, makes the whole world kin. Not from the hermit, but from one who reads the daily papers, and talks over their contents with his neighbor, should we expect a contribution to feed the hungry in Ireland, or to relieve the political exile in Siberia.

To the social instinct we owe the salon, most kinds of cleverness in art and literature, the dramatic stage, and all those mental or intellectual qualities which come from the attrition of mind against mind. It is a commonplace that artists are of necessity gregarious. A single painter, confined to a New England village, for example, would pine and die, or take to drink, or come to some other ineffective end. The reason, perhaps, is that the painter works chiefly in the field of his perceptive faculties; his eye is turned outward, not inward: hence he is a creature not so much of thoughts as of impressions, and he can verify his impressions only by sharing or comparing them with those of his fellows. In popular estimation the painter is set down—and, on the whole, with truth—as being of a mercurial, superficial type of character. This levity of nature constitutes the price which he has to pay for being gregarious.

But when the intellectual element, and more especially the imaginative element, qualifies his work in a high degree; when, in short, he is a man of genius, then he

becomes a law unto himself: his eye is turned inward, not outward, and the necessity for being gregarious disappears. Millet was the least gregarious of painters, excepting Turner, who alone, among modern artists, I suppose we may truly say, surpassed him in force of imagination.

What was true of Millet and of Turner is true of all intellectual workers, especially when they belong to the field of literature. Literary power can be stored, as water is stored in a reservoir. Experiences, internal or external, if not related on the spot, or little by little, may furnish, when accumulated, the material for a great work. Had the Brontë sisters passed their lives in a gossiping, tea-drinking society, they might have produced some clever stories and verses, but hardly the strong and original works which proceeded from that remote vicarage on the moors where they lived with a fortunately taciturn father. No abstract thinking can be done except in solitude. The thinker may find his solitude in the midst of London, as Addison did; at Craigenputtock or at Chelsea, as Carlyle did; in the woods and fields, as Wordsworth and Emerson did,—but find it he must.¹

So, then, it appears, as indeed no one would deny, that the gregarious habit sharpens the wits, but dulls the higher intellectual powers. It might be urged that most men are incapable of abstract thinking, or of the exercise, in any real sense, of imagination, and therefore that solitude would be no advantage to them, and gregariousness no disadvantage. But this is an unduly pessimistic view. Every mind has in it some intellectual element, and that element can be nourished only in comparative solitude. Solitude tends to develop whatever there is in the individual which differentiates

¹ John Boyle O'Reilly used to say that the happiest years of his life were those which he passed in solitary confinement at Dartmoor prison; and although in this statement there

may have been some unconscious exaggeration, those years could not have been unhappy, for the prisoner came out a sound and healthy man in mind and body.

him from the race. Men of genius seldom arise in large cities. How very slight, for instance, has been the contribution made by London, notwithstanding its immense population, to the roll of great thinkers!

The former intellectual strength both of Scotland and of New England can be traced, in part at least, to the isolated lives of their rural population; and the admitted decline of intellectual power in New England — accompanied, no doubt, by an increase of information on the part of the average man — has kept pace with the advancing tide of gregarious habits. Who will assert that this is merely a coincidence!

It is, as I have implied all along, a question of degree. To be gregarious within proper limits tends to health and sanity, to good nature and charity. What these limits are it would be difficult to indicate in precise terms, but thus much may be affirmed: every man's life should have a background of solitude; there should be times when he walks alone, reads alone, thinks alone. Those who have not experienced these deep and tranquil delights, who have never refreshed themselves with solitude, as with a cool bath on a hot day, may find it difficult to imagine them. But there can be no difficulty in perceiving the evil effects of the opposite quality, gregariousness. "We descend to meet" is a saying of Emerson. And this is not a fault; it is not a weakness or a thing that can be remedied. It is a law of human nature. If a man have a noble aspiration, a holy ambition, let him keep it to himself, on penalty of becoming a self-satisfied egotist, if not a hypocrite. (I am, of course, speaking of impulses or resolves personal to one's self, which cannot be communicated in general terms, as may be the admonitions of a preacher.)

Whenever an attempt is made to reverse this law, the results are disastrous. In certain Protestant bodies, there is a custom of holding "experience" or

prayer meetings. At these meetings the practice is for one converted Christian or "professor" after another to get up and relate his experience: not his experience as a sinner, — that is passed over very lightly, — but the experience of his conversion, his spiritual resolves, hopes, and aspirations, his Christian deeds and thoughts. A coarse, self-satisfied nature will go through this performance very glibly; but a truer, better nature will accomplish it only by strong self-compulsion, and with a hesitation and shamefacedness painful to observe. I have witnessed them many times. Such persons have a natural and proper reluctance to lay bare the recesses of their hearts, to make public what should be kept secret; but under an erroneous sense of duty they violate their own instinct in the matter. I do not cite these religious meetings as examples of undue gregariousness, though perhaps I might fairly do so; but I cite them to show the futility, the sin, of endeavoring to reverse this law of nature, "We descend to meet."

And if we descend to meet, that is a reason for not meeting overmuch. If we descend to meet, it must follow in a general way, with many exceptions no doubt, that those who meet the most descend the lowest. Now, if the reader will consult his own experience and observation, he will find, I think, that such is the case. Of course, in making this inquiry, we must compare, not one class with another, but the relatively isolated members of one class with the relatively gregarious members of the same class. Let us take drivers, for instance. A teamster who travels a lonely route is indefinitely superior to country hackmen, who spend half the day idling at the tavern and at the "deppo." Such men are vile in their language almost in exact proportion as they have opportunity to cultivate the society of their equals. Among mechanics, the domestic shoemaker, who sits at his bench alone all

day, may be compared with his contemporary who works in a crowded shop. The former has ideas where the latter has only catch-words; and in respect to decency of thought and of language, the solitary workman will surpass the gregarious one even more widely. One of the most refined and thoughtful persons I ever knew was a mechanic who labored all day alone. Was such a man ever found in a roomful of men?

Thus far I have not sharply discriminated the two forms of evil that flow from gregariousness, namely, its tendency to dwarf the intellect, and its tendency to debase the manners. Gregariousness is always fatal to intellectual excellence; but is it always fatal to good manners? Is it always a source of vulgarity? Far from it. It will have occurred to the reader that what calls itself and with much truth the best society is excessively gregarious. The gregariousness of good society leads to an intellectual emptiness and monotony which in time disgust and weary even its own votaries, but it hardly tends to vulgarity. There can be no vulgarity without gregariousness, and yet it by no means follows that all gregarious people are vulgar. The truth seems to be that when people are fenced off from one another by the barriers of refinement, of a highly developed self-respect, and of a scrupulous regard for the personality of others, then gregariousness tends to lose its vulgarizing effect. In fact, gregarious habits are essential to the development of civility. Courtly manners are acquired at court, not on the farm nor in the library. And yet, so dangerous a thing is gregariousness, its baneful effects upon manners are seen even in the heart of the best society. When people slavishly adopt the same phrases, the same opinions, the same way of shaking hands, they are so far forth vulgar, whatever their refinement or consideration for others. And this brings us, I think, to the root of the whole matter.

The essence of good breeding is simplicity; not the simplicity of the peasant, although that is good in its way, but the simplicity of the really civilized man who has arrived at a kind of artificial naturalness. Treating of style in literature, the *Saturday Review* long ago remarked, "It is not given to every one to be simple." This was a profound observation, and it is as true of life as of literature. The natural man has fitly been described as "a noisy, sensual savage." Civilization teaches him to be quiet, to mind his own business, to refrain from offending or disgusting his neighbor, to respect himself, to stand on his own basis.

Now, if the essence of good breeding is simplicity, it may be said that the essence of vulgarity is a want of simplicity. To be vulgar is to be unquiet, to have no taste of one's own, to be in continual disturbance on account of one's neighbor, either by way of truckling to him, which is the manner of the snob, or of hating him, which is the vice of the radical, or of competing with him, which is the weakness of the parvenu. To be vulgar is to adopt other people's language, to use their cant phrases, to copy the inflections of their voices, to espouse their ideas; in fine, to think and do and say, not what comes naturally to one, but what is supposed to be considered proper by other people. Thus to be vulgar is to lack simplicity.

This want of simplicity, this continual reference to outside standards, is possible only in a gregarious society. If a man lives in a solitary place, or alone in a city, he is forced back upon himself; the material for being vulgar does not exist. Apropos of that most accurately drawn heroine, Eustacia Vye, Thomas Hardy truly says, "It is impossible for any one living on a heath to be vulgar." We associate vulgarity with large towns, because in the latter only can that measure of gregariousness obtain which is essential to the propagation of vulgarity. Vul-

garity is a town growth, just as rusticity is a country quality.

The antidote to gregariousness is solitude, and especially solitude amidst natural objects. Hawthorne's allegory of *The Great Stone Face* illustrates the influence of nature upon a receptive mind ; and the same author thus concludes his account of a long and solitary ramble upon the seashore : —

"Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character, as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. And when at noontide I tread the crowded streets, the influence of this day will still be felt, so that I shall walk among men kindly, and as a brother, with affection and sympathy, but yet shall not melt me into the indistinguishable mass of humankind. I shall think my own thoughts, and feel my own emotions, and possess my individuality unviolated."

The present age being greatly given to admiration of scenery, it might be thought that in respect to this taste, at least, the passion of gregariousness would be held in check. But alas ! such is not the case. As I have said, men go out to view the face of nature in a crowd, and in the neighborhood of Boston there is a large and flourishing club for this very purpose. It has already left its trail upon almost every mountain slope in New England. Could any one fancy Wordsworth serving as president of the Grasmere Mountain Club, and pointing out the beauties of his beloved vale to a little group of one or two hundred fellow-members ? It is true that we cannot all feel as Wordsworth felt, but every real lover of the mountains will approach them in precisely the same spirit that actuated him. One man alone — perhaps

two men together, if congenial and reticent — can see a mountain, a valley, or a wood ; but Nature hides her face from a crowd. Those unseen creatures of another world, to whom Hawthorne refers in the passage just quoted, will not reveal themselves to a party of picnickers eating hard-boiled eggs ; they visit the imagination of the solitary rambler. The Dryades, I take it, would never have been discovered by a gay company rollicking homeward ; they first appeared to some wanderer who passed through a wood alone at dusk.

"But there are no unseen creatures and no Dryades," it might be objected. Perhaps not ; and yet, since science cannot tell us what matter is or what life is, it may be that the thing which we call inanimate nature is a part of some conscious existence ; or, at least, that the pagan conception of it is nearer to the truth than is our own mechanical view. I refrain from quoting here, as being too familiar, that famous passage in one of Newman's sermons, which begins, "Every breath of air, every ray of light and heat," etc.

At all events, thus much is certain : the landscape has a way of impressing upon the human mind ideas and emotions, vague but not unreal. Its influence is felt as is that of a person or of a book ; and these subtle communications are made to man only as an isolated individual. They are not at the service of clubs or crowds. Solitude, good under any circumstances, is best in the face of nature ; and although opportunities will often be wanting, yet it is in the power of almost every one to say with the old philosopher in his garret, "Ach, Mon lieber, I am alone with the stars !"

H. C. Merwin.

ENNUI.

"Tous les genres sont permis, hors le genre ennuyeux."

"WANT and ennui," says Schopenhauer, "are the two poles of human life." The further we escape from one evil, the nearer we inevitably draw to the other. As soon as the first rude pressure of necessity is relieved, and man has leisure to think of something beyond his unsatisfied craving for food and shelter, then ennui steps in and claims him for her own. It is the price he pays, not merely for luxury, but for comfort. Time, the inexorable taskmaster of poor humanity, drives us hard with whip and spur when we are struggling under the heavy burden of work; but stays his hand, and prolongs the creeping hours, when we are delivered over to that weariness of spirit which weights each moment with lead. Time is, in fact, either our open oppressor or our false friend. He is that agent by which, at every instant, "all things in our hands become as nothing, and lose any real value they possess."

Here is a doctrine distinctly discouraging, and stated with that relentless candor which compels our reluctant consideration. There can be no doubt that to Schopenhauer's mind ennui was an evil every whit as palpable as want. He hated and feared them both with the painful susceptibility of a self-centred man; and he strove resolutely from his youth to protect himself against these twin disasters of life. The determined fashion in which he guarded his patrimony from loss resembled the determined fashion in which he strove — with less success — to guard himself from boredom. The vapid talk, the little wearisome iterations, which most of us bear resignedly enough because custom has taught us patience, were to him intolerable afflictions. He retaliated by an ungracious dismissal of society as some-

thing pitiaibly and uniformly contemptible. His advice has not the grave and simple wisdom of Sir Thomas Browne, "Be able to be alone," but is founded rather on Voltaire's disdainful maxim, "The world is full of people who are not worth speaking to," and implies an almost savage rejection of one's fellow-beings. "Every fool is pathetically social," says Schopenhauer, and the advantage of solitude consists less in the possession of ourselves than in the escape from others. With whimsical eagerness, he built barrier after barrier between himself and the dreaded enemy, ennui, only to see his citadel repeatedly stormed, and to find himself at the mercy of his foe. There is but one method, after all, by which the invader can be even partially disarmed, and this method was foreign to Schopenhauer's nature. It was practiced habitually by Sir Walter Scott, who, in addition to his sustained and splendid work, threw himself with such unselfish, unswerving ardor into the interests of his brother men that he never gave them a thorough chance to bore him. They did their part stoutly enough, and were doubtless as tiresome as they knew how to be; but his invincible sweet temper triumphed over their malignity, and enabled him to say, in the evening of his life, that he had suffered little at their hands, and had seldom found any one from whom he could not extract either amusement or edification.

Perhaps his journal tells a different tale, a tale of heavy moments stretching into hours, and borne with cheerful patience out of simple consideration for others. Men and women, friends and strangers, took forcible possession of his golden leisure, and he yielded it to them without a murmur. That which was well-nigh maddening to Carlyle's irritable nerves and selfish petulance, and

which strained even Charles Lamb's forbearance to the snapping-point, Sir Walter endured smilingly, as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world. Mr. Lang is right when he says Scott did not preach socialism, he practiced it; that is, he never permitted himself to assign to his own comfort or convenience a very important place in existence; he never supposed his own satisfaction to be the necessary formula of the universe. But his love for genial life, his keen enjoyment of social pleasures, made him singularly sensitive to ennui. He was able, indeed, like Sir Thomas Browne, to be alone, — when the charity of his fellow-creatures suffered it, — and he delighted in diverting companionship, whether of peers or hinds; but the weariness of daily intercourse with stupid people told as heavily upon him as upon less patient victims. Little notes scattered throughout his journal reveal his misery, and awaken sympathetic echoes in every long-tried soul. "Of all bores," he writes, "the greatest is to hear a dull and bashful man sing a facetious song." And again, with humorous intensity: "Miss Ayton's father is a bore, after the fashion of all fathers, mothers, aunts, and other chaperons of pretty actresses." And again, this time in a hasty scrawl to Ballantyne: —

"Oh, James! oh, James! two Irish dames
Oppress me very sore:
I groaning send one sheet I've penned,
For, hang them! there's no more."

That Sir Walter forgot his sufferings as soon as they were over is proof, not of callousness, but of magnanimity. He forgave his tormentors the instant they ceased to torment him, and then found time to deplore his previous irritation. "I might at least have asked him to dinner," he was heard murmuring self-reproachfully, when an unscrupulous intruder had at last departed from Abbotsford; and on another occasion, when some impatient lads refused to emulate his forbearance, he recalled them

with prompt insistence to their forgotten sense of propriety. "Come, come, young gentlemen," he expostulated. "It requires no small ability, I assure you, to be a decided bore. You must endeavor to show a little more respect."

The self-inflicted pangs of ennui are less salutary and infinitely more onerous than those we suffer at the hands of others. It is natural that our just resentment when people weary us should result in a temporary taste for solitude, a temporary exaltation of our own society. Like most sentiments erected on an airy trestlework of vanity, this is an agreeable delusion while it lasts; but it seldom does last after we are bold enough to put it to the test. The inevitable and rational discontent which lies at the bottom of our hearts is not a thing to be banished by noise, or lulled to sleep by silence. We are not sufficient for ourselves, and companionship is not sufficient for us. "Venez, monsieur," said Louis XIII. to a listless courtier; "allons nous ennuyer ensemble." We fancy it is the detail of life, its small grievances, its apparent monotony, its fretful cares, its hours alternately lagging and feverish, that wear out the joy of existence. This is not so. Were each day differently filled, the result would be much the same. Young Maurice de Guérin, struggling with a depression he too clearly understands, strikes at the very root of the matter in one dejected sentence: "Mon Dieu, que je souffre de la vie! Non dans ses accidents, un peu de philosophie y suffit; mais dans elle-même, dans sa substance, à part tout phénomène." To which the steadfast optimist opposes an admirable retort: "It is a pity that M. de Guérin should have permitted himself this relentless analysis of a misery which is never bettered by contemplation." Happiness may not be, as we are sometimes told, the legacy of the barbarian, but neither is it a final outcome of civilization. Men can weary, and do weary, of

every stage that represents a step in the world's progress, and the ennui of mental starvation is equaled only by the ennui of mental satiety.

It is curious how much of this temper is reflected in the somewhat dispiriting literature which attains popularity to-day. Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose leaden-hued sketches called — I think unfairly — *Main-Travelled Roads* have deprived most of us of some cheerful hours, paints with an unfaltering hand a life in which ennui sits enthroned. It is not the poverty of his Western farmers that oppresses us. Real biting poverty, which withers lesser evils with its deadly breath, is not known to these people at all. They have roofs, fire, food, and clothing. It is not the ceaseless labor, the rough fare, the gray skies, the muddy barnyards, which stand for the trouble in their lives. It is the dreadful weariness of living. It is the burden of a dull existence, clogged at every pore, and the hopeless melancholy of which they have sufficient intelligence to understand. Theirs is the ennui of emptiness, and the implied reproach on every page is that a portion, and only a portion, of mankind is doomed to walk along these shaded paths; while happier mortals who abide in New York, or perhaps in Paris, spend their days in a pleasant tumult of intellectual and artistic excitation. The clearest denial of this fallacy may be found in that matchless and desolate sketch of Mr. Pater's called *Sebastian van Storek*, where we have painted for us with penetrating distinctness man's deliberate rejection of those crowded accessories which, to the empty-handed, represent the joys of life. Never has the undying essence of ennui been revealed to our unwilling gaze as in this merciless picture. Never has it been so portrayed in its awful nakedness, amid a plenty which it cannot be persuaded to share. We see the rich, warm, highly colored surroundings, the vehement intensity of work and pastime,

the artistic completeness of every detail, the solicitations of love, the delicate and alluring touches which give to every day its separate delight, its individual value; and, amid all these things, the impatient soul striving vainly to adjust itself to a life which seems so worth the living. Here, indeed, is one of "Fortune's favorites," whom she decks with garlands like a sacrificial heifer, and at whom, unseen, she points her mocking finger. Encompassed from childhood by the "thriving genius" of the Dutch, by the restless activity which made dry land and populous towns where nature had willed the sea, and by the admirable art which added each year to the heaped-up treasures of Holland, Sebastian van Storek has but one vital impulse which shapes itself to an end, — escape; escape from an existence made unendurable by its stifling fullness, its vivid and marvelous accomplishment.

It is an interesting question to determine, or to endeavor to determine, how far animals share man's melancholy capacity for ennui. Schopenhauer, who, like Hartmann and all other professional pessimists, steadfastly maintains that beasts are happier than men, is disposed to believe that in their natural state they never suffer from this malady, and that, even when domesticated, only the most intelligent give any indication of its presence. But how does Schopenhauer know that which he so confidently affirms? The bird, impelled by an instinct she is powerless to resist, sits patiently on her eggs until they are hatched; but who can say she is not weary of the pastime? What loneliness and discontent may find expression in the lion's dreadful roar, which is said to be as mournful as it is terrible! We are naturally tempted, in moments of fretfulness and dejection, to seek relief — not unmixed with envy — in contemplating with Sir Thomas Browne "the happiness of inferior creatures who in tranquillity possess their

constitutions." But freedom from care, and from the apprehension that is worse than care, does not necessarily imply freedom from all disagreeable sensations ; and the surest claim of the brute to satisfaction, its absolute adequacy to the place it is designed to fill, is destroyed by our interference in its behalf. As a result, domestic pets reveal plainly to every close observer how frequently they suffer from ennui. They pay, in smaller coin, the same price that man pays for comfortable living. Mr. Ruskin has written with ready sympathy of the house dog, who bears resignedly long hours of dull inaction, and only shows by his frantic delight what a relief it is to be taken out for the mild dissipation of a stroll. I have myself watched and pitied the too evident ennui of my cat, poor little beast of prey, deprived in a mouseless home of the supreme pleasures of the hunt ; fed until dinner ceases to be a coveted enjoyment ; housed, cushioned, combed, caressed, and forced to bear upon her pretty shoulders the burden of a wearisome opulence, — or what represents opulence to a pussy. I have seen Agrippina listlessly moving from chair to chair, and from sofa to sofa, in a vain attempt to nap ; looking for a few languid minutes out of the window with the air of a great lady sadly bored at the play ; and then turning dejectedly back into the room whose attractions she had long since exhausted. Her expressive eyes lifted to mine betrayed her discontent ; the lassitude of an irksome luxury unnerved her graceful limbs ; if she could have spoken, it would have been to complain with Charles Lamb of that "dumb, soporific good-for-nothingness" which clogs the wheels of life.

It is a pleasant fancy, baseless and proofless, which makes us imagine the existence of fishes to be peculiarly tranquil and unmolested. The element in which they live appears to shelter them from so many evils ; noises especially,

and the sharpness of sudden change, scorching heats, and the inclement skies of winter. A delightful mystery wraps them round, and the smooth apathy with which they glide through the water suggests content approaching to complacency. That old-fashioned poem beginning "Deep in the wave is a coral grove,

Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove," filled my childish heart with a profound envy of these happy creatures, which was greatly increased by reading a curious story of Father Faber's called *The Melancholy Heart*. In this tale, a little shipwrecked girl is carried to the depths of the ocean, and sees the green sea swinging to and fro because it is so full of joy, and the fishes waving their glistening fins in silent satisfaction, and the oysters opening and shutting their shells in lazy raptures of delight. Afterwards she visits the birds and beasts and insects, and finds amongst them intelligence, industry, patience, ingenuity, — a whole host of admirable qualities, — but nowhere else the sweet contentment of that dumb watery life. So universal is this fallible sentiment that even Leopardi, while assigning to all created things their full share of pain, reluctantly admits that the passive serenity of the less vivacious creatures of the sea — starfish and their numerous brothers and sisters — is the nearest possible approach to an utterly impossible happiness. And indeed it is difficult to look at a sea-urchin slowly moving its countless spines in the clear shallow water without thinking that here, at least, is an existence equally free from excitability and from ennui ; here is a state of being sufficient for itself, and embracing all the enjoyment it can hold. The other side of the story is presented when we discover the little prickly cup lying empty and dry on the peak of a neighboring rock, and know that a crow's sharp beak has relentlessly dug the poor urchin from its comfortable cradle, and ended its slumbrous felicity. Yet the

sudden cessation of life has nothing whatever to do with its reasonable contentment. The question is, not how soon is it over, or how does it come to an end, but is it worth living while it lasts? Moreover, the chances of death make the sweetness of self-preservation; and this is precisely the sentiment which Leigh Hunt has so admirably embodied in those lines — the finest, I think, he ever wrote — where the fish pleads for its own pleasant and satisfactory existence: —

“A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting fear.”

Here, as elsewhere, fear is the best antidote for ennui. The early settlers of America, surrounded by hostile Indians, and doubtful each morning whether the coming nightfall would not see their rude homes given to the flames, probably suffered but little from the dullness which seems so oppressive to the peaceful agriculturist of to-day. The mediæval women, who were content to pass their time in weaving endless tapestries, had less chance to complain of the monotony of life than their artistic, scientific, literary, and philanthropic sisters of our age; for at any hour, breaking in upon their tranquil labors, might be heard the trumpet's blast; at any hour might come the tidings, good or bad, which meant a few more years of security, or the horrors of siege and pillage.

It is pleasant to turn our consideration from the ennui which is inevitable, and consequently tragic, to the ennui which is accidental, and consequently diverting. The first is part of ourselves, from which there is no escape; the second is, as a rule, the contribution of our neighbors, and may be eluded if fortune and our own wits favor us. Lord Byron, for example, finding himself hard beset by Madame de Staël, whom he abhorred, had the dexterity to entrap poor little “Monk” Lewis into the conversation, and then slipped away from both, leav-

ing them the dismally congenial task of wearying each other without mercy. “A bore,” says Bishop Selwyn, “is a man who will persist in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself;” and this simple explanation offers a satisfactory solution of much of the ennui suffered in society. People with theories of life are, perhaps, the most relentless of their kind, for no time or place is sacred from their devastating elucidations. A theoretic socialist — not the practical working kind, like Sir Walter — is adamant to the fatigue of his listeners. “Eloquence,” says Mr. Lowell feelingly, “has no bowels for its victims;” and one of the most pathetic figures in the history of literature is poor Heine, awakened from his sweet morning nap by Ludwig Börne, who sat relentlessly on the edge of the bed and talked patriotism. I hardly think that even this wanton injury justified Heine in his cruel attack upon Börne, when the latter was dead and could offer no defense; yet who knows how many drops of concentrated bitterness were stored up in those dreary moments of boredom! The only other instance of ennui which seems as grievous and as cruel is the picture of the Baron Fouqué's brilliant wife condemned to play loto every evening with the officers of the victorious French army; an illustration equally novel and malign of the devastating inhumanity of war.

In fact, amusements which do not amuse are among the most depressing of earthly evils. When Sir George Cornwall Lewis candidly confessed that life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures, he had little notion that he was uttering a witticism fated to enjoy a melancholy immortality. His protest was purely personal, and society, prompt to recognize a grievance when it is presented, has gone on ever since peevishly and monotonously echoing his lament. We crave diversion so eagerly, we need it so sorely, that our disappointment in its elusiveness is fed by the flickering

of perpetual hope. Ennui has been defined as a desire for activity without the capacity for action, as a state of inertia quickened by discontent. But it is rather a desire for amusement than for activity; it is a rational instinct warped by the irony of circumstances, and by our own selfish limitations. It was not activity that Schopenhauer lacked. He worked hard all his life, and with the concentrated industry of a man who knew exactly what he wanted to do. It was the common need of enjoyment, which he shared with the rest of mankind, and his own singular incapacity for enjoying himself which chafed him into bitterness, and made him so unreasonably angry with the world. "In human existence," says Leopardi, "the intervals between pleasure and pain are occupied by ennui. And since all pleasures are like cobwebs, exceedingly fragile, thin, and transparent, ennui penetrates their tissue and saturates them, just as air penetrates the webs. It is, indeed, nothing but a yearning for happiness, without the illusion of pleasure or the reality of pain. This yearning is never satisfied, since true happiness does not exist. So that life is interwoven with weariness and suffering, and one of these evils disappears only to give place to the other. Such is the destiny of man."

Now, to endure pain resolutely courage is required; to endure ennui, one must be bred to the task. The restraints of a purely artificial society are sufferable to those only whom custom has rendered docile, and who have been trained to subordinate their own impulses and desires. The more elaborate the social conditions, the more relentless this need of adjustment, which makes a harmonious whole at the cost of individual development. We all know how, when poor Frances Burney was lifted suddenly from the cheerful freedom of middle-class life to the wearisome etiquette of a court, she drooped and fretted under the burden of an honor which brought

her nothing but vexation. Macaulay, who champions her cause with burning zeal, is pleased to represent the monotony of court as simple slavery with no extenuating circumstances. He likens Dr. Burney conducting his daughter to the palace to a Circassian father selling his own child into bondage. The sight of the authoress of *Evelina* assisting at the queen's toilet or chatting sleepily with the ladies in waiting thrills him with indignation; the thought of her playing cards night after night with Madame Schwellenberg reduces him to despair. And indeed, card-playing, if you have not the grace to like it, is the most unprofitable form of social martyrdom; you suffer horribly yourself, and you add very little to the pleasure of your neighbor. The Baroness Fouqué may have conquered the infantine imbecilities of *loto* with no great mental exhaustion. If she were painfully bored, her patience alone was taxed. The Frenchmen probably thought her a pleased and animated companion. But Miss Burney, delicate, sleepy, fatigued, loathing cards, and inwardly rebellious at her fate, must have made the game drag sadly before bedtime. It was a dreary waste of moments for her; but a less intolerant partisan than Macaulay would have some sympathy to spare for poor Madame Schwellenberg, who, like most women of rank, adored the popular pastime, and who doubtless found the distinguished young novelist a very unsatisfactory associate.

It is salutary to turn from Miss Burney and her wrathful historian to the letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, mother of the Regent d'Orléans, and see how the oppressive monotony of the French court was cheerfully endured for fifty years by a woman exiled from home and kindred, whose pleasures were few, whose annoyances were manifold. Madame would have enjoyed nothing better than a bowl of beer soup or a dish of sausages eaten in congenial company. She

lunched daily alone, on hated French messes, stared at by twenty footmen, from whose supercilious eyes she was glad to escape with hunger still unsatisfied. Madame detested sermons. She listened to them endlessly without complaint, and was grateful for the occasional privilege of a nap. Madame liked cards. She was not permitted to play, nor even to show herself at the lansquenet table. She never gambled, — in fact she had no money, — and it was a fancy of her husband's that she brought him ill luck by hovering near. Neither was she allowed to retire. "All the old women who do not play have to be entertained by me," she writes with surpassing good humor. "This goes on from seven to ten, and makes me yawn frightfully." Supper was eaten at the royal table, where the guests often waited three quarters of an hour for the king to appear, and where nobody spoke a word during the meal. "I live as though I were quite alone in the world," confesses this friendless exile to her favorite correspondent, the Raugravine Louise. "But I am resigned to such a state of things, and I meddle in nothing." Here was a woman trained to the endurance of ennui. The theatre and the chase were her sole amusements; letter-writing was her only occupation. Her healthy German nature had in it no trace of languor, no bitterness born of useless rebellion against fate. She knew how to accept the inevitable, and how to enjoy the accidental; and this double philosophy afforded her something closely resembling content. Napoleon, it is said, once desired some comedians to play at court; and M. de Talleyrand gravely announced to the audience waiting to hear them, "Gentlemen, the emperor earnestly requests you to be amused." Had Charlotte Elizabeth — long before laid to sleep in St. Denis — been one of that patient group, she would have literally obeyed the royal commands. She would have responded with prompt docility to any

offered entertainment. This is not an easy task. "Amuse me, if you can find out how to do it," was the melancholy direction of Richelieu to Boisrobert, when the pains of ennui grew unbearable, and even kittens ceased to be diverting. Amuse! amuse! amuse! is the plea of a weariness as wide as the world, and as old as humanity. Amuse me for a little while, that I may think I have escaped from myself.

It is curious that England should have to borrow from France the word "ennui," while the French are unanimous in their opinion that the thing itself is emphatically of English growth. The old rhyme,

"Jean Rosbif écuyer,

Qui pendit soi-même pour se désennuyer,"

has never lost its application, though the present generation of English-speaking men are able to digest a great deal of dullness without seeking such violent forms of relief. In fact, Mr. Oscar Wilde, prompt to offer an unwelcome criticism, explains the amazing popularity of the psychological and religiously irreligious novel on the ground that the *genre ennuyeux*, which no Frenchman can bring himself to pardon, is the one form of literature which his countrymen thoroughly enjoy. They have a kindly tolerance for stupid people as well, and the ill-natured term "bore" has only forced itself of late years upon an urbane and long-suffering public. Johnson's dictionary is innocent of the word, though Johnson himself was well acquainted with the article. As late as 1822, a reviewer in Colburn's Magazine entreats his readers to use the word "bore;" to write it, if they please; to print it, even, if necessary. Why shrink from the expression, when the creature itself is so common, and "daily gaining ground in the country"?

Before this date, however, one English writer had given to literature some priceless illustrations of the species. "Could we but study our bores as Miss Austen

must have studied hers in her country village," says Mrs. Ritchie, "what a delightful world this might be!" But I seriously doubt whether any real enjoyment could be extracted from Miss Bates or Mr. Rushworth or Sir William Lucas in the flesh. If we knew them, we should probably feel precisely as did Emma Woodhouse and Maria Bertram and Elizabeth Bennet, — vastly weary of their company. In fact, only their brief appearances make the two gentlemen bores so diverting, even in fiction; and Miss Bates, I must confess, taxes my patience sorely. She is so tiresome that she tires, and I am invariably tempted to do what her less fortunate townspeople would have gladly done, — run away from her to more congenial society. Surely comedy ceases, and tragedy begins, when poor Jane Fairfax escapes from the strawberry party at Donwell, and seeks, under the burning noonday sun, the blessed relief of solitude. "We all know at times what it is to be wearied in spirits. Mine, I admit, are exhausted," is the confession wrung from the silent lips of a girl who has borne all that human nature can bear from Miss Bates's affectionate solicitude. Perhaps the best word ever spoken upon the creation of such characters in novels comes from Cardinal Newman. "It is very difficult," he says, "to delineate a bore in a narrative, for the simple reason that he is a bore. A tale must aim at condensation, but a bore acts in solution. It is only in the long run that he is ascertained." And when he is ascertained, and his identity established beyond reach of doubt, what profit have we in his desolating perfections? Miss Austen was far from enjoying the dull people whom she knew in life. We have the testimony of her letters to this effect. Has not Mrs. Stent, otherwise lost to fame, been crowned with direful immortality as the woman who bored Jane Austen? "We may come to be Mrs. Stents ourselves," she writes, with facile self-reproach at

her impatience, "unequal to anything, and unwelcome to anybody;" an apprehension manifestly manufactured out of nothingness to strengthen some wavering purpose of amendment. Stupidity is acknowledged to be the one natural gift which cannot be cultivated, and Miss Austen well knew it lay beyond her grasp. With as much sincerity could Emma Woodhouse have said, "I may come in time to be a second Miss Bates."

There is a small, compact, and enviable minority among us, who, through no merit of their own, are incapable of being bored, and consequently escape the endless pangs of ennui. They are so clearly recognized as a body that a great deal of the world's work is prepared especially for their entertainment and instruction. Books are written for them, sermons are preached to them, lectures are given to them, papers are read to them, societies and clubs are organized for them, discussions after the order of Melchizedek are carried on monotonously in their behalf. A brand new school of fiction has been invented for their exclusive diversion; and several complicated systems of religion have been put together for their recent edification. It is hardly a matter of surprise that, fed on such meats, they should wax scornful, and deride their hungry fellow-creatures. It is even less amazing that these fellow-creatures should weary from time to time of the crumbs that fall from their table. It is told of Pliny the younger that, being invited to a dinner, he consented to come on the express condition that the conversation should abound in Socratic discourses. Here was a man equally insensible to ennui and to the sufferings of others. The guests at that ill-starred banquet appear to have been sacrificed as ruthlessly as the fish and game they ate. They had not even the loophole of escape which Mr. Bagehot contemplates so admiringly in *Paradise Lost*. Whenever Adam's remarks expand too obviously into a

sermon, Eve, in the most discreet and wife-like manner, steps softly away, and refreshes herself with slumber. Indeed, when we come to think of it, conversation between these two must have been difficult at times, because they had nobody to talk about. If we exiled our neighbors permanently from our discussions, we should soon be reduced to silence; and if we confined ourselves even to laudatory remarks, we should probably say but little. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who is uncompromisingly hostile to the feeble vices of society, insists that it is the duty of every woman to look bored when she hears a piece of scandal; but this mandate is hardly in accord with Miss Cobbe's other requisite for true womanhood, absolute and undeviating sincerity. How can she look bored when she does not feel bored, unless she plays the hypocrite? And while many women are shocked and repelled by scandal, few, alas! are wont to find it tiresome. I have not even observed any exceeding weariness in men when subjected to a similar ordeal. In that pitiless dialogue of Landor's between Catherine of Russia and Princess Dashkov, we find some opinions on this subject stated with appalling candor. "Believe me," says the empress, "there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it? Or rather, can you mention to me any one who has not been in raptures when he could communicate such glad tidings? The goutiest man would go on foot to tell his friend of it at midnight; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would bear him." Here, indeed, we find the very soul and essence of ennui; not virtuous disgust which revolts at the disclosure of another's faults, but that deep and deadly ennui of life which welcomes evil as a distraction. The same selfish lassitude which made the gladiatorial combats a pleasant sight for the jaded

eyes which witnessed them finds relief for its tediousness to-day in the swift destruction of confidence and reputation.

There is a curious and melancholy fable of Leopardi's, in which he seeks to explain what always puzzled him sorely, the continued endurance of life. In the beginning, he says, the gods gave to men an existence without care, and an earth without evil. The world was small, and easily traversed. No seas divided it, no mountains rose frowning from its bosom, no extremes of heat or cold afflicted its inhabitants. Their wants were supplied, their pleasures provided; their happiness, Jove thought, was assured. For a time all things went well; but as the human race outgrew its infancy, it tired of this smooth perfection, and little by little there dawned upon men the inherent worthlessness of life. Every day they sounded its depths more clearly, and every day they wearied afresh of all they knew and were. Illusions vanished, and the insupportable pains of ennui forced them to cast aside a gift in which they found no value. They desired death, and sought it at their own hands.

Then Jove, half in wrath and half in pity, devised a means by which his rebellious creatures might be preserved. He enlarged the earth, moulded the mountains, and poured into mighty hollows the restless and pitiless seas. Burning heat and icy cold he sent, diseases and dangers of every kind, craving desires that could never be satisfied, vain ambitions, a babble of many tongues, and the deep-rooted animosities of nations. Gone was the old tranquillity, vanished the old ennui. A new race, struggling amid terrible hardships, fought bravely and bitterly for the preservation of an existence they had formerly despised. Man found his life filled with toil, sweetened by peril, checked by manifold disasters, and was deluded into cherishing at any cost that which

was so painful to sustain. The greater the difficulties and dangers, the more he opposed to them his own indomitable purpose, the more determined he was to live. The zest of perpetual effort, the keenness of contention, the brief, sweet triumph over adversity, — these left him

neither the time nor the disposition to question the value of all that he wrung from fate.

It is a cheerless philosophy, but not without value to the sanguine socialist of to-day, who dreams of preparing for all of us a lifetime of unbroken ennui.

Agnes Repplier.

WOMANHOOD IN THE ILIAD.

THE Iliad offers us the oldest picture which we have of the life of man on the continent of Europe. This picture is also a most vivid and beautiful one. There is a constant temptation, therefore, to treat this poem as a starting-point and substantial basis for the history of our civilization. Any attempt of this kind, however, seems to me almost utterly vain and elusive. Before we undertake to recover, by sifting the materials at our command, the true picture of Homeric manners, customs, and beliefs, let us seriously imagine Macaulay's New Zealander, three thousand years hence, employed in reconstructing England as it was under the Tudors, with no materials save the Faery Queen and Chaucer's Knight's Tale. Or, to match the Theogony and Works and Days of Hesiod, let him be furnished with Pilgrim's Progress and Snowbound. Instead of the fragments of the Greek lyric poets, we may generously permit Andrew Lang's Blue Book of Poetry to drift down intact. We should still fail to recognize our kinsfolk in the picture he would draw.

Perhaps, however, my feeling can be better illustrated by a figure. A traveler, crossing the Alps by rail at night, may be awakened by a peal of thunder, and, pushing aside his curtains sees, perchance, across a wide interval, a panorama of stately mountains, their outlines half shrouded in storm-clouds.

The scene is illuminated for a single instant by the unearthly glare of the lightning. The next second he falls back into dreamless slumber. In the morning, indeed for life, that picture abides with him: whether in memory or in imagination he hardly knows, but certainly little associated, if at all, with the scenes, whatever they may be, that greet him in the familiar light of the sun.

The pilgrim is the Western Aryan. The vision of the night is the Homeric age. For the real dawn of our historical knowledge, the awakening of the race, as it were, to its own continuous life, lies not far behind the first historian, Herodotus, who lived in the fifth century before our era. Even to him, the men his grandsires knew — gentle Cræsus and ruthless Cyrus, Solon the wise and Polycrates the fortunate — stand with blurred outlines against a background of fable. How long before himself the poet Homer had lived Herodotus can only conjecture, and his conjecture is, four centuries, — just the gap that yawns to-day between us and Columbus. And think what impenetrable mystery would now enshroud the figure of the Genoese adventurer, had his age transmitted to us, through generations utterly destitute of historical records, nothing save a metrical romance!

But even Homer, or, let us say, the Homeric poets, avowedly described, not

their own ignobler days, but a more heroic, far-distant foretime. whereof they

Hear but the rumor alone, and know nothing as certain.

Brilliant as is the fabric of this vision, it is inextricably interwoven with the superhuman and the marvelous. Achilles is the child of a sea-nymph; Hermes, messenger of the gods, chats familiarly with Priam. The hero's horse is immortal and inspired to prophetic speech; his arms are forged in the smithy of the Fire-god. And over all parts of the picture alike there lies the light that never was on sea or land, the glow of poetic imagination.

It is thus that we should receive and read the tale. It remains none the less true, — not to mere authentic dates and historical events, but in a higher sense, like the Dantesque *Purgatorio*, or *Prospero's* enchanted isle, or *Arthurian Camelot*, true to the eternal laws of artistic creation, and to the cravings of baffled weary humanity, reaching forth eagerly after the higher truthfulness of perfect beauty.

We do not present here, then, the first chapter of an historical essay upon the development of woman. How far the social conditions of Homeric Troy represent the observation of the poet at any particular place and time can never be known. We desire merely to unroll a few of the quieter scenes in the lurid panorama of the *Iliad*. The translator is, for his own part, fully assured that we gaze, through the poet's eyes, upon a glorified vision of men and women as they might have been. Even while our tears fall with theirs, we see in Hector and Andromache not the features of any loving pair that ever lived and died, but rather immortal types of an idealized humanity. We shall expect, therefore, to find in the women of Homer, as in his heroes, not highly individualized characters, hardly even specifically Greek figures, but rather natures simply human, swayed by the

strongest and most universal passions and motives. Andromache is neither a Greek, nor a Trojan, nor a Cilician. She stands upon a pedestal, and we look up reverently to the inspired creation of a master artist.

On the Greek side, to be sure, the *Iliad* presents for the most part only the lawless social conditions of a permanent camp. Yet even here we are not left without reminders that women are indispensable to the happier side of life. The very absence of the Achæians from their own firesides, through so many darkening years, is an element of pathos, to which the poet has appealed in memorable passages.

"Whoso tarries afar from his wife, in a many-oared vessel,
One month only, is chafed in spirit, so long as the gusty
Storms of the winter and furious water detain him from sailing.
But for ourselves is the ninth year passing,
as here we have lingered."

Several times also, amid the wild turmoil of war, an effective simile suddenly transports us to scenes of peaceful life, and even of humble toil. Thus the equal poise of a well-contested fight is illustrated by the figure of a woman

Holding the scales, who raises the wool and the weights together,
Balancing them, to win scant wage for herself and her children.

Still more striking by its unexpected tenderness is the picture that is called up by Achilles, as he reproves his friend for shedding tears over the disasters of the Greeks: —

"Why do you weep, O Patroclus? Ev'n as a fond little maiden,
Running beside her mother, and begging the mother to take her,
Plucking her still by the gown, and striving from haste to detain her,
Tearfully looks in her face, until she indeed is uplifted, —
Like unto her, O Patroclus, the swelling tears you are shedding!"

There are, moreover, some women in

the Greek camp itself. The pathos of their fate is evidently felt by the poet. They are for the most part the sole survivors from the lesser towns of the Troad, which have been successively stormed and sacked by Achilles. They have lost, at a single blow, kindred, home, freedom, often honor as well. Of these unhappy creatures we have occasional vivid glimpses, and two of their number stand forth with distinctness, — are indeed essential to the epic plot.

Fair-cheeked Chryseis, a less tragic figure than the rest, merely glides like a swift vision of maidenhood through the opening scenes of the tale. She is not left friendless nor forsaken, for her kindred were not with her when she fell into captivity. How it chanced that this girl, who dwelt with her father, Apollo's priest, in holy Chrysè, was taken in Andromache's town, Thebè, Homer does not pause to explain. The poem opens with her father's plea for her release, Agamemnon's scornful refusal, the prayer of Chryses to the god he served, and Apollo's response. The angry sun-god sends a pestilence upon the host, until Agamemnon's stubborn heart yields, like Pharaoh's. So Chryseis' day of captivity is brief, and seemingly not bitter. Her release is the first and pleasantest result of the stormy council of Greek chieftains. Before the first rhapsody closes, the glancing-eyed maiden trips lightly upon Odysseus' ship for the homeward voyage. It is apparently only a few hours later, when she is placed in her father's arms, who

rejoicing,

Welcomed his daughter beloved.

There is a powerful tribute to her beauty, — and a dark hint of the fate from which she was rescued, the fate of Cassandra not long afterward, — in the expression which Agamemnon had made of his reluctance to give her up : —

"I am greatly desirous
In my household to keep her ; I prize her
above Clytemnestra,

Who is my lawful wife ; nor is she inferior
to her,
Either in stature or beauty, in cunning of
mind or of body."

If Chryseis' youth was troubled with other sorrows, they probably did not arise from the presence of the Grecian host, who had well learned in her case the lesson of "wisdom through suffering."

Briseis' fate is more closely entangled with the darkest threads of the tragic drama. At her first appearance, indeed, she is a mere silhouette, as she passes reluctantly down the strand from Achilles' cabin, led by the heralds to the galley of Agamemnon, who has ruthlessly claimed her to make good his loss. The leading away of Briseis is represented more than once upon Greek vases, and is also the subject of one of the largest and finest Pompeian wall-paintings. The event was evidently regarded as the decisive point in the quarrel between the leaders. It is this seizure of his favorite that stirs Achilles' wrath so deeply that he holds aloof from the war. When Agamemnon, after the first series of disasters, sends the ineffectual embassy to Achilles, he not only offers many royal gifts, but also proposes to restore Briseis, and declares that he himself has shown her no discourtesy during her enforced stay under his roof. When she actually returns, after the reconciliation between the quarreling chiefs, it is to find the gentle Patroclus lying dead in the cabin which she had shared, we know not how long, with the illustrious pair of friends and her fellow-captives. In her instant lament over him, not only do we hear nearly all we shall ever learn of her own piteous story, but there also comes into view a peculiarly winning and amiable side of the dead hero's character.

Then Briseis, as lovely as Aphrodite the
golden,
When she beheld Patroclus, so mangled by
keen-edged weapons,

Throwing her arms about him, lamented
shrill, with her own hands
Tearing her shapely neck, her breast, and
her glorious features.

Then the divinely beautiful woman bewailed
and addressed him :

"O thou dearest of men to my hapless spirit,
Patroclus,

Living I left thee here when I from the
cabin departed ;

Dead do I find thee now at my coming, O
chief of the people !

So evermore upon me comes sorrow close
upon sorrow.

Him upon whom my father and mother be-
stowed me, my husband,

Saw I mangled with keen-edged spears, in
defense of his city.

Then, though Achilles the swift, when he
ravaged the city of Mynes,

Slew my husband in battle, yet thou didst
forbid me to sorrow,

Promising I should become the wife of the
godlike Achilles :

He, thou saidst, would lead me with him on
the vessels to Phthia ;

There in the midst of his folk would my
marriage feast be appointed.

Therefore I mourn for thee dead, who liv-
ing ever wast gentle."

Weeping so did she speak, and in answer
lamented the women,

Moaning as if for Patroclus, yet each her
woes was bewailing.

I cannot refrain from calling attention
to that closing phrase, with its quiet
touch of sympathy.

A last glimpse of Briseis tells us only
that she regained the position of Achil-
les' favorite, held during her absence by
a Lesbian captive, "fair-cheeked Dio-
mede." It is in that magnificent final
act of the drama, when the suppliant
king in the cabin of his foe, utterly ex-
hausted by vigils and fasting, is forced
to give way to sleep. A couch is spread
for Priam under the portico, and

Meantime Achilles also slept, in the well-
built cabin's

Inner recess, and beside him was lying the
lovely Briseis.

The first woman to appear promi-
nently in the Iliad is, fitly enough, Helen
herself, the source of all the woes of
Troy. To the apple of discord, the
strife of the three goddesses, the judg-

ment of Paris, Homer makes no allu-
sion, if we omit a single awkwardly in-
terpolated pair of verses. These features
of the story were doubtless invented by
the author of the later Cyprian Epic.
Though she is under the especial charge
of Aphrodite, and is once called Zeus'
daughter, Helen seems to be, in the Iliad,
merely a fair, selfish, fickle woman. The
marvelous and superhuman elements in
her origin and destiny are apparently
later additions to the tale. The carry-
ing off of Helen by the roving Paris is the
first link in the chain of evil with which
Homer is acquainted. Her own sin is
perhaps confined to a later acquiescence
in their union, and a fondness for Paris
which has now largely passed away. She
has already been twenty years in Ilios.

In the third book of the Iliad Helen is
summoned from the palace of her lover
by the tidings that he and Menelaus
are to contend in single combat for the
possession of herself and the treasures
stolen with her. Perhaps her lack of
deeper feeling is hinted at by the man-
ner in which the messenger finds her
employed.

A magnificent web she was weaving,
Twofold, purple in color, and thereon she
had embroidered

Many a battle of knightly Trojans and
mailed Achaïans,

Fought for the sake of herself, and under
the hands of Ares.

For whom the single tear falls, as she
leaves her loom, Homer does not tell :
perhaps he did not know. Save for an
occasional epithet, usually "trailing-
robed," no attempt is made to indicate
her beauty. Instead, the old men, look-
ing down, from the tower over the gate,
upon panic-stricken city, devastated
fields, and beleaguering hosts, murmur
at her approach : —

"Nowise marvelous is it that Trojans and
mailed Achaïans,

Over a woman like this, through the long
years suffer in sorrow :

Wondrous like to the deathless goddesses is
she in beauty."

But of course the sober second thought quickly follows,

"Yet even so, though lovely she be, let her fare in the vessels ;

Let her not leave vexation behind her for us and our children."

Priam greets Helen with the courtesy of a king, saying, among other things : —

"Nowise guilty I hold you ; the gods are responsible only,

Who have incited against me the fatal war of the Argives."

After a few words of self-abasement, she points out, at the aged monarch's request, the Hellenic chieftains in the plain below. The loneliness of her life in Troy, cut off from her race and kin, is brought out, but with no undue emphasis, in the passage concerning her brothers ; which incidentally confirms our belief that to the poet of the *Iliad* Helen and her brothers are mortal, and of merely human nature. It is more prudent to quote here the deservedly famous and oft-cited version of Dr. Hawtrey. (Whether this was his only experiment in Homeric translation I have not learned.) It is Helen who speaks : —

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia ;

Known to me well are the faces of all ; their names I remember ;

Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders, —

Kastor fleet in the car, Polydeukes brave with the cestus ;

Own dear brethren of mine ; one parent loved us as infants.

Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lakedaimon,

Or, though they came with the rest in ships that bound through the waters,

Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of heroes,

All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened ? "

So said she. They long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,

There in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lakedaimon.

The combat ends with Paris' discomfiture, and Aphrodite has to interfere and snatch him away in a cloud to save

his forfeit life ; but there is nothing to indicate that Helen is more concerned than any other spectator. Then Aphrodite appears to Helen in the guise of an old woman, and bids her return home to console her lover. Helen refuses with pettish rudeness, bidding Aphrodite go to him herself, "to become his wife, or his handmaid." Her chief concern is for her own disgrace.

"The Trojan women behind me All will jeer, and I in spirit have sorrows unnumbered."

Yet to a second and sterner summons she renders prompt obedience. Perhaps the goddess only stands for the lawless love in Helen's own breast. At least there is often a temptation to have recourse to such allegorical interpretations when a divinity appears only to a single person, and merely for a moment. So in the council scene already mentioned, Pallas darts from heaven to bid Achilles refrain from physical violence against Agamemnon. She is revealed only to the son of Peleus, and seems little more than his own wiser self.

Upon reaching the chamber of Paris, Helen taunts him with his overthrow, but she is unable to resist his wheedling words, and is presently only too ready to accept his caresses. There is no moment when the doom of Troy seems so imminent, and so deserved, as at the close of the third book, when we see, as it were, at the same glance, the guilty lovers in their momentary security, and Menelaus, raging like a baffled lion up and down the place of combat, hoping yet to discover and slay his vanquished enemy. The poet adds grimly that not one of the Trojans would have screened their prince, but would gladly have pointed him out to the injured husband, "for he was hated like black death by them all."

We are now about to approach the chief series of home and domestic scenes in the poem, the episode for the sake

of which any paper like the present is largely written. There is the less objection to detaching Hector's visit to Troy from its present connection in the poem, because it can hardly have been composed for the place it now occupies. It is not like Hector to leave a desperate and losing fight that he may take a message to the city. — which any page could have carried as well as he, — and to linger there for an hour at least, forgetful of his duties as commander in the field. And the pathos of the immortal parting scene is materially lessened as we discover that Hector, for two succeeding nights, came back in safety to Andromache's arms; encamped on the third and fourth nights in the plain, and perished only on the fifth day!

The episode of his visit to Ilios fills the greater part of the sixth book. Diomedes has more than filled Achilles' place during the first day's fighting, putting men and gods to rout. In the midst of the flight and panic of the Trojans, Helenus, their chief priest and seer, bids his brother Hector, first rallying and ordering the terrified host, go straightway to the city. He is to command Hecabè, the queen, to assemble the aged women of Troy and go in procession to Pallas Athene's temple with a propitiatory offering. Little actually occurs during his absence. The poet fills the gap by recording the famous dialogue between Diomedes and Glaucos, with their exchange of armor on the battlefield.

It would be impertinent to interrupt the unbroken flow of the famous rhapsody with any comment or discussion. We must venture, however, to call the reader's attention to the skillful use that is made of golden silence in this part of the poem; to Hector as he receives with unuttered scorn Paris' voluble excuses; to Andromache, who is already departed, a tear in her eye and a smile on her lip, toward her desolate home, ere Hector's last words are uttered; but, above

all, to the eloquent muteness of Hecabè, lady of many sorrows, turning away obediently to do the bidding of her valorous and dutiful son, who has just prayed with all his heart for the speedy death of the guilty, selfish, best-belovèd younger brother!

HECTOR'S VISIT TO ILIOS.

(*Iliad* VI. 237-502.)

When now Hector arrived at the Scæan gate and the beech-tree,
Round him quickly were gathered the daughters and wives of the Trojans,
Asking for news of their friends, — of child and brother and husband,
Hector commanded them unto the gods to make their petition,
All of them, each in her turn; but grief was appointed for many.

Presently he was arrived at the beautiful palace of Priam.
It was adorned with porches of polished columns. Within it
Chambers, fifty in number, of shining marble were builded;
Close at the side of each other they stood; and there did the princes
Dwell with their lawful wives. On the innermost side of the courtyard,
Opposite, stood the abode of the married daughters of Priam,
Twelve roofed chambers of shining marble, and close to each other.
There had the daughters of Priam their home, with the men they had wedded.

There his bountiful mother came forth to receive him, and with her
Led she Laodice, who was the fairest in face of her daughters.
Closely she clung to his hand, and thus in words she addressed him:
"Child, why is it you come, deserting the furious combat?
Hard pressed surely are ye by the hateful sons of the Argives
Struggling about our town; and your own spirit has brought you
Hither, to lift your hands unto Zeus from the heights of the city.
Yet pray wait till I bring you the wine that is sweeter than honey;
So you may pour a libation to Zeus and the other immortals
First, and then 't were well for you yourself if you quaffed it.

Mightily wine increases the strength of a man exhausted,
Even as you are exhausted by strife in defense of your dear ones."

Then unto her made answer the great bright-helmeted Hector:
"Proffer me not the delightful wine, O reverend mother,
Lest you enfeeble my limbs, and my force and my strength be forgotten.
Yet uncleansed are my hands. I fear me to pour in libation
Gleaming wine unto Zeus. To the cloud-wrapt monarch of heaven
I, who with gore am beflecked, may dare not to make my petition.
But do you go yourself to the fane of Athene the Spoiler;
Gather the aged dames, and carry your offerings with you.
Ay, and a robe in your hall that is lying, the fairest and largest,
Dearest of all to your heart, you must also bear to the temple.
Lay this over the knees of the fair-tressed goddess Athene.
Promise her, too, you will slay twelve oxen for her in the temple,
Sleek, that know not the goad, if she will have pity upon you,
Saving the Trojans' wives, their helpless children, and city,
If she afar from sacred Troy will hold Diomedes,
That undaunted spearman, the savage, the rouser of terror.
So do you go your ways to the fane of Athene the Spoiler;
I myself am going to seek and to call Alexandros,
If he perchance be willing to heed me. Yet were it better
Earth should yawn for him! Truly the lord of Olympus has made him
Source of woe unto Troy, and to Priam the brave and his children.
Gladly indeed unto Hades' gate would I see him descending.
Then would I say that my heart had a joyless sorrow forgotten."

So did he speak; but the mother returned to her home, and commanded
Straightway her maids, who assembled the aged dames of the city.
Hecabè down to her odorous treasure-chamber descended;
There were the garments richly embroidered, the labor of women,
Wrought by Sidonian women, whom Alexander the godlike

Brought from Sidon with him, as the wide-wayed water he traversed,
Homeward sailing to Troy with Helena daughter of princes.

One robe Hecabè lifted, and brought as a gift to Athene:

This was the one of them all most fairly embroidered and largest;

Brightly it shone as a star, and under the rest it was lying.

Forth she fared, and the ancient dames in multitude followed.

When they were come to Athene's fane on the heights of the city,

She of the beautiful cheeks, Theano the daughter of Kisseus, —

She who was wife to the knightly Antenor, — opened the portal,

Since she had been of the Trojans appointed Athene's priestess.

They, with a prayerful wail, all raised their hands to Athene,

While bright-faced Theano uplifted the robe and bestowed it

Over the knees of the fair-tressed goddess Athene; and loudly

Unto the daughter of Zeus supreme she made her petition.

"Royal Athene, the saver of towns, O goddess divinest,

Break, I pray, Diomedes' lance, and grant that the hero

Prone in the dust shall lie, at the Scæan gate of the city.

So that to thee straightway twelve kine we will slay in thy temple,

Sleek, that know not the goad, if thou wilt have pity upon us,

Saving the Trojans' wives, their helpless children, and city."

Thus she prayed: but Athene tossed her head in refusal.

While to the daughter of Zeus most high they made their petition,

Hector had come meantime to the beautiful palace of Paris;

This Alexander himself had built, with the craftiest workmen, —

Best of the builders were they in the fertile land of the Troad, —

Near unto Priam's and Hector's home, on the heights of the city.

Hector, beloved of Zeus, passed into the palace, and with him

Carried his spear, full six yards long; and brightly before him

Glittered the point of bronze, and the golden circlet upon it.

Paris he found in his chamber, preparing his beautiful armor,

Shield and breastplate, and testing his bended
bow and his arrows.

Argive Helen was sitting among her women
attendants.

Glorious works of the loom her maidens
wrought at her bidding.

Hector reproached his brother in words of
scorn as he saw him :

"Sirrah, it is not well to cherish your anger
within you.

Perishing now are the people about our city
and rampart,

Waging the strife ; but for your sake only
the battle and war-ery

Rages around our town ; and you would be
wroth with another,

If you should find him skulking afar from
the hateful encounter.

Up, then, ere our homes with devouring
flames shall be kindled ! "

Then, in reply to his brother, thus spake
Alexander the godlike :

"Hector, indeed you reproach me, with justice,
no more than I merit.

Therefore to you will I speak, and do you
give attention and hearken.

Not out of rage at the Trojans so much, nor
yet in resentment

Here in my chamber I sate, but I wished to
give way to my sorrow.

Yet even now my wife, with gentle entreaty
consoling,

Bade me go forth to the fray, and I, too,
think it is better.

Victory comes unto this one in turn, and
again to another.

Tarry a moment, I pray, till I don mine ar-
mor for battle ;

Or, do you go, and I will pursue, and, I think,
overtake you."

So did he speak ; and to him bright-hel-
meted Hector replied not.

Helen, however, with gentlest accents spoke
and addressed him.

"Brother of mine, — of a wretch, of a worker
of evil, a horror !

Would that the selfsame day whereon my
mother had borne me,

I had been seized and swept by the furious
breath of the storm-wind

Into the mountains, or else to the sea with
its thundering billows.

There had I met my doom, ere yet these
deeds were accomplished !

Or, as the gods had appointed for me this
destiny wretched,

Truly I wish I had been with a man more
valorous wedded,

Who would have heeded the scorn of the
folk and their bitter resentment.

Never a steadfast spirit in this man abides,
nor will it

Ever hereafter be found ; and methinks his
reward will be ready ! —

Nay, but I pray you to enter, and here on a
chair to be seated,

Brother, for on your heart most heavily laid
is the burden

Wrought by my own base deeds and the
sinful madness of Paris.

Evil the destiny surely that Zeus for us twain
has appointed,

Doomed to be subjects of song among men
of a far generation."

Then unto her made answer the great
bright-helmeted Hector :

"Helena, bid me not sit, — nor will you, tho'
gracious, persuade me.

Eagerly yearns my spirit to fight in defense
of the Trojans,

While among them there is lounging already
for me in my absence.

This one I pray you to rouse, and let him
make haste for himself, too,

So he may yet overtake me before I depart
from the city,

Since I am now on my way to my home, in
the hope I may find there

Both my wife and my infant son, and the
rest of my household :

For if again I may come returning in safety
I know not,

Or if already the gods by the hands of
Achaïans shall slay me."

He, so speaking, departed, — the great
bright-helmeted Hector.

Presently into his own well-built palace
he entered.

Yet his wife, white-armed Andromache, was
not within it.

She with her infant child and her fair-robed
maid had departed.

Now on the tower at the gate she stood, and
bewailed and lamented.

Hector, when he had found not the blameless
lady within doors,

Came and stood at the threshold, and thus
did he speak to his servants :

"Tell me, I pray you, O serving-maidens, the
truth with exactness.

Whither is lovely Andromache out of her
palace departed ?

Is she then gone to the home of my brothers'
wives, or my sisters',

Or did she fare to the shrine of the goddess
Athenë, where others,

Fair-tressed Trojan dames, are appeasing the
terrible goddess ? "

Then made answer to him their faithful
housekeeper, saying :

"Hector, since you have bidden us tell you the truth with exactness,
 Not to your sisters' home, nor your brothers' wives' she departed,
 Nor did she go to the shrine of the goddess Athene, where others,
 Fair-tressed Trojan dames, are appeasing the terrible goddess.
 But to the tower of Ilios sped she, since it was told her
 Hard were the Trojans prest, and great was the might of the Argives.
 Therefore she in her eager haste has rushed to the rampart
 Like one crazed; and the nurse, with the boy in her arms, went also."
 So did the servant reply, and Hector rushed from the palace,
 Back by the well-built ways, and the path he so lately had traversed.
 So through the city he passed, and came to the Scean gateway,
 Where he intended forth to the plain and the battle to sally.
 There did his bounteous wife, Andromache, running to meet him
 Come, — Andromache, child of Eëtion, fearless in spirit.
 He, Eëtion, dwelt at the foot of deep-wooded Plakos,
 King of Cilician folk in Thebè under the mountain.
 She was his daughter, and wife unto brazen-helmeted Hector.
 So she came and met him, and with her followed the servant,
 Claspings the innocent boy to her bosom, — yet but an infant,
 Hector's well-loved child, — and brightly he shone as a star shines.
 Hector Scamandrios called him, the others Astyanax named him,
 — Prince of the city, — for Hector alone was Ilios' bulwark.

Smiling the father stood, as he looked at his son, and in silence.
 Close to his side, with a tear in her eye, Andromache, pressing,
 Clung to her husband's hand, and thus she spoke and addressed him :
 "Ah me, surely your prowess will slay you! Nor will you have pity,
 Not for your helpless child, nor yet for myself the ill-fated.
 Soon I of you shall be robbed. Erelong the Achaians will slay you,
 All of them rushing upon you! And truly, for me it were better,
 When I of you am bereft, to go down to the grave. Nor hereafter

May consolation be mine, when once your doom is accomplished,
 Only laments! No father have I, nor reverend mother.
 Well do you know how godlike Achilles murdered my father,
 When he had sacked our city, that well-built town of Cilicians,
 Thebè with lofty gates; and Eëtion also he murdered,
 Though he despoiled him not, since that he dreaded in spirit.
 There did the victor burn his body, in beautiful armor.
 He, too, heaped up a mound; and the elms are growing about it,
 Set by the Oreads, sprung from Zeus, who is lord of the ægis.
 Seven my brethren were, who together abode in the palace.
 All on a single day passed down to the dwelling of Hades,
 Each of them slain by the sword of the fleet-footed, godlike Achilles, —
 They, and the white-fleeced sheep, and the herds of slow-paced oxen.
 Lastly, my mother, who ruled as queen under deep-wooded Plakos:
 Though he had led her hither along with the rest of his booty,
 Yet he released her again, and accepted a bountiful ransom.
 Then, in the hall of her father, the huntress Artemis slew her.
 Hector, so you are to me both father and reverend mother;
 You are my brother as well, and you are my glorious husband.
 Pray have pity upon me, and tarry you here on the rampart,
 Lest you may leave as an orphan your boy, and your wife as a widow.
 Order your people to stand by the fig-tree, since upon that side
 Easier gained is the wall, and exposed to assault is the city.
 (Certainly thrice already the bravest have come to attempt it:
 Ajax the less and the greater, renowned Idomeneus with them,
 Tydeus' valorous son, and both of the children of Atreus.
 Whether because some man well skilled in augury bade them,
 Or it may chance that their own hearts urged and impelled them to do it.")

Then unto her made answer the great bright-helmeted Hector:
 "Surely for all these things, my wife, am I troubled, but greatly

Shamed were I before Trojans and long-robed Trojan matrons,
 If like a coward I lingered afar from the war and the battle.
 Nor has my heart so bade me, because I have learned to be always
 Valiant and ready to fight in the foremost line of our people,
 Striving to win high fame, for myself and for Priam my father.
 This, too, well do I know, — in my heart and my soul it abideth:
 Surely a day shall come when the sacred city shall perish,
 Priam himself, and the folk of Priam the valorous spearman.
 Yet far less do I grieve for the Trojans' sorrows hereafter,
 Even the woes of Hecabè's self, and of Priam the monarch,
 Or for the fate of my brethren, though many will perish undaunted,
 Falling prone in the dust by the hands of the merciless foemen, —
 Less do I grieve for all this than for you, when a warrior Achaian
 Leads you lamenting away, for the day of your freedom is ended.
 Then as another's slave at the loom you will labor in Argos,
 Or from the spring Hypereia draw water, or else from Messeis,
 Oft in reluctance, because compulsion is heavy upon you.
 Then, as you weep, perchance 't will be said by one who shall see you,
 'Yon is Hector's wife, who still among knightly Trojans
 Bravest proved in the fray, when Troy was with battle encircled.'
 So some day they will speak, and again will the pain be repeated,
 Since of so faithful a husband bereft you suffer in bondage.
 Verily dead may I be, and the earth heaped heavy upon me,
 Ere I may hear thy cry, or behold thee dragged by the foemen."

Speaking thus, for his son reached out the illustrious Hector;
 Yet he backward recoiled on the breast of the faithful attendant,
 Crying aloud in his fright at the sight of his father beloved.
 'T was by the brazen mail and the horsehair plume he was frightened,
 Seeing it nodding so fiercely adown from the crest of his helmet.
 Then out laughed the affectionate father and reverend mother,

Presently now the illustrious Hector lifted his helmet
 Off from his head; on the ground he laid it, resplendently gleaming.
 When he had tossed in his arms his well-loved son, and caressed him,
 Then unto Zeus and the other immortals he made his petition:
 "Zeus, and ye other immortals, I pray you that even as I am
 So this boy may become preëminent over the Trojans,
 Mighty and fearless as I, and in Ilios rule by his prowess!
 May it hereafter be said, 'He is better by far than his father!'
 When he returns from the fray with the blood-stained armor of heroes,
 When he has smitten the foe, and gladdened the heart of his mother."
 So did he speak; and into the arms of his wife, the beloved,
 Laid he the boy, and she in her fragrant bosom received him,
 Laughing with tears in her eyes. Her husband was moved as he saw her:
 "Dear one, be not for me so exceedingly troubled in spirit.
 No one against Fate's will shall send me untimely to Hades.
 None among mortal men his destiny ever evadeth, —
 Neither the coward nor hero, when once his doom is appointed.
 Pray you, go to your home, and there give heed to your duties,
 Tasks of the loom and the spindle, and lay your commands on the servants,
 So they may work your will. Let men take thought for the combat,
 All — I most of them all — whoso are in Ilios native."

So having spoken, illustrious Hector took up the helmet,
 Horsehair-crested. The faithful wife had homeward departed,
 Turning ever about, and fast were her tears down dropping.
 Presently now to her palace she came, that so fairly was builded,
 Home of Hector, destroyer of heroes: many a servant
 Found she within, and among them all she aroused lamentation.
 They in his home over Hector lamented, while yet he was living,
 Since they believed he would come no more from the battle returning,
 Nor would escape from the hands and might of the valiant Achaians.

These three women, Hecabè, Helen, and Andromache, appear again in the closing scenes of the drama. Hecabè in particular is seen quite frequently in the later books; and yet, she does not appeal to us, as the type of motherhood in bereavement, by any means so powerfully as might be expected. In fact, the dignity even of her queenly position is sadly lessened in our eyes, perhaps in the eyes of the ancient Greeks, by her apparently contented acquiescence in the conditions of a polygamous household. Sometimes she seems little better than the head of an Oriental harem. For example, in the last book, Priam, endeavoring to move Achilles' heart to pity, speaks as follows, with no touch of shame, feeling only the pathos of his own loss:—

Fifty numbered my sons when to Ilios came
the Achaians:
Nineteen borne of a single mother to me, and
the others
Children of women that dwelt in my royal
abode; but already
Now are the knees of the most by Ares the
furious broken.

Such a half-brother, Gorgythion, falls at Hector's side in one of the earlier combats of the poem, and his mother, Castianeira, is there spoken of as "wedded," by Priam, "from Thrace, and like the goddesses in beauty."

Yet worse remains: when Hector tarries alone outside the town to face the enraged Achilles, Priam and Hecabè lean from the wall together, bidding him have pity on their gray hairs and come within the gates; and Priam says:—

Nay, even now two sons, Polydorus and also
Lycaon,
I am unable to see as the host throngs into
the city.
These Laothoë bore unto me, — most noble
of women.
If they still are alive in the Argive encamp-
ment, surely
They shall be ransomed with gold and with
bronze, for within is abundance.
Large was the dower illustrious Altes gave
with his daughter.

If they already are dead and abide in the
dwelling of Hades,
Bitter the sorrow will be to my heart and
the mother who bore them.

It is hard to believe that the poet who created Andromache is unconscious how much he is weakening Hecabè's hold upon our sympathies. There is, nevertheless, real pathos in her words, which presently follow, though they are but a brief pendant to a much longer appeal of Priam.

Tearing open her robe and revealing her
breast with the one hand,
So she a tear let fall, and in wingèd words
she address him:
"Hector, my child, this bosom revere, and
have pity upon me!
If with my breast I ever have made thee
forgetful of sorrows,
Now be mindful thereof, dear child, and,
avoiding the foeman,
Enter within our walls; stand not thus for-
ward to meet him.
Merciless is he, and if he shall slay thee,
never, my darling,
I and thy bounteous wife on thy bed shall
lay thee, lamenting:
Yon by the Argive vessels the swift-footed
dogs will devour thee."

When her worst forebodings have been realized, and Achilles drags Hector's lifeless body behind his chariot as he drives exultantly shoreward, the pitiful group "in the chamber over the gate" is again brought distinctly into view, as it were to complete the picture.

And the mother
Tore her hair, and flung far from her the
beautiful head-dress,
When she beheld her son, and loud and
shrill she lamented.
Pitiful, too, was the father's wail, and about
him the people,
Everywhere in the city, to moaning and
weeping betook them.

But here again the father is unmistakably the chief figure. He can hardly be restrained in his frenzy from rushing forth at the gates to share his son's doom. He fully realizes now that Hector was most dear to him among all his children. Though so many of his sons

have fallen at Achilles' hands, he mourns for Hector more than for all the rest. He wishes he might at any rate have held him dying in his arms : —

"So we at least had sated ourselves with weeping and wailing,
I myself, and the evil-fated mother who bore him."
So did he make his moan, and the townsmen groaning responded.
Then the Trojan women lamented, and Hecabè led them :
"Wretched am I, my child ! Why am I alive in my sorrow ?
Low thou liest in death, who by night and by day in our city
Ever my pride hast been, and to all our people a blessing,
Both to the men and the women of Troy.
By all thou wert greeted
Like to a god : and indeed thou wert their honor and glory
During thy life ! Yet now thy death and doom are accomplished."

It illustrates excellently the wise moderation and simplicity of the greatest artists, that Andromache is not present as a witness of Hector's unworthy flight and death. At this point we have again a glimpse of her home-life, which is clearly intended to recall that memorable earlier scene in which she appeared.

But Andromache knew not
Yet of her Hector's fate. No messenger came with the tidings,
Saying her husband had tarried outside of the gate of the city.
She was weaving a web, in the inmost room of her palace,
Twofold, purple, and many a flower she broided upon it.
Unto the serving-maids in her hall she had given commandment
Over the fire to set a mighty tripod, that Hector
Might have water, to bathe, when homeward he came from the battle.
Hapless one ! for she knew not that he, far, far from the bathing,
Under Achilles' hands by keen-eyed Pallas was vanquished.
Then from the tower she heard the shrieks and the voice of lamenting.
Trembling seized on her body, the shuttle was dropt from her fingers.
Straightway unto her fair-tressed serving-maids she commanded :

"Come ye twain with me to behold what deeds are accomplished.
That was the voice of my husband's reverend mother. Within me
Up to the lips my heart doth leap, and my knees are enfeebled ;
Surely calamity now draws nigh to the children of Priam.
Would that the tidings never might come to my ears ! But I fear me
Terribly, lest bold Hector alone by the god-like Achilles
Be cut off from the city, and unto the plain may be driven.
So ere now hath he ended the perilous pride that possessed him,
Since he never would stay in the midst of the ranks of his people.
Far to the vanguard he hastened, in hardihood yielding to no man."
Such were her words, and out of the hall as if frantic she darted.
Wildly her heart was throbbing ; and with her followed the maidens.
When to the battlements she was come, and the throng of the people,
There on the rampart taking her stand she gazed, and beheld him
Dragged in front of the town, and the swift-hooved steeds of Achilles
Merciless drew him along to the hollowed ships of the Argives.
Over her eyes like a veil descended the darkness of Hades.
Backward she fell in a swoon, and her soul fled out of her body.
Far from her head she cast the shining adornment upon it,
— Frontlet, and net for the hair, and headband skillfully plaited,
Even her veil, — 't was a gift from Aphrodite the golden,
On that day whereon bright-helmeted Hector had led her
Out of Eëtion's hall, having furnished numberless bride-gifts.
Round her gathered the sisters of Hector, and wives of his brothers.
They in their midst upheld her, who nigh unto death was distracted.
When she again drew breath, and her soul had returned to her body,
Heavily sobbing she cried, in the midst of the women of Troia,
"Hector ! ill-fated am I ! to the self-same doom we were nurtured,
Both of us : you in Troy, in the royal palace of Priam,
I in Thebè, under the deep-wooded mountain of Plakos,
There in Eëtion's hall, who reared me when I was little !

Wretched were father and child! I would
 I had ne'er been begotten!
 — Now unto Hades' abode in the depths of
 the earth thou departest.
 I am behind thee left, in my bitter bereave-
 ment, a widow
 Here in our halls: and our boy is yet but an
 infant and helpless,
 Child of ill-starred parents, of me and of
 thee: and in nowise
 Thou, when dead, and he, shall be to each
 other a comfort.

After some hesitation, a passage of about twenty lines has been omitted at this point from Andromache's lament. It is a somewhat famous picture of an orphan's lot. He is described as thrust aside by his father's friends while they sit at the feast, as beaten, starved, and thirsty. Surely this could not be the lot of Hector's son while Troy stood unconquered. When Astyanax is directly mentioned, it is as one who had fed "only on marrow and fat flesh of sheep:" a strange diet for an infant in the nurse's arms! Ancient and modern students are generally agreed that the verses cannot be Homeric. The following lines form the close of the twenty-second book, the central event of which is Hector's death: —

"Now by the curving Achaian vessels afar
 from thy parents,
 When thou the hounds hast sated, the writh-
 ing worms shall devour thee.
 Naked thou art, and yet in our palace the
 garments are ready,
 Delicate beautiful garments, the handiwork
 of the women.
 All these I will destroy in devouring flame:
 though in nowise
 This will be helpful to thee, nor shalt thou
 within them be lying,
 Yet among Trojan women and men it will
 bring to thee honor."
 — Thus she lamenting spoke, and wailing
 responded the women.

Only the two closing books of the great epic remain to be mentioned. The twenty-third is chiefly occupied with the games celebrated in Patroclus' honor. These scenes, naturally, afford little material suited to our present purpose. There is, however, a sinister reminder of the abun-

dance of captive women, doubtless largely of gentle birth, held as prisoners in the camp. For the contest in wrestling, the first prize is a great tripod, intended for use over the fire, and estimated by the Greeks as of twelve oxen's worth. The "consolation" prize for the loser is a woman. Though "skilled in many tasks," she is valued only at four oxen. The victor in the chariot-race is to win both a woman and a tripod.

The limitations of space warn us to pass rapidly over the last book of the *Iliad*, the more as it has been already quite fully discussed in an earlier paper.¹ When Priam is commanded by Iris, — who comes at the bidding of Zeus, — to set forth toward the Grecian camp and beg back Hector's body from Achilles, he consults Hecabè before following his own strong impulse to obey. She thinks the aged king mad to venture thither, and bids him submit to Fate, which from birth has doomed Hector to feed the Grecian hounds with his flesh. She adds a savage wish that she herself might fasten upon and devour the vitals of Achilles. (Perhaps the passage was the starting point of that strange later legend, that Hecabè was actually transformed into a dog.) When her warnings fail to check the determination of Priam, she gives him no aid in selecting the treasures which may move the victor's heart. Just as his chariot is made ready for the perilous journey, she appears in the courtyard, in her hand a golden cup filled with wine. This she bids Priam pour in libation, and also urges him to pray for a favorable omen, which is straightway accorded, in the form of an eagle.

It is Cassandra, Hector's sister, who first describes the father returning next morning with the body of his son. All the folk of Troy, women and men, meet the bier without the gates. After the arrival at the hero's home, he is lamented by

¹ Closing Scenes of the *Iliad*, *Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1889.

the three noble dames, Andromache, Hecabè and Helen. The wife dwells chiefly on her son's loss of a father, and forebodes the violent death which actually befell Astyanax in the sack of Troy. The mother is assured that Hector, her own dearest son, was dear to the gods as well, and seems to think his present lot less bitter than the slavery into which his captive brethren have been sold beyond the sea: —

Fresh and dewy before me now in thy hall
thou art lying,
Like unto one who is slain by the shining
archer Apollo,

that is, one who has met a sudden and painless death. Helen, whose appearance here, though perhaps surprising, is certainly very effective, pays a more direct tribute than the others to the dead prince. She has lost the one steadfast friend she had among this alien folk. Priam indeed has always treated her with gentle courtesy, — as we have observed for ourselves in the first scene upon the wall, — but Hector, himself ever courteous, had also restrained the unkind tongues of his kin. (There is a passing hint that the queen mother had not spared the feelings of this unwelcome and unwedded daughter-in-law.) And then, after brief mention of Hector's obsequies, the curtain finally falls.

In regard to this trio, Andromache, Hecabè, Helen, as well as the less prominent women of the *Iliad*, it should be kept in mind that they are not intended to become, even for the time being, the chief object of interest. Each of them might indeed be so treated, — and in fact every one of the three was so treated, — in an Attic tragedy. But here they are, so to speak, not sculptured in the round, and refuse to be viewed as complete character-studies. Though

¹ As for Andrew Lang's ill-starred collaboration in an audacious continuation of the Homeric story, in the form of a sensational prose romance, he himself realized the impiety of the

drawn in firm and strong outlines, by a master's hand, they bear to the great temple of epic song merely the relation of figures in the frieze, or of the group upon a metope. One object of such a special study as the present paper is, to induce the reader to observe these same figures more carefully in their proper connection and environment, as component parts of the whole poem.

The Greeks reserved their highest admiration for devoted friendship between men. Hence the love of Achilles and Patroclus held the loftiest place in the appreciation of the classic people. The wedded happiness of Hector and Andromache appeals, it may be, more powerfully to us than to Homer's first hearers, certainly far more strongly than it did to Athenians of the fifth or fourth century B. C. Doubtless it was partly this feeling that led to the inclusion of Hector, not Achilles, among the three pagan knights, who with three Jewish heroes and three Christian champions, were held up for admiration in mediæval times as ideals of chivalry. Andromache is not, however, dwarfed or overshadowed even by her heroic and patriotic lord.

Of Helen this is not the place to speak at length. She can hardly be treated at all without the inclusion of the scene where she reappears, in the *Odyssey*, radiant, fascinating, and happy, despite all these years of shame, the well-loved wife of a contented Menelaus! Indeed, her figure is so frequently seen in later literature, of ancient and modern times, that it would not be easy to stop short of Goethe's Helena.¹

We have already indicated our feeling, that the epic treatment has weakened, doubtless intentionally weakened, our natural sympathy with the sorrows of Hecabè. The poet probably always remembers that he is himself a Greek.

attempt before it was fairly completed. We can only say Amen to his confession, — and accept his latest volume, in defence of Homer, as a manful palinode.

Certainly he always keeps it before us, that not only Paris, but Troy, is utterly in the wrong. And it is above all else the weak devotion and submission of the royal parents to Paris' lawless desire, that draws down ruin upon all Ilios as well as upon himself. It may be that the polygamous life of the palace is to be thought of as aiding in blinding their eyes to the inexpiable nature of the wrong done to Menelaus.

These impressions are set down with somewhat more confidence, because we find, present in the poem, a purer, more beautiful, and, upon the whole, a more pathetic figure of motherhood in sorrow, than that of Hecabè. It is a character which at first thought may seem to lie beyond the limits of our announced subject. I mean the mother of Achilles.

Homer's divinities in general do not appear to me to be taken quite seriously even by their creator. Though we may not feel all the grim earnestness of Plato as we watch their actions, we can hardly fail to agree with him, that they are surprisingly bad models of behavior to set before the youthful mind. The childish temper of the goddesses, in particular, culminates in the astonishing scene of the twenty-first book, where nearly all the divinities take part, in almost ludicrous fashion, with Greeks or Trojans in the fray. Hera, irritated by a bold word from Artemis' lips, seizes both the maiden's wrists in her left hand, and with the right

Smiling

Beat her over the ears, while this way and
that she was turning.

The weapon used in this chastisement is the huntress' own bow and quiver, and the arrows fall meanwhile far and wide in the dust. Presently, when released, the archer-maid flies for comfort to her august father, who, smiling, holds her upon his knee while she bitterly complains of his ill-tempered spouse, — mother Leto meantime carefully gathering up the scattered arrows. Of this remark-

able family we are content to see little more, as the epic gathers yet greater dignity and force through the closing books.

But Thetis is hardly of their kin, in no sense of their kind; and though she is a divinity, dwelling with the rest of her race in the depths of the sea, it is in a wholly human relation and character that she so often meets us in the *Iliad*.

As to the unique and undying charm of the silvery-footed Nereid, we appeal fearlessly to every schoolboy. (That is, to Macaulay's schoolboy, whom we may fitly set here to face the New Zealander invoked in our prologue.) Any one who has read the tale, no matter how painfully scanned through the darkened window of a Greek text, cannot have forgotten the thrill of pleasure, the full assurance that we were indeed in the land of Enchantment, that came over us at the point where Achilles' tearful appeal upon the lonely strand is instantly answered :

And his reverend mother did hear him
Where in the depths of the sea by her ancient
sire she was sitting.

Though

Like a mist from the brine she uprises,
yet the goddess is at once lost in the mother as she takes her place beside her mortal son. And under her caressing hand the strong-souled warrior is again but a weeping boy at that mother's knee. He gladly obeys her bidding to repeat to her all the story of his wrongs, though well aware that she is already as familiar with it as himself. In his appeal for her intercession, we catch a glimpse of that marvelous childhood in the royal halls of Thessaly, and yet beyond we hear also the murmur of strange discord in the divine world, which could hardly have come, save through her lips, even to the ears of the inspired bard. For Achilles recalls to his mother how in childhood he had heard her tell that she alone had once saved the tottering throne of Zeus, when brother, wife, and favorite daughter conspired against him and would have compassed his downfall.

Yet even this reminder of her wondrous power is offered only as a reason why she may well intercede at Zeus' knees for justice to her child. The tears of mother and son are for a moment mingled, and she bitterly bewails the day when she bore him to brief life and a grievous doom. And it was in truth utterly against her own will, doubtless through actual guile and force combined, that this free daughter of the billowy sea had submitted to a mortal husband. (We must abandon all such graceful fancies as that of Catullus, that the youthful Peleus and the Nereid, ageless and deathless forever, were smitten with sudden love and longing for each other when first the *Argo* startled the sea nymphs in waters never disturbed before by mortal wayfarers.) Yet once wedded, and a mother, she tarried with seeming content in the abode of the human father of her Achilles. It may be well to assure a modern reader that she is no mere elemental spirit, like the Undines of our northern world of myth, who acquire a soul and hope of immortality from this union with man. The divinities of the Greeks are like mankind; in fact, early poets assure us that they were sprung from the same source. But the differences are wholly in the favor of the divine natures, who lack nothing which man has to bestow.

It was doubtless only the bond of maternal love that detained Thetis in Peleus' home, for now that Achilles is in the Troad, she also has returned to Nereus' submarine palace in this quarter of the *Ægean*, to be ever close at hand in her son's time of need.

At the earliest possible moment, Thetis does betake herself to snowy Olympus, and obtains from Zeus the promise of just vengeance upon Agamemnon. Here the temptation lies especially near, to interpret her as the mere embodied type of mother-love itself, traversing sea, earth, and heaven in her devotion, and interceding at the very throne of grace

for suffering, wronged humanity. But such a fancy is no doubt foreign to the intention of the poet, for whom she is as real a person as any actor in the tale.

Wherever she reappears, it is because the same chord of maternal affection is struck. Everywhere we see the silvery flash of her tireless feet, the tender grace of divine motherhood, the sad prescience of mourning soon to be. The most learned critic of antiquity erased three lines from his edition of the poem, because they laid upon her lips a sentiment unworthy of the mother.

Her most important later appearance is when she comes to console Achilles for Patroclus' death, and thence departs to Hephaistos' abode on Olympus, in quest of fresh armor to replace that stripped by Hector from Patroclus slain. It is with a heavy heart that she thus proceeds to equip her hero for his last and greatest exploit, for she has just reminded Achilles:—

Shortlived truly, my child, thou 'lt be, from
the words thou hast uttered,
Since at once after Hector for thee too death
is appointed.

The culminating scene of Thetis' life as a mother does not come within the limits of our subject, for Achilles is yet alive when the poem closes. This very fact, however, may serve to emphasize what has been said elsewhere, that the pathetic characters of the *Iliad* exist not for their own sake, but purely to serve the requirements of the epic plot. From a special study like the present essay it is peculiarly desirable to return to a thoughtful perusal of the poem as a whole. And the phrase is chosen advisedly. There is no more imperative duty for the teacher of literature, than to encourage the study of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and indeed of all other great poems, as wholes: as the masterpieces of ideal artists, appealing, like a Madonna Sistina or a heaven-piercing Gothic spire, to the noblest of human faculties, the imagination.

Neither the arguments nor the masterly English translations of the two older friends to whom I am most indebted for encouragement and sympathy, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton and Mr. George Herbert Palmer, have convinced me that prose is the proper form into which to translate a poem, particularly a sustained effort like an epic. One point seems to me not sufficiently emphasized in any discussion I have noted, namely, the importance of the *line* as a natural unit of measure for the thought. Any verse becomes unbearably artificial and wearisome to poet and hearer which is not of an approximately fit length for the ordinary, the average sentence or clause of the language in question.

Aristotle remarks that the iambic trimeter, the twelve-syllable verse of Greek tragedy, is the metrical form nearest to the language of prose, and intimates that this is the cause of its great success and vogue in Greek drama. The English speech, having lost its inflectional endings, usually needs only ten syllables, at most. Hence the persistent life of our "blank verse," and of rhymed combinations of the same unit. The "heroic couplet," however, passed out of use to a great extent in England with the coming of a less artificial poetic school, because its instantly recurring rhyme compels the expenditure of *twenty* syllables upon the expression of a single thought. This requires either padding of a feeble kind, — chiefly adjectives, — or else the composition of a second line carrying an idea purely tributary to that uttered in the preceding verse. An amusing instance of the former weakness was pointed out long ago, in the opening lines of Pope's *Iliad*, where two syllables can be excised from almost any line, with no appreciable loss to the thought. For example,

¹ If any lover of Dante will undertake to recall his favorite passages, he will almost invariably find himself quoting *entire lines*: "Quegli è Omero, poeta sovrano," "Lasciate ogni spe-

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess,
sing!"

Of course a spring of unnumbered woes is direful; of course a goddess is heavenly. So, to the tune of Scott,

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the spring
Of woes unnumbered, goddess, sing!

The other fault, a very serious one in a translator, I have myself already remarked upon as illustrated at the other end of Pope's famous original poem on the Trojan war.

"Such honors Ilium to her hero paid;
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's
shade."

The first line may pass as a rather free version of

So they made ready a grave for Hector the
tamer of horses.

The last verse is not Homeric, nor Greek at all; nor can any one tell why the "shade" should "peaceful sleep" because the body is laid in the ground.

Dante's *Commedia* is composed in lines of about eleven syllables. The loss of music and grace in a transfer to English is a most discouraging one. I never yet knew any one who learned to love or admire the poem first through Longfellow's version. But the ideas, — Mr. Norton says we can bring over little more in any case, — are there. More than this, Longfellow offers us the poet's thoughts in orderly succession. We confess that with all the superior faithfulness and taste of Mr. Norton's own version, despite his Dantesque accuracy in choosing the one fit word, we are often bewildered, often wearied, by the weighty thoughts falling thick and fast without the recurrent pause between. We miss the division into lines, because it was a fit and natural division.¹

And now, to apply all this to the case in hand. It has been already conceded

ranza, voi ch' entrate," "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante," and endeavoring to render them in English iambic verse.

that the Homeric hexameter is too long for an ordinary English sentence. That is alone enough to condemn it for use in a sustained original poem. *Evangeline* is not loved for its metre. Clough's *Bothie* is rugged reading. Kingsley's *Andromeda* is better metrically, but is a mere classical experiment in artificial form. These are not encouraging examples, and will hardly be largely followed.

In the problem of translating Homer, however, the question is both simpler and more difficult. The thoughts are furnished us, the amount a line shall express is fixed. The fatal defect of all versions in blank verse is that this unit of measure, the line, cannot be retained, and so the form of the thought is broken up. Ten English syllables cannot be made to hold the thought of the average Homeric verse. All translators make from a fifth to a half more lines. I tried laboriously to make such line-for-line versions for the essay on the Closing Scenes of the *Iliad*, and succeeded for just twenty-one successive verses. In many passages it would be absurd to attempt it.

Now, granting all the metrical and musical diversity between the two languages, it will doubtless still be conceded, that an English dactylic line, when successful, is, at least, a closer echo of the Homeric verse than anything else in our rhythmical armory. It was indeed a somewhat long line even for early Greek needs. Hence the frequent repetitions, the fixed epithets, etc., which are saved from the stigma of "padding" only by their unfailing grace and fitness. But here, — if anywhere, — the final solution of the translator's Homeric question is to be found. The resonant Latin element of our vocabulary must be freely drawn upon. The earlier freedom of forming fresh compounds might be cautiously revived. The naive repetitions and epithets of Homer should be fearlessly retained. Perhaps successive generations of humanistic scholars will have to use and improve upon the results of their predecessors, as Mr. Palmer both practices and advises. Perchance a great master of poetic forms will suddenly arise to show us how simple a thing it is to translate Homer, by simply doing it.

William Cranston Lawton.

TWO FACES.

WHEN that enchanted tapestry unrolls
 The pictures wrought in old Homeric song,
 Where heroes wrestle with their dual souls
 Who, born of gods, do yet to earth belong;

Where white-armed women ply the wondrous looms,
 While long-haired Greek or crested Trojan falls;
 Where desolation sits in lofty rooms,
 And old men weep upon the fated walls;

Where skies are red with glare of burning pile,
 Of cities sacked, of beaked ships aflame;
 Where gods insatiate bend with awful smile,
 Above the countless hecatombs of slain;

Where that superb procession of the past
Sweeps through the ages and with noiseless tread
Marches and counter-marches, till at last
I seem myself to stand among the dead ;

Then two young faces, vivid and intense,
Enthrall my spirit wheresoe'er I turn ;
Two visions sweet of girlish innocence,
Of eyes that shine, of cheeks that pale and burn.

And them I follow through the fitful light
That weirdly shifts o'er human grief and joy,
E'en as they follow, from her chamber white,
The Argive Helen to the walls of Troy.

Silent they watch, with widely wondering eyes,
Her tender tears at Menelaus' name,
Discerning there that olden sad surprise,
Immortal beauty and immortal shame.

Silent they wait, these maids-in-waiting sweet :
What sudden thoughts within your bosoms stir,
O mute companions, as at Helen's feet
Ye watch the life-tide ebb and flow for her ?

What part have ye in jealousy and hate,
In love and loss and sin's unseemly woe ?
Alas ! Of all the mysteries of fate,
There is not one ye shall not live to know !

Across life's web the shuttle rainbow-hued
No more henceforth can send its stainless thread ;
A dull red seam, with this day's blight imbued,
Marks woman's faith despoiled and lying dead.

And no dread picture on the ancient page
So moves my being, — ah ! not even he,
The great Achilles, awful in his rage,
Nursing his wrath beside the wailing sea ;

Nor fair Andromache, who through her tears
Holds up her boy again and yet again
For that farewell which, ringing through the years,
Makes women weep and men once more be men ;

Nor, where the fount of swift Scamander runs,
The glorious Hector falters for relief ;
Not aged Priam, spoiled of many sons ;
Not Hecuba, still royal in her grief ;

But, uneclipsed by all the mighty shades,
Your faces haunt me, threatened by the Fates,
Æthra and Clymene, — O silent maids,
Who stand with Helen at the Scaean gates !

Emma Huntington Nason.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF DR. SCHLIEMANN.

WHEN I came to Greece, Dr. Schliemann was one of my earliest visitors. I had hoped to see him at some time, and to know him distantly. It was part of my dream of Athens. To find myself at once, by his overtures, brought near him, taken into his confidence, was one of my pleasant Athenian surprises. Our first topic, after the ice was broken, was not Ithaca, or Mycenæ, or Troy, as one might have expected: it was Cuban railway shares. He had invested largely in these, and his agents had sold out on a rising market: by this *contretemps* he was much exercised, and anxious at once to recoup himself by new investments. It was an old acquaintance in a new light: I had not then read the autobiography in his *Ilios*, and had yet to learn that the uncoverer of ancient cities was first and foremost a hard-headed man of business. Almost the last time I met him, this impression was strengthened in a whimsical way. He had just returned from Troy with wagon-loads of antiquity, and I found him on the ground floor of his mansion, with Dr. Brückner and several assistants, piecing together ancient vase-fragments. He was eager to show us a fine fourth-century vase, just found by his workmen in digging the foundations for a block of Pompeian houses near the university. Holding the precious thing in his hand, he descanted earnestly on the myth depicted upon it, until a sudden turn brought him to the subject of the new houses: they would bring him only two and a half per cent. on his investment,

and he ought to make five. And at once the dreamy archæologist was transformed into the alert and ambitious man of business. Intense in everything that touches the heroic past, he was no whit less intense in what concerned the bread-and-butter present.

From our first meeting I saw much of him: invitations to his house came thick and urgent. There were grand balls, filling the great marble mansion with the *élite* of Athens — half a thousand guests at times. There were select dinners that brought together the *élite* of the *élite*, and will always aid me, as I remember them, to recall the old Greek symposia. There were quiet breakfasts at which a favored few came still nearer one another and the genial host, particularly when (as was my privilege on the very last occasion) one sat by his side.

All visitors to Athens, especially all Americans, know the marble mansion on the street of the university, with its beautiful frescoes on the front and its sculptured gods and heroes guarding the battlements, with its garden full of oranges and climbing roses on either side and in the rear. Even in its exterior, it is a splendid palace, with its full front looking across the city upon the Acropolis. But enter once, and the charm of the house becomes commanding. The ground floor was a great museum, in some ways the most fascinating in the world, for it was full of the rude, prehistoric things of Troy. Adjacent were the working-rooms, where one found antiquity piled pell-mell, waiting for the work

of classification. Hence a wide marble stairway led up to the second floor, with its grand ball-room, drawing-room, dining-room, music-room, etc., etc.; while another took the visitor to the top, which was Dr. Schliemann's own. Here was his magnificent library, with its long, wide balcony; from this balcony he was fond of pointing out the profile of Gladstone, which nature has carved in the southeast face of the Sacred Rock. The library opened into the study, which was itself a very treasury of ancient art; while across the wide hall was the Doctor's chamber, looking out upon the lovely garden in the rear. The whole house was beautiful, with its fine mosaic floors, its frescoed walls and ceilings, very transcripts of old mythology, and the gnomic sentences and Odyssey verses which from every possible panel gave out their own sweetness and light. It was a treat to wander about the house with him and listen to his genial and often whimsical reading of the "writings on the wall." Over his library door stood the Delphic text, *γνῶθι σαυτόν* ("know thyself"), and under this, *ιατρείον ψυχῆς*, which he always translated "doctor-shop of the soul." The beauty and the fitness of all these gnomes and verses (and they would fill a small volume) made them no mean transcript of the mind of the man; and should Schliemann's *Ἰλίου Μέλαθρον* some thousands of years hence share the fortunes of the Pompeian prototypes it would yield a choice harvest of ancient wisdom. This name of the mansion, the Hall of Ilium, inscribed on its front does not savor of excessive modesty; but when I mentioned it to the Doctor one day, he rendered it at once the "Hut of Troy," saying Homer used the word for the huts of the beleaguering Greeks. I think he was mistaken about this; but it is the word used of Priam's palace. And certainly the man whose magic spade dug up Priam's city had good right to borrow the Homeric name for his Athenian mansion.

Bright and unique as was the mansion itself, it was the man in it, with his unique personality, that made it an event to enter there. More than any other man in new Greece, he had about him the old Greek flavor. German though he was by birth, American by adoption, cosmopolite by his far wandering life, he seemed a better Greek than any of the Greeks. Taking up the alphabet only after he had wrung a fortune out of fate by his own pluck and fortitude, and at the age of thirty-four, he had come to write and speak and think ancient Greek as a second mother tongue. The old authors, whom we spell out laboriously at college and then lay on the shelf forever, were his daily familiar society. How often have I found him in his library poring over Lucian as one of us might thumb his Thackeray! But it was Homer he knew best. A few weeks before leaving Athens for the last time, he came to call upon us. We were already entertaining a poor Ithacan, who, as a countryman of Odysseus and a special student of Homer, had Iliad and Odyssey at his tongue's end. The meeting of the two men was as the collision of two old rhapsodists, and the fire flew. Schliemann acknowledged my introduction of the Ithacan with a spontaneous burst of Homer; he was himself Odysseus "all marred with the salt foam of the wine-dark deep" which had tossed him hapless on the Phæacian strand, and as such he made his plaint to fair-armed Nausicaa: "I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art some goddess or a mortal!" and so on to the end of that long and splendid speech. Then Nausicaa of the white arms (by the mouth of our Ithacan) answered him and said: "Stranger, . . . since thou hast come to our city, and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment" — and all the rest. Long the combat raged; fast flew the winged words and hot: for the men were on their mettle. Schliemann's mood was worthy of Odysseus himself, "like a lion

of the hills trusting in his strength, who fares out under wind and rain, and his eyes are all on fire." Pitted against the Ithacan who knew nothing but Homer, the odds were yet with the old German who at the age of eight, in his father's humble parsonage at Ankershagen, had conceived the object of his life, to dig up Troy, but had to wait nearly thirty years before he could learn the Greek alphabet.

Speaking of the mansion and the man, the picture is far from finished without the figures of his charming family. The world knows how Mrs. Schliemann, a true Athenian, born and bred under the shadow of the Acropolis, shared his labors at Mycenæ and Troy, the very right hand of all his glorious enterprise;¹ but the world does not know so well with what an Attic grace and dignity she presided in his home, and made it a bright and memorable spot for all who were honored with his friendship. Still less does it know their children, Andromache and Agamemnon, the former a beautiful and accomplished girl just blooming into womanhood,² the latter a bright and sturdy boy of twelve. It was their father's wish that they should carry on his unfinished work, and they promise to be every way worthy of the trust.

Christmas was a great day always at Dr. Schliemann's, with the good old German Christmas-tree loaded down at the head of the ball-room. As usual, following the old Greek custom, my invitation was expansive enough to take in a countryman who was staying in Athens. We did not wait for the small hours, as most of the guests did, but I can never forget that I shared Schliemann's last bright Christmas joy. The house was alive with youth and merriment, "chasing the glowing hours with flying feet," and host

and hostess were at their beaming best. Each guest received a number and drew the corresponding trinket from the tree: simple and whimsical enough, some of them, but mine will have a permanent place among the treasures of a little maid who never saw his kindly face. The great man cherished to the last his childlike loves and ways: the day after his death Andromache dwelt upon this: "He would always have the nuts gilded as in his father's house in childhood." And his friend Virchow, whom he had visited at Berlin after the fatal operation at Halle, had just written the family how well he was looking, and congratulated them on the happy Christmas they would have on receiving him back!

Pleasant as are my recollections of the Schliemann routs, I recall with far greater pleasure the quieter hospitalities of his house. When I arrived in Athens, Boetticher's attacks on his Trojan theory were exercising him beyond his patience, and he was preparing to do his work at Troy over again, challenging the learned world to sit in judgment upon it. His preparations were minute and exhaustive. The grounds of the mansion were piled with spades, till they seemed a mining camp. American passports for himself, his family, and his servants must be taken out: it should never be forgotten that Troy was uncovered under the protection of our flag. It was amusing enough to set under the American eagle the names of his servants, Æneas and Creusa and Priam and Telamon; but he would have nothing but Homeric servitors about him. And when he went back to Troy, he might have set the Homeric story on the stage of the ancient theatre he discovered there — so far as names were concerned. Well, the world knows the story of his second siege of Troy, and

¹ "With glad enthusiasm," he says, "she joined me in executing the great work which nearly half a century ago my childish simplicity had agreed upon with my father, and planned with Minna," his first love.

² Since this was written, I have assisted at the fair Andromache's wedding with Leon Melas, son of the present Demarch of Athens.

how far it went toward settling Captain Boetticher and his necropolis theory. The work was indeed unfinished, and was to be resumed the next spring. Mrs. Schliemann will go on with it as the mission of her widowhood.

But I set out to speak of Schliemann's return from Troy that spring. He was feeling happy enough over the progress made, and the protocol just then published by Virchow and the other authorities who had gone to Troy at his request, and he gave a little dinner to which some twenty of his friends, mainly archæologists, sat down. I think the dinner was an expression of his feelings, all the way from the soup to the sweets; but it became preëminently so when he rose to propose the health of the chief guest, a German engineer officer who had made his Trojan surveys. For unmitigated frankness, I have never heard the equal of that speech. For some reason he spoke in English, and the burden of the language, which he managed well enough in conversation, increased with the intensity of his feeling as he went on to bless his friends and blast his enemies. Altogether the effort, with its effect, was indescribable; but it was like the man in its unstudied simplicity, and not a heart there but felt toward him the warmer and more trustful for it.

After this Schliemann went again to Troy, and kept the work going until the season stopped him. Several of my friends, who visited him there, have told or written me of the warm welcome he gave them and his unstinted hospitality. Among others, two English ladies, traveling alone, desired me to give them a letter to him, and as they were of the heroic order that Schliemann admired, I did so. They landed at the Dardanelles, secured a guard and an ox-cart, and in this Oriental state advanced on Ilium, several hours distant. Schliemann and his people received them with three cheers, declaring theirs "the first *carriage* that ever entered Troy." In per-

son he showed them over the ancient city, entertained them on the Acropolis where Ilium *was*, and dismissed them with a proper escort.

I remained in Athens all the summer long, bent on reading the Attic calendar from end to end; most people flee from the place if they can get away. My family joined me here in August, when the heat was at its height. A few days later I went to show my daughter the Troy collection, supposing Dr. Schliemann to be with his family at an Austrian watering-place. To my great surprise we found him at home, hard at work with the new Trojan spoil; he had been buried there for a month without people's knowing he was in town. His delight at seeing my daughter, though only an incident of his spontaneous sympathy with youth, impressed me deeply. No young man could have been more gallant; and, with the ruling passion in him strong, he decorated her offhand with an Homeric name, and a divine one at that, *Artemis*, appealing to Dr. Brückner, his assistant, to say if she did not look the image of the goddess. It was enough to turn an older head; but we had to take him seriously when the next day brought this invitation in his dear old Greek: "I beg you, *with your daughter Artemis* and your wife, to breakfast with me day after to-morrow, Sunday, when the sun is in mid-heaven." With *Artemis* I presented myself in due time, to find a choice group of his intimates already with him. There were two university professors and several *savants* from the German Archæological Institute, and a fine young fellow, the Doctor's *protégé*, from the University of Berlin. *Artemis*, as sole representative of her sex, was installed in the place of mistress of the mansion, while I sat on the Doctor's left, facing the Nestor of Greek archæology on his right. I am thus particular because the occasion is consecrated in my memory as the last of its kind. Just before he left, I was

invited to another little breakfast with him, but I could not go. So my last symposium with the last of the old Greeks — alas! that I should have to say “last” of either — was on that bright Athenian Sunday at high noon in the brilliant banquet-chamber of the Hall of Troy. The picture cannot fade, nor can it ever be recalled without a warm feeling about the heart for the man who was great enough to be as simple as a child. The little maiden just escaped from the Wild West could hardly have felt more at home in her father’s cottage than the simple great man made her feel in this extraordinary experience of presiding at his board.

At his table one was little conscious of the eating and drinking, generous as was the fare always; but the talk was tremendous. And there was no monopoly. Even at a little breakfast, with only a dozen covers, half a dozen conversations might be going on at once. In the medley of tongues, German always had a long lead, but Schliemann himself conscientiously preferred Greek. He thought he knew it as well as his mother tongue; but then he thought the same of his English, in which he was mistaken. I counted it a great compliment that he often spoke and usually wrote to me in classical Greek, though I rarely exercised myself to reply in kind. At his table, and anywhere, he would turn with the greatest facility from one language to another, carrying his part, it might be, in three concurrent conversations in as many tongues. And I never saw him heavy-laden with his language but once; it was in the English toast to which I have already referred.

I find the pen running away with me, so many things crowd upon the mind as I recall the happy hours I owe him, but I must follow the Artemis incident a little further. Since his death, Mrs. Schliemann has shown me some of his last letters to her, and from one of them, written on the eve of her return to Athens, I

had the mournful pleasure to transcribe in his good old Greek the original of these words: “I entreat you, the first time you go out of the house, to call upon Mrs. Manatt. . . . She has a daughter *whose name is Artemis*, so Andromachidion must go with you.” Dear, thoughtful soul! Could he have thought how that visit would be paid! On Christmas day — day that he loved so well — Mrs. Schliemann and Andromache were visiting Artemis and her mother; and the night after Christmas the lightning flashed from Naples the news of their bereavement.

The man’s thoughtfulness left nothing out. I have his last will, a closely written document of thirteen foolscap pages in Greek, and for comprehensiveness, minuteness, and unassailability, it is the most remarkable paper of which I have any knowledge. Dealing with an estate of some three millions, to say nothing of treasures beyond all estimate, and with peculiar liability to contests, he has (humanly speaking) made it impossible to mistake or evade or overthrow an article or particle of his will. A man in the uttermost parts of the earth could open that will and administer it without asking a question of any living man, for everything is in it.

I have alluded to his “doctor-shop of the soul” with its Delphic text above the portal. After the operation at Halle he was in great pain, and thus he tells, in a letter to his wife, of the poultice he applied: —

“Last night I had awful pains in my ear. Then I wondered, Is there no remedy? when the thought came to me of the writing over my door, — *γνώθι σαυρόν*. I meditated on the words, and then I wrote them down, and put them on the pain, and thought and thought upon them until I persuaded myself that the pain was unreal. And that was the first time I slept without pain since the operation.”

This Socratic mind-cure was like the man. By faith he saw what was invisible

to other men, and lived in the company of the Immortals even in our prosaic age. He could think himself into the heart of Homer, and he could think away his torturing pain.

His life went out suddenly, among strangers, in a strange city — a vicissitude in keeping with the bitter pathos of his youth; but few Athenians in all the long illustrious roll have had a grander funeral. Upon his pall were heaped the

honors of the world, and about it gathered all the greatness that is left of Greece.

On a cloudless winter day, the lambent Attic atmosphere suffused with sunshine all the brighter for the snowy mantle on the Attic mountain tops, "at the highest spot in the Hellenic cemetery" (so ran his will) between the Ilissus and the sea, we "heaped the piled earth on him," and left him forever with the Immortals.

J. Irving Manatt.

A MARINE OBSERVATORY THE PRIME NEED OF AMERICAN BIOLOGY.

THE ocean is now regarded as the original home of life on this planet, and its present inhabitants furnish records of life histories and evolution phases which are absolutely indispensable to a deeper insight into the phenomena and laws of life. This is not merely the opinion of a few investigators, but the concurrent testimony of leading biological authorities the world over. It is a conviction which began to take root a little after the middle of this century, but has only within the last twenty years found expression in the establishment of marine laboratories.

A glance at the history of this movement may give some idea of its importance, and place our long-felt need in a clearer light. Liebig's *Welt im Glase* is said to have given rise to the idea of marine aquaria, which were first developed in London. The step from inland marine aquaria to seaside laboratories, simple as it may be in theory, was accomplished only after many years of pioneer work had shown the importance of marine biology, and the necessity of well-equipped laboratories at the seashore for its prosecution. It was the work of such men as Johannes Müller, Carl Vogt, Louis Agassiz, Rudolf Leuckart, Thomas

Huxley, Carl Gegenbaur, Anton Dohrn, and Lacaze-Duthiers that prepared the way for the appreciation of marine zoölogy. Carl Vogt, of Geneva, once a colleague of the late Professor Agassiz, was one of the earliest and ablest advocates of seaside laboratories in Europe. As early as 1844 we find him engaged with Milne-Edwards on a plan for the investigation of coral islands, for which purpose a station was to be erected, and a ship with dredging apparatus supplied. A mere question of etiquette, says Vogt, brought the plan to naught. The commander in chief of a man-of-war in the royal navy of France would not submit to the direction of a naturalist. A few years later, Vogt tried in vain to create an interest in a station at Villafranca, and in 1863 he proposed a "zoölogical seminary" at Naples, which only failed of realization through the untimely death of his coadjutors, Matteucci and Filippi. Similar events thwarted his effort to found a station at Trieste, in 1871. At last, after so many disappointments, this great apostle of marine laboratories has had the satisfaction of seeing that his labors were not wholly in vain; for stations have been planted both at Villafranca and Trieste, and at Naples his plan

has been more than realized in the magnificent international station founded by Anton Dohrn. It was early in the seventies that the movement culminated in the establishment of the celebrated station at Roscoff, under the direction of Professor Lacaze-Duthiers, and in the Zoological Station at Naples. Many other stations have since been planted in Europe, and they have extended even to Africa, Asia, Australia, and Japan, rapidly verifying the prediction of Dohrn that the world would soon be encircled by biological stations.

Such institutions are no longer regarded as doubtful experiments. The leading governments of Europe, while staggering under the dead weight of standing armies, support them by liberal subventions. The annual deficit of ten thousand dollars in the budget of the Naples station is generously met by the German government, although the station does not stand on German ground. Germans may well be proud of a "Fatherland" that, in matters of science, forgets geographical as well as ethnological boundary lines.

On this side of the Atlantic, the earlier marine laboratories most fruitful in research are the private laboratory of Mr. Agassiz at Newport, the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory of Professor Brooks, and the United States Fish Commission Station at Wood's Holl. The history of our seaside laboratories began with the Anderson School of Natural History in 1873. That school holds an important place in the history of our summer schools; but its story has been so faithfully and graphically told by Mrs. Agassiz,¹ as to make it unnecessary to dwell upon it here.

The isolated location of the Anderson School, ten or fifteen miles from the mainland, and the death of its master, December 14, 1873, led to its abandonment at the close of the second session, in 1874. Mr. Alexander Agassiz, to whom the di-

rectorship fell after the death of his father, endeavored in vain to interest educational institutions in its support, and hence his plan of removing the laboratory to Wood's Holl was given up. For nearly twenty years the laboratory stood as an empty monument to the enterprising genius of Agassiz, its plain pine walls adorned only with some mottoes which were the treasured words from his inspired lips during that memorable summer. These mottoes were taken to the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl in the summer of 1891, and they, with a few other relics, are all that remain, for shortly afterward an unexplained fire completely destroyed the building.

About ten years after the abandonment of Penikese, the late Professor Spencer F. Baird, backed by all the resources of the United States Fish Commission, succeeded in planting at Wood's Holl the most extensive fish and fisheries station in the world. The station had a fleet of vessels at its service, and laboratory facilities beyond anything before offered in this country; but for various reasons the station did not develop into a strong centre of biological research. After Professor Baird's death, his successor in office, Colonel Marshall McDonald, reorganized the station, and endeavored to revive the plan of making it a scientific centre. While the station has fulfilled the functions of a fish commission with marked success, it is manifest that its organization and aims are incompatible with those of a great national centre of research. It is conceded on all sides that a station, in order to meet the needs of our science, must have an organization entirely independent of government control, and be dependent, not on annual appropriations that may be as uncertain and variable as the fortunes of political parties, but on an adequate endowment furnished by private initiative. This point is settled by our own history as well as by the general verdict of scientific men.

¹ Louis Agassiz: his Life and Correspondence. Edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. Vol. ii. chap. xxv.

The latest effort to establish a biological observatory at Wood's Holl is now in the fifth year of its development. It started with small means, but with high aims. At the outset the times were not ripe for the immediate realization of high hopes. The entire situation was beset with difficulties, which time and faithful work alone could overcome. Educational institutions, with but few exceptions, took no active interest in the project; rival schemes were set up all around; men of high scientific respectability and influence held aloof; and the cause itself had to be vindicated at every point. In short, the conditions and forces with which its supporters had to deal required a period of re-creative incubation and nursing before they would lend themselves to the hoped-for development. The records of the laboratory show that it has all the vitality of a sound germ, which needs only the sprinkling of an adequate endowment to call forth its latent powers, and make it a national centre of biological research. When a second Anderson arises to bless the undertaking, he will find that the ground has been so well prepared as to preclude the possibility of another failure. The feasibility of the plan has already been demonstrated; the active coöperation of a very large number of the leading biologists of the country has been secured; no less than a dozen colleges and universities responded to the first offer of private rooms on subscription; and, what is all important, the whole organization is on a strictly non-sectional basis. Not only have all these elements of a safe and permanent foundation been secured, but the resources of the fauna and flora have been tested over and over again; so that it can now be said with absolute confidence that Wood's Holl, all things considered, is precisely the location which combines the largest number of natural advantages, such as accessibility, a healthy climate, quiet surroundings, extensive and easy collecting grounds, water free from contaminating inflows

either from rivers or city sewers, wealth and variety of shore life as well as pelagic forms. Close by are small, easily isolated bodies of brackish water, and a considerable number of isolated freshwater basins and lakes, affording opportunities of the rarest kind for studying the effects of long isolation, and most favorable conditions for the control of experimental work. The United States Fish Commission plant, with extraordinary facilities for collecting, adds greatly to the advantages of the location.

In speaking of the many practical advantages of the location, the attractive features of the environment should not be overlooked. Low, sloping hills, covered with forests of evergreens, or groves of oak, beech, and maple, form the background; in front lie the beautiful islands of Nonamesset and Naushon, the two nearer links in the long chain of the eight Elizabeth Islands, the Indian names of which are familiar to members of the laboratory through the following rhyme:—

"Naushon, Nashuena,
Nonamesset, Uncatena,
Weepeeket, Pasquenese,
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

On the south and east lies Vineyard Sound, a favorite course for yacht-races, and an important highway for steamers, vessels, and craft of every order and description. Just beyond rises Martha's Vineyard, which, together with Nantucket, constitutes the "foot" of the Massachusetts "boot." The "sole" of this "foot" is imagined to be ripped off and turned back in the form of Cape Cod, which, being out of sight to the observer at Wood's Holl, does not detract, even by way of metaphorical suggestion, from the beauty of the island. Opposite, on the west, is the broad expanse of Buzzard's Bay, nearly landlocked from the ocean by the chain of the Elizabeth Islands, and thus forming a separate sea of about thirty miles in length. Such are the surroundings.

The present Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl represents only the initial stage of the undertaking. It serves as a temporary basis for the concentration of forces and the perfection of plans. It is provisional, however, only as a germ is provisional, which anticipates, potentially at least, the essential characters and activities of the mature organism.

The laboratory owes its origin to the Women's Educational Association and to some members of the Society of Natural History of Boston. Its board of trustees, numbering about twenty, represents Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Harvard Medical School, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Williams, Cincinnati, the University of Toronto, the Missouri Botanical Garden, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and the Boston Society of Natural History. Its officers of instruction have been drawn from no less than fourteen leading educational and scientific centres of the United States. Its membership has extended to nearly all the more important universities, colleges, and schools. Beginning in 1888 with a membership of 17, representing thirteen different institutions, it increased the number to 44 in 1889, 47 in 1890, 71 in 1891, and 110 in 1892, from fifty-two of our higher institutions of learning.

The Marine Biological Laboratory attaches itself to no single institution, but holds itself rigidly to the impartial function of serving all on the same terms. It depends not upon one faculty for its staff of instructors, but seeks the best men it can find among the higher institutions of the land. The board of trustees is a growing body, every year adding to its number, until it now comprises a very large proportion of the leading biologists of America. The whole policy is national in spirit and scope. The laboratory exists in the interest of biology at large, and not to nurse the prestige of any university or the pride of individual pretension.

It upholds an idea which appeals more and more every day to our scattered workers. It is the idea of collective as opposed to isolated endeavor, the idea of coöperative concentration of varied forces in place of dissipative multiplication of like forces. Recognizing specialization in scientific work as one of the two great principles underlying all progress, it finds the companion principle in affiliation. These two principles, — the one tending to intensify and exalt individual effort, the other to supplement and magnify it through organic unity of action, — these two principles, acting together, furnish, as we now both see and feel, the conditions of progress. The organic world has obeyed these principles unconsciously; the social world is forced along the same general line of progress, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, but forced all the same; the scientific world has discovered that specialization is a necessity, and that this necessity has a twin sister, for which we have no better name than "affiliation." We have ceased to distrust the leadership of specialization, and as we follow, limiting our effort to what we can do best, we find the parts we have resigned provided for and kept in true relation by affiliated labor. Affiliation, and affiliation of the broadest scientific catholicity, is the keynote of the organization, which serves as a preliminary to the desired foundation at Wood's Holl.

On a sound organization hangs everything. This is the *punctum saliens*, the vital point in such an undertaking. It is the only agency to which a large endowment can be safely entrusted. It must be sound in principle, true to ideals, and practical in aims. The prime requisites are three. First, it must be representative: it must represent the leaders of our sciences; it must *express* the affiliation it advocates; it must not be open to the suspicion of favoring local or personal interests; and it must be so ordered as to be proof against the intrusion of such

influences. Secondly, it must be devoted to biology as a whole: it must stand, not for any one-sided development, but for the broad interests of all the biological sciences in marine life; representing all schools of biology, it must be the safest guardian of the common interests of all. Thirdly, it must be independent: it should be free from the control of either the state or the general government, — as far removed from the influences of political intrigue as possible; it should tolerate only such connections or relations with colleges and universities as would further its general usefulness, insure its scientific efficiency, and secure impartiality of administration.

Representative character, devotion to biology at large, independent government, — such are the essential elements of a strong and progressive organization.

Such an organization would comprise, in addition to a representative board of trustees, a strong body of salaried investigators, and a staff of officers for the direction of the scientific work and for the administration of current affairs. The investigators should be selected with a view to representing as many of the leading branches of biological work as possible, so as to realize to the fullest extent the great advantages of close association among specialists. For the work of such a staff and that of transient investigators, an extensive equipment would be required, — furniture, aquaria, instruments, glassware, and all the paraphernalia of an investigator's table, besides boats, dredges, nets, and whatever other apparatus is called for in collecting.

To all this must be added a body of expert research assistants. This is a provision of the very highest importance, as a moment's reflection will make clear. The proper work of the investigator is mental. While it is true economy for him to devote a certain amount of time to physical exercise in the open air, he cannot afford to waste time in the purely mechanical drudgery of his occupation.

In order to know the haunts and the habits of the organisms he studies, he must search for them himself, and his work is incomplete until he can bring habits and activities into relation with structure and form. But in this time-consuming work of collecting, the greater part may and should be done by trained collectors who are not fitted to do the brain-work of research. For the same reasons, the investigator should not have to lose time and energy in preparing reagents, dish-washing, knife-sharpening, sectioning with the microtome, elaborating tedious drawings with the pencil or brush, constructing models, and many other purely manual performances, which can be done better and more quickly by trained assistants. While he must be master of most of these technical aids, he should have every time-saving service at hand.

In these days, when so much may depend upon the method employed, the investigator must be an experimenter, and that he can be without descending from the plane of scientific discovery. When, however, the results have been reached and formulated, the preparations and applications of the means devised can, for the most part, be carried out by assistants. It should be a reproach to any institution to permit an investigator worthy of the name to squander precious moments and money pottering with mechanical details that signify nothing. The time will come when waste of brain-energy will be reckoned a public calamity. Francis Galton¹ speaks to the point when he says, "Aptitudes and tastes for occupations which enrich the thoughts and productive powers of man are as much articles of national wealth as coal and iron, and their waste is as reprehensible."

Biological investigation, be it remembered, has already suffered beyond calculation from the lack of proper service. So generally has this matter been neg-

¹ English Men of Science, page 223.

lected that we often have the mortification of seeing science confounded with technique. Neither biology nor any other science can dispense with its retinue of hod-carriers, but bricks and mortar do not create an edifice. The hod-man remains a hod-man until he rises to the mastery of architectural origination. Fine artistic drawings, skillful dissections, exquisite models, beautiful microscopical preparations, and the like are instrumentalities and illustrative decorations of science, in all of which the average unscientific intelligence may excel. The execution of such work, admirable and useful as it is, is not to be confounded with science, even though it be done by a man of science. High-sounding titles, like "Contributions to Science," often honor contributions of unwrought clay, and these may be archived in scientific periodicals. But the clay-digger, like the hod-carrier, is doing purely mechanical work—he is contributing only material elements—devoid of all tectonic creation. It is not collection and description of material, but interpretation that makes science. "Observation and Reflection" are the expressive words with which Karl Ernst von Baer signalized his idea of true scientific work. Goethe's contributions to biology bear on the title-page the inscription, "Erfahrung, Betrachtung, Folgerung," — Experience, Reflection, Inference, — three steps without which science cannot be reached.

It is for the higher productions of our sciences that a marine biological observatory would stand. It should be guided by men imbued with lofty aims, who are in touch with the leading issues of biology, who know both how to respect and how to estimate all grades of work, who are fertile in ideas and yet not lacking in common sense, who understand the difference between the achievements of pure science and the exploits of technique, who are able to stimulate and guide the efforts of others, who appreciate the importance of keeping specialists in working relations

that approach organic unity, and who know how to order mechanical agencies so as to make them most effective servants to the higher functions of science.

The buildings required for such an organization would be an observatory and a mansion. The observatory should be a three-story fireproof building, large enough for an extensive aquarium, a library, lecture hall, several general laboratories, about fifty private laboratories, and a number of store and work rooms.

Doubtless some questions yet remain to be answered in the minds of those who have not inquired particularly into the needs, aims, and practical importance of biological investigation.

Why should the friends of education and science take a deep interest in the project I have outlined? Is it a scheme that the whole scientific world would approve and urge, or is it only the fad of a few scientific cranks? Is it of sufficient importance to the higher educational institutions of America to receive their general and continued support? Allowing that it would be a great and lasting benefaction to science, would it touch the vital every-day interests of humanity? Is a national affair of this magnitude an object for private enterprise? As it does not appeal to local pride, how can it expect individual beneficence to come to its aid? Some of these questions have been fully answered in the foregoing pages; others, although many times answered by the deeds of enlightened generosity, are yet deserving of brief notice here.

Let me again emphasize the fact that the distinctive feature of the undertaking, its national character, is precisely what gives it the indorsement of scientists both at home and abroad, and makes it a matter of common interest to our colleges and universities; hence it touches larger than sectional interests, and appeals to more worthy motives than those which are moved by local celebrity. To the large-minded benefactor, who measures

the dignity and worth of an undertaking, not by what it will return in local fame, but by what it will accomplish for the advancement of science, — to such a benefactor this feature will appeal with no little force.

The cause of higher education and science, in this country, owes nearly all its greater foundations to the broad and generous philanthropy of private initiative. The Smithsonian Institution, which has so long and so successfully served the cause, stands to-day, and will ever stand, as one of the best examples. The Anderson School of Natural History was absolutely free from the reproach of localism; its master and its founder were both spirits finely touched to fine issues. Some of our older and most honored universities arose, not at the instance of sectarian rivalry, metropolitan pride, or any other limitation foreign to the spirit of science, but at the instigation of sentiments and purposes as free and boundless as the air we breathe. One such universal blessing lifts this centennial year above the din and clang of a gigantic World's Fair, and makes it forever memorable in the annals of American university creations. The real glory and grandeur of that gift, be it noted in passing, lie in the simple fact that it was bestowed on a cause, not on a place. A world's cause, like a World's Fair, must have a "local habitation;" such a cause finds its place, not the place the cause.

The scientific importance of the work in question has been indicated; its discoveries are now leading philosophical thought, and giving us an insight into the history of life which other lines of investigation could never afford. Its educational value is that of biological studies in general. These studies appeal to the mind and to the heart at every stage of our intellectual existence. They keep alive that innate love of nature which is so essential a foundation of happiness and well-being. They awaken thought and sharpen sight; they intensify regard

for essentialities, train the powers of observation and discrimination, accustom the mind to logical methods, deepen sincerity, and give strength and courage of conviction.

The really precious things of life, as Ruskin has so clearly discerned and taught, are thought and sight, not steam and electricity. "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world," says Ruskin, "is to *see* something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion, — all in one." No stronger testimony to the importance of biology as a means and source of culture could be desired, for it is especially the biological sciences which appeal directly, constantly, and in a multitude of ways to sight, while exercising and developing the insight. Emerson, discoursing on *The Method of Nature*, gives no less emphatic testimony to the same truth when he says, "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

The "practical" utilities of biological knowledge are multiplying on every hand, and they are beginning to be felt in so many ways in our homes and our occupations that a detailed consideration of them does not seem necessary here. A few general statements for those who are not familiar with the facts will suffice. Without claiming more than has already been conceded by impartial judges, it may be said that our best protection against the ills and dangers of life, our best security in respect to such necessities as food and clothing, and our highest welfare of both mind and body are more intimately connected with the biological sciences than with any other branches of knowledge. Medicine, surgery, and hygiene have been revolutionized at the hands of biology; agriculture and horticulture go to biology as well as chemistry to learn the agencies and first principles of fertility, and for methods of protec-

tion against the ravages of insects and destructive parasites; forestry seeks light and aid from the same source; our great fish and fisheries industry, including oyster culture, lobster breeding, and all the rest, is gravitating more and more into the hands of biological investigators. The germ theory of disease, which is biological from beginning to end, has been turned to practical applications of the most varied nature, and of the most far-reaching importance to every people under the sun. Pointing to the marvelous discoveries of recent years in the etiology of disease, in an address before the International Medical Association of 1881, John Simon, a very high medical authority, said, "I venture to say that in the records of human industry it would be

impossible to point to work of more promise to the world than these various contributions to the knowledge of disease, and of its cure and prevention."¹ This wonderful germ theory owes its origin to the study of the purely scientific question of spontaneous generation.

The study of the great problems of heredity now occupying so much attention among biologists will surely lead, sooner or later, to practical applications of no less moment to the human race than those based on the germ theory of disease. For such study we need facilities for long-continued observation and experiment. Every branch of biological research should be brought to bear on these and kindred problems, and our best talent should be enlisted and encouraged in the service.

C. O. Whitman.

THE FUTURE OF LOCAL LIBRARIES.

THE action of the State of Massachusetts, a year or two ago, in creating a library commission, and committing to a small body of selected men and women the task of fostering local libraries, opens a new era in the history of such institutions. The act went farther than any legislation had gone before in pledging in a moderate way the help of the commonwealth to towns finding it difficult, by reason of financial inability, to avail themselves of their right to establish a library. The founding of this commission has only increased the preëminence which this State had before achieved in the number of her public libraries. Before the creation of this commission Massachusetts possessed a predominating influence in the whole country by the number and activity of her local libraries, and with this renewal of her energy the State is not likely for many years to have her lead in library matters questioned. Therefore it is in Mas-

sachusetts that the problems of a public library system are more numerous than elsewhere, and the elements of these problems are more likely to be arrayed with the best chance of instructing a wider and national public. These elements necessarily vary from the necessities and expansions incident to a free municipal library of the first class, like that of Boston, to the conditions attached to the smallest possible collection of books which the public is likely to sustain. There will also be corresponding differences in the constituencies, depending on this wide range of conditions.

When the State recognized the desirability of exercising an advisory relation to such small libraries, adding at times the financial aid of an almoner, the first step was taken towards preparing the way for a larger interposition. There can be no question, from the experience

¹ *Nature*, 1881, page 373.

of the Société Franklin in France, that judicious paternal supervision over a large circle of dependent libraries, as scattered as they are in the French provinces, can yield many advantages, both financial and administrative, to each library of the circle. This organization, with its main seat at Paris, is not, indeed, an exact parallel of what a state might do, because the society named after the promoter of popular libraries in America is a private instrumentality, supported by the friendly aid of subscribers. The many small libraries scattered through the length and breadth of France are its absolute creatures, and subject primarily to its central discipline. Such an autocratic control is probably impossible, and in many ways undesirable, in an American community accustomed to local autonomies. It is, however, a pertinent question whether the French methods cannot be adapted in this country in such a way as to preserve for the town a vital interest in its library.

It is necessary to look to what the French system can accomplish, both in the saving of money and in the perfection of method, in order to consider whether these advantages are enough to render such an adaptation, because of the allurements, both possible and likely. The advantages are these:—

A central station of control amasses experience, derived from observation in all sorts of communities, far beyond what is possible in a single small library.

Such a station can furnish material appliances for library service, made on approved patterns, and, being manufactured or bought in large quantities, at less cost.

The same chance for better advantages would accrue in the purchase of books in large quantities.

The cataloguing of such books, once done, would suffice for all the libraries in the circle, and the same printed lists would serve equally well in all, each library inserting its own shelf-marks

where it has the books. Every trustee of a small library knows what an onerous proportion of its income is given by compulsion to the preparation and printing of its book-lists, and can perceive what great help in bearing the burden this combination would afford, to say nothing of the better results in the uniform excellence of the catalogue work. The printing charges of all administrative blanks, etc., could be shared in the same way.

In the choice of books, the large experience of the central agency would have a like free scope for the general good, and this choice could be made without slighting the peculiar needs of different localities and the preferences of local helpers in such matters. Every purveyor to such libraries knows how often a new interest in the public appreciation demands a suitable book. Often the market is not supplied with just what is wanted. The Paris society has found that, with an assured sale for its circle of libraries, a trained writer and responsible publisher can be found to prepare the needed book.

These are all great advantages, patent to every one, but there are undoubted offsets. The system strikes hard at local interests and pride. The town carpenter and printer think they are deprived of their just chances of profit when the metropolis furnishes tables and catalogues. The few educated men of the village—the minister, the doctor, the lawyer—judge their natural ascendancy among their neighbors to be imperiled, if they are not allowed to select the books or supervise the cataloguing. If the town or its citizens furnish the money for the library's support, they prefer to entrust its expenditure to neighbors rather than to a distant executive council. All these are obvious disadvantages, and a system which induced them would be regarded as abridging both public and private rights.

A decision, however, may arise from

weighing advantages against disadvantages, and in ascertaining whence, on the whole, the greater profit comes. With the tendency to centralization which is seen in every direction, and the breaking down of old barriers of opinion on every hand, there seems little doubt that the public is drifting to a position in which this central control will be naturally and effectively applied to local libraries. If we consider a moment the history of railroad amalgamation, we shall find the public mind forty years ago as respects small local corporations where it is now in relation to these minor libraries. It was thought that these petty local corporations looked best after local interests, and protected the public against monopolies. Forty years have shown that better service and greater convenience can be assured by the abolition of such corporations, and their union into a wide, methodized consolidation. It is apparent that if this tendency takes at last the library interests of the community under its control, the scope of such a commission as Massachusetts now possesses has a good chance of enlargement.

No indication, by any means, has been given of all the ways in which a uniform system and common administration could benefit these local libraries. They might have not only relations to a central bureau, but improved relations to each other and to the higher functions of literature. Every local board of library management knows how difficult it is to decide upon the proportion of expenditure to be maintained between expensive books, — including those of reference, — which are always to some extent a necessity in small libraries, and the books of a low cost and merely pastime character. There is no reason why, in such a system of combination as is above outlined, a central agency should not gradually amass a collection of more costly books, to be sent to this library or the other, as a loan, as occasion might require. There is no reason why the cen-

tral agency might not mediate between libraries of the circle, and transfer books, or classes of books, temporarily, to answer local demands of a casual nature.

It is a common experience in local libraries that their shelves become weighted with books practically dead, which have been poured into the collection from overstocked garrets, and have escaped from households at the refurnishing of family sitting-rooms. Such books take the same space that active ones do, and require as much care and cost of cataloguing, and almost always fail of the proper mission of a book, — to be read. This is an old grievance, and has been much talked about. In the big Report on Public Libraries, issued by the national Bureau of Education in 1876, the suggestion was made that some system should be devised by which the large libraries of the country should have the chance of selecting from such a superfluous mass what they could make use of, while the rest should be sent to the auction room or the paper mill. When this hint was thrown out, seventeen years ago, there was little chance of any result from such ruthless advice, since it was thought that the sensibilities of givers of books should be respected; and it was a hard thing for the board of trustees of any local library to consent to a diminution of the count of volumes in its rivalry with neighboring towns. If perhaps a college student, home on his vacation, chanced to ask for one of these despised volumes, the incident was held to be enough to vitalize the whole of them.

The public mind, in such a condition, seldom or never acts without a leader, and it is not every man who has the courage to conduct his neighbors to the right. The last report of the public library of Quincy, Mass., shows that in Mr. Charles Francis Adams its board of trustees had a chairman who dared to become a champion of intelligence against slumberous tradition. Mr. Ad-

ams squarely met the question of a new extension of their library building by packing off to the auction room some thousands of just such books, rubbish there, but possibly provender in some other place.

Mention has been made that one of the leading obstacles to reform lies in the transfer of care and responsibility from a local management to a central board, thus serving to depress public interest and subordinate individuality. There is one particular in which this self-control can most effectually be preserved, whether in a circle of libraries or out of it, and it is most desirable that it should be so preserved. Every locality has its traditional interest. A town may have its roll of authors; and, taking advantage of this, the public libraries of Concord and Cambridge have made a collection

of the writings of their sons. Hingham has a reputation for buckets; Duxbury lives in its clams and Myles Standish; another village is famous for its paper mills, and still another because its button factory has carried its name the world over. One town has a distinguished son, as Woburn was the birthplace of Rumford; Salem has its witch history; other places figure in the annals of war or peace. There is every reason why such distinguishing features of a town's record should be the motive of a collection of books illustrating that characteristic of which it is proud, or whose memory it cannot escape. Watching the growth of such a collection would be an excellent object lesson to its people of the way in which large libraries are gathered, and the lesson would be a salutary one.

Justin Winsor.

THE HAYES ADMINISTRATION.

WHEN the nominating convention of the Republican party met in Cincinnati in 1876, the country was still agitated by the disclosures of corruption in office which had given the administration a bad notoriety, even in comparison with the most scandalous periods of other days. Public sentiment had been so grossly outraged, that politicians who kept their heads knew perfectly well that some promise of reform was necessary, if the party was to have any chance for success in the approaching presidential election. Few people doubted that the shameless "whiskey frauds" were connected with the third-term movement, and this movement had collapsed before the convention assembled. Mr. Blaine was in the natural order of succession, if actual leadership in party politics were to determine it; and he would probably have been nominated

with little opposition had it not been for the investigations of the last Congress into the private uses made of public power. His prestige among the active politicians who controlled the party organization was nevertheless so great that it was plain it would be "Blaine against the field," and that he would still be nominated unless all the elements opposed to him could be concentrated upon some one else. All these elements were by no means reformatory. The delegates in the convention who really meant reform were a mere handful, led by Mr. Curtis, and the contest would have to be pretty close before they would hold the balance of power. The machinery of party, as everybody knows, is not set up to give expression to notions of reform. Delegates are chosen with other ends in view. To gain these ends, however, the elections must be carried, and therefore

the fear of defeat may make the engineers give some recognition (usually in the platform) to a vigorous and persistent minority in the party, who might go into opposition at a time when circumstances indicate a close vote. A similar recognition may be given, by way of seductive influence, to independent organizations and to bodies of disaffected men in the opposite party. No politician takes these things seriously. They are either mere "tubs to the whale," strictly for campaign use, or at most are concessions to a demand which cannot safely be ignored, and must be followed by an effort, more or less honest, to redeem the pledge by legislative or executive action. It is of the essence of current American politics that the education of public opinion and the creation of an effectual demand for reform shall be conducted outside of the brotherhood of "workers" in a party, by men who consciously sacrifice political advancement in doing so. Our good fortune comes when, in the lottery of nominating conventions, a man who means to redeem his party's promises, and who has the courage and ability to do it, is put into a place of power.

The candidates opposed to Mr. Blaine were Bristow, Conkling, Hartranft, Hayes, and Morton. Each of these had the backing of a nomination by his own State, and none of them were unknown men. They entered the contest with all the accustomed forms, and the rivalry was confined to them to the end. Mr. Bristow was distinctively the candidate of the men who felt most deeply the need of systematic reform in the civil service. His unflinching prosecution of fraud in the revenue service had been in the face of influences which few men would have had the nerve to resist. Personal attachments, official comfort, party advancement, and public ambition all combined to warn him off from the course of duty. His experience in the Treasury Department had quickened

and broadened his sympathy with the civil-service reformers, so that his nomination would have been in itself an assurance that positive progress in the right direction would be made.

Neither Mr. Conkling nor Mr. Morton could be said to stand for anything specific in doctrine or in practice which should distinguish their candidacy from that of Mr. Blaine. Both were veterans in public life and leaders in their party. Both were responsible for their full share of the influences which had made party politics synonymous with selfish ambition, yet both were free from any suspicion of seeking pecuniary profit for themselves in their official action. That they did not require equal self-denial of their followers was notorious enough; but, as times were, it was no small advantage that their own hands were clean. They had long been rivals of Mr. Blaine in party leadership, and if he had outstripped them in the race, they still had each a strong following. The selection of either of them as a candidate would have meant the continuation, as nearly as possible, of the methods and influences in government which had marked the past eight years. Both were members of the "senatorial group" which was popularly regarded as omnipotent in controlling appointments and in the details of party policy.

Hartranft and Hayes were men whose careers had also a similarity to each other. Both had been brave and devoted soldiers during the civil war. Both had risen by merit from subordinate places in regiments to the rank of general of division. Both had distinguished themselves on hard fought fields and won honorable places in the military history of the country. Colonel Bristow had also a good military record, but his actual position in the Cabinet and the recent incidents of his service there so filled the public eye as to make these the distinguishing marks of his candidacy. Hartranft and Hayes had been

governors of their respective States, and both gave evidence of more than ordinary popularity at home. Neither of them had reached any prominence in national politics, and they were free from connection with or responsibility for the causes of depression and of division in their party. They were thus in the list of those who had been sufficiently tried in public affairs to be acknowledged capable of filling reputably the office of President, yet were unaffected by the quarrels and jealousies with which more prominent national politicians were burdened. This constitutes political availability in our recognized American sense, but it is an honorable form of it and not one that implies anything to be ashamed of.

Disinterested observers of the convention noted the fact that there was little interest manifested in the platform. It was a typical example of the colorless expression of generalities supposed to represent the demands of different groups of voters, whose support might be necessary to success. The ruling purpose was, of course, to keep the government in the hands of the party as organized. Apart from the cohesive power of office-holding, which was most powerful among the active politicians who held places or hoped to do so, the common sentiment which held the masses of the party together was still the patriotic desire to carry to fullest legitimate results the principles which had animated the national side in the civil war. The habit of united action was still strong, and was a genuine if somewhat transformed party spirit. The war issues were still potent rallying cries, but among thoughtful people a doubt had been rapidly growing whether these cries had any longer a practical meaning, except to keep power in the hands of managers whose abuse of it now threatened the defeat of the party.

It was vain to try longer to shut one's eyes to the fact that the Stevens-Sumner

experiment of ruling the South by means of the freedmen's vote had failed. The so-called carpet-bag governments, with their legislatures, had been a distinctly retrograde movement away from civilization. A saturnalia of corruption and plunder threatened to bankrupt the several States and to make democratic institutions an impossibility. The natural leaders of opinion in the North began to unite in the demand that property and intelligence should be restored to their legitimate influence in Southern society, as a necessary safeguard for order and the reign of law. Yet the violence and intimidation which had been the natural counterpart of disfranchisement and corruption were equally shocking to the moral sense. The Cincinnati convention recognized in a mild way both these elements of discontent by resolutions in favor of pacifying the South and of protecting the freedmen.

In financial matters the party was still committed to the reduction of the war tariff, and had not yet accepted Mr. Blaine's plan of substituting high protectionism for the war issues as the vital contention with its adversaries. His *Twenty Years in Congress* was published some years later, and became the basis of a new departure. For the moment, the resumption of specie payments was the nearest approach to a financial issue. A majority of Republicans favored resumption, and a majority of Democrats favored at least a postponement of it. The platforms therefore indicated this divergence without committing either party to a sharply defined policy. The Republicans contented themselves with declaring in favor of continuous and steady progress to specie payments.

In regard to the reform of the civil service, the eloquence and ability of Mr. Curtis in leading the reform element in the convention was rewarded by the adoption of resolutions recognizing the "quickenened conscience of the people

concerning political affairs," calling for the swift punishment of officials who betray public trusts, and declaring that Congress should have nothing to do with appointments; honesty, fidelity, and capacity being the criteria to be used by the executive. The explicitness of the last declaration of principles was anything but agreeable to party leaders, as was demonstrated afterward. The triumph was therefore the greater, and it marked a positive step in the progress of the reform. It would be of inestimable aid to a President who meant to purify the administration of public affairs, and it was one of those committals from which a party cannot retreat without suffering the punishment of its insincerity.

The balloting in the convention soon showed that the earnest supporters of Bristow and Hayes numbered hardly one third of the whole, whilst the Blaine forces were almost one half, and were disposed to adhere steadily to their candidate. The problem, therefore, was whether the friends of the other candidates preferred to unite upon one person, or would, by division, allow enough to go over to Blaine to secure his nomination. To understand their action, it is necessary to recall something of the history of the reform movement. The Independents of 1872 made both the reduction of the tariff and the reform of the civil service cardinal points in their creed. The illogical absurdity of the result by which, in their mass convention, Mr. Greeley, the veteran champion of high protection, was made their candidate, foredoomed the movement to defeat. It was too plainly the mere capture of a public meeting by those who had other ends in view. Had Mr. C. F. Adams been nominated, as was expected by the real leaders in the reform movement, it is not improbable that a new organization of permanent parties would have followed. As it was, the disbanding of a distinctively reform organization

in such a critical time, and the later drift of the Republican party into ultra-protectionism, seemed to make it a foregone conclusion that the politics of the country would be worked out within the old party lines.

This, however, was not definitely accepted in 1876, and a considerable body of the most intelligent and earnest men in the country were determined to make a new effort at an independent organization, unless the Republican party should give some guaranties of real encouragement to "reform within the party." A call for a conference was issued in April by William Cullen Bryant, President Woolsey, Ex-Governor Bullock, Horace White, and Carl Schurz. The meeting was held in New York in May, and in it were the most earnest of those who had started the movement of 1872. They put forth an address in which they said, "The country cannot now afford to have any man elected to the presidency whose very name is not conclusive evidence of the most uncompromising determination of the American people to make this a pure government once more." Looking to the probability that the coming convention would be quite willing to offer them a reformatory resolution in the platform as a cheap consideration for their support, they further declared that "not mere words are needed, but acts; not mere platforms, but men." Their purpose was explicitly stated. "We shall support no candidate," they said, "who, however favorably judged by his nearest friends, is not publicly known to possess those qualities of mind and character which the stern task of genuine reform requires."

Thus it happened that the Cincinnati convention met, with full knowledge that the nomination of either of the most prominent party leaders would certainly be followed by the open opposition of all who were represented in the New York conference. The condition of

public sentiment was such that he would be a very sanguine partisan who could hope that this opposition would not prove fatal to party success. The result of the election proved that it would indeed have been decisive. No doubt the attachment of Mr. Blaine's followers was so strong that they would have preferred defeat with him to success with another; but the supporters of Conkling and Morton were inclined to vote for some other candidate as soon as it should be probable that they could not succeed with their own. It soon became evident that their choice must lie between Bristow and Hayes, and upon the seventh ballot the concentration was complete, and Hayes was nominated, receiving thirty-three more votes than Blaine. At the critical moment, the Morton vote, led by R. W. Thompson of Indiana, was withheld from Bristow, to whom it was supposed it would be given, Michigan was transferred to Hayes, and the rest made haste to follow.

From the opening of the convention the crucial question had been, whether the reform organization would support General Hayes if he should be nominated. It was plain that the party managers did not desire the nomination of Bristow, who was too distinctively the reform candidate; and if the reformers could be induced to support another, it would be a compromise of the kind that is always attractive to a politician. The address that had been published by the New York conference had been so explicit in its unwillingness to support an unknown candidate, or to take his character on trust, that opinion for a time trembled in the balance. The summing-up was on this wise. General Hayes as a soldier had been a modest one, but his courage had been tested, and had shone more nobly with the demands upon it. He had in civil life been a strict party man, but in his votes in Congress, and in his acts as Governor, he had solved his doubts in favor of the purest principle and of the most honest course. He

had avoided collisions and had followed acknowledged leaders, but he had never allowed party devotion to compromise his personal integrity. He had never been willing to break out of party lines, but he had given countenance and assistance to reform in every way short of this. His whole life had been one of unostentatious but pure morality, and no one could come very near him without learning that he was a man to whom no corrupt proposal could be made, and who would not tolerate corruption.

The reform delegates in the convention had inquired as to all these points with intense solicitude, for they knew they did not hold the balance of power, and could not dictate a nomination. Had it been only a question who would most fitly represent their principles, and who, in intellect, in cultivation, in character, in knowledge of public business, in power to commend the right to the minds and hearts of others, would most nobly fill the great office of President, they had on that floor, in the person of George W. Curtis, one of whom every American might well have been proud. But no one knew so well as Mr. Curtis that his championship of reform made him ineligible, in the sad condition of politics, for high political office, and that his work must be done with conscious self-renunciation and as a private citizen. He and those who acted with him were not impracticable, and they welcomed the evidence that among the recognized available party candidates there was one whose character and career gave so much ground for confidence as that of General Hayes. They bore willing testimony that if only the honest and intelligent administration of the laws were considered, Hayes, as *The Nation* expressed it, was "precisely the kind of man for which the presidency calls." They needed, however, his own declarations, and withheld their final decision till his letter of acceptance was published. It was known in advance that this would

be no mere perfunctory gloss upon the convention platform, but would be an indication of the candidate's principles and policy, by which he would firmly abide.

In accepting the nomination, General Hayes selected for special mention four of the topics contained in the platform. These were, first, the reform of the civil service; second, the return to specie payments; third, unsectarian common schools; and fourth, the pacification of the South. The first and the last were treated with considerable fullness; the others very briefly. He traced the abuse of the distribution of public offices as a means of political advantage, and showed that, during the preceding half century, the offices had become "not merely rewards for party services, but rewards for services to party leaders." He enumerated some of the most glaring evils of the spoils system. He intimated that it made office-brokers of members of Congress, instead of statesmen. He declared that every department of the government would be elevated by the reform, and that this "should be thorough, radical, and complete." He pledged himself, if elected, to use all his constitutional powers to establish this reform. He went further, and stated his inflexible purpose not to be a candidate for election to a second term. He put this emphatically upon the ground that the reform to which he pledged himself could "be best accomplished by an executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own reelection." This was something more than words: it was "an act" such as had been spoken of by the New York conference. It was an explicit and original withdrawal from the list of future candidates, and the adoption of a position which was in itself a progress in reform. The abuse of the appointing power and of executive authority to secure a second or third term was the subject upon which the country was exceedingly sore, yet it was one of such

delicacy for a party candidate, that General Hayes's solution of it must be regarded as both wise and significant. His action was itself a condemnation of the wrongs in the past, and the surest pledge as to the future. A declaration in favor of a constitutional amendment limiting the President to one term would have been mere "words;" for experience had shown how little chance there was for early action upon it. His directness and sincerity of purpose was better shown in this act than it could have been by reams of disquisition.

In dealing with the subject of Southern pacification, he was by the necessity of the situation limited to generalities; yet his letter, read in the light of the actual history of the Southern States, is full of intentional significance. Peace on the basis of the supremacy of the law was his theme, and "an intelligent and honest administration of government" he recognized as the "first necessity." He pledged himself to organize his administration so as to "regard and cherish their truest interests, — the interests of the white and colored people both and equally," and to "wipe out forever the distinction between North and South in our common country."

The letter removed all misgivings from the minds of most men of the reform wing of the party, and from a strong probability of defeat gave to the Republicans a fair chance of success. If it shall seem that I have given too much space to things which were only preliminary to the administration of President Hayes, my apology is that the character of the administration was determined by these events. It is sometimes said that the contest over his election led him to conciliate the South, and to try to calm public agitation by making his administration acceptable to all parts of the country. The fact rather is, as it seems to me, that he was only carrying out, with logical consistency and with personal singleness of purpose, the princi-

ples and the policy to which he was committed by his nomination, and by the avowed convictions which had made him an acceptable candidate to the men who thoroughly meant "to make this a pure government once more."

The controversy over the election of 1876 is much more easily understood now than it was at the time. Excited political discussion is always full of reckless assertions, and the easy credulity of party men accepts as truth all that is claimed by the party. The returning board question amounted to this. The returning board of Louisiana rejected the vote of election precincts in which the elections had been undisturbed on election day, upon the ground that a general condition of intimidation existed among the negroes in consequence of violence practiced during an indefinite previous time. If such rejected votes had been counted, the electoral vote of the State would have gone to Tilden, and he would have been elected. There were, of course, disputes as to the fact of intimidation, its connection with this election, and its extent. Those who admitted it offered excuses found in the revolutionary condition of affairs in the South and the intolerable character of the first local governments after the close of the war. The returning board had no claim to public confidence, for it was a partisan body, the members of which refused to fill a vacancy that the law directed to be filled by one of the opposite party. It was a self-perpetuating body, whose composition had deteriorated in the changes of its membership which had occurred during several years. In justice to them, however, it must be admitted that the bold plan of ruling the State through its decisions was put in operation by prominent Northern politicians. At a previous election, when there were men of character upon it, the board had declared the election favorable to the Republicans, but had sent one of their number to Washington to repre-

sent to leading congressmen that they did so, not because the evidence justified it, but because they thought there was no fair election. They requested that the whole election might be set aside by Congress, and a new one ordered, under such federal protection as would make it satisfactory to all. They were referred to Senator Morton of Indiana, as the spokesman of the party leaders, and after some delays he informed them that the result as declared by their return was so satisfactory that it was not considered necessary to take congressional action. It may have been a mere coincidence that the Louisiana Republican Convention of 1876 indicated Senator Morton as its first choice for the presidency. The complications in Florida and South Carolina were variations of the same revolutionary conditions. The facts were more or less obscured by the fierce antagonisms and contradictions of party dispute, and the most honest man, even if he were himself a candidate, might well doubt where the truth lay. Light dawned upon the situation when a measure was introduced in Congress to appoint a commission to count the votes and to decide the election, making judges of the supreme court in their private capacity umpires of disputed points.

The merit of securing the passage of this measure belongs in no small degree to Speaker Randall of the House, who, after giving free rein for a long time to those who were determined to defeat it by filibustering, until they had thus exhausted themselves and wearied all others, at a well-chosen moment, when the temper of the House was likely to rally to him, announced the constitutional obligation to prepare to count the electoral votes to be paramount to the right of further debate, refused to entertain dilatory motions, and gave a favorable majority the opportunity of a final vote. The country was in greater peril of a renewal of civil war than most people knew or believed. The conduct of both

Hayes and Tilden was admirable. Both gave their whole influence to the submission of all disputes to peaceful solution through legal forms. Both earned the title of true patriots, who postponed their personal and party ambitions to the peace of the country. Senator Morton strengthened his claim to be considered the type of extremest partisanship by leading the mixed opposition to the electoral commission. Republicans who opposed it generally contended that the Republican president of the Senate had full authority to count the vote without control by either house of Congress, although the right of either house to object to any vote had been distinctly recognized by Republican Congresses. Democrats who opposed did so in the belief that an objection from the House of Representatives would prevent the vote, and if the Senate and House could not agree, the election by the electors would fail, and an election by the Democratic House would follow under the provisions of the Constitution.

The electoral commission decided that they were bound to recognize and count the votes of all electors appearing upon the face of the returns to be duly qualified. They accordingly declared General Hayes to be the President elect. The title to the office was thus lawfully and finally determined, though the question as to fraud or wrong-doing behind the returns was avowedly untouched. It was plainly one of those cases coming under an ancient legal maxim, that it is more important to the country that the law should be certain than that it should always be just. General Hayes had not been a claimant of the office, nor had he taken the position that he had the right to any vote whatever. With a mind prepared for either event, he had quietly waited for the lawfully constituted authority to declare upon whom the office devolved in accordance with the forms of law. His refusal to accept it before the electoral college had voted would

only have thrown upon that body the actual choice intended to be given it by the Constitution, and could neither have dissolved it nor changed its political complexion. His refusal afterward would only have passed the office to the Vice-President elect, and to those in the legal order of succession. Fully conscious of the unwelcome incidents connected with his tenure, he modestly accepted as a solemn duty the responsibilities which both houses of Congress in due form had declared to be upon his shoulders.

The selection of his Cabinet was the next duty, and he went about it with the same directness and simplicity of motive which had marked his previous conduct. Suggestions were made to him abundantly, and he sought the opinions of those in whom he had confidence. He kept his own counsel, however, and did not indicate his purpose till he had maturely considered everything which should weigh with him. The first selections definitely made were Mr. Evarts for the State Department, Mr. Schurz for the Interior, and Mr. Sherman for the Treasury. Mr. Evarts had been the leader of the reform element in New York during the State canvass. He had always been an independent Republican, and had not only defended President Johnson professionally in the impeachment trial, but had accepted the Attorney-Generalship in his Cabinet afterward. The mantle of Mr. Seward seemed to have fallen upon him. Eloquent in advocacy, subtle in counsel, irresistible in social life, he combined in the highest degree the qualities of successful diplomacy. The fitness of the selection could not be questioned, but it was none the less significant of the new President's judgment of the factions within the party. Mr. Schurz was more distinctively the champion and the representative of aggressive reform. Although deeply chagrined at the nomination of Greeley in 1872, he had not felt at liberty to cut loose from a movement

he had done much to start. Yet he declared himself an Independent in politics, with earnest wishes that the Republican party should command the support of all such by a real committal to the civil service reform. Almost unrivaled for lucid and cogent reasoning on political subjects, his earnest advocacy of General Hayes's election had been fruitful in votes as well as a real educational force upon public opinion. Mr. Sherman was the type of the naturally conservative but devoted party man. His great administrative abilities and his familiarity with the financial legislation of the country pointed him out as a safe and strong Secretary of the Treasury. His steady policy in his department made the most intelligent men of the community wish that a larger part of his career might have been spent in executive duties, where the temptations to yield to the shifting currents of momentary popular opinion are much weaker than upon the floor of Congress. The selection of General Devens for Attorney-General was an additional proof of the influence of great purity of character, tried ability in judicial duty, and a noble self-sacrificing patriotism in the military as well as in the civil service of the country. In putting Mr. Thompson into the Navy Department, President Hayes more distinctly recognized the claims of a wing of his party than in any other of his selections. That Senator Morton was a strong factor in our politics, every one knew. His leadership in the opposition to the electoral commission was an additional reason for conciliating him and his friends. Mr. Thompson had been the spokesman of this group in the Cincinnati convention, and was a political veteran, dating back to the times of the full vigor of the Whig party.

No part of General Hayes's purpose had been more distinctly formed or firmly held than that of making an effort to give peace to the South. He hoped that this might be done on the basis of

the mutual recognition of their rights by the two races, when assured that the Federal administration would countenance no wrong by either, and would be an impartial umpire between both. As something more than a pledge to do this, he had at a very early day determined to give a place in his Cabinet to some distinguished Southern man who would have the fullest confidence of the late Confederates. Such a man, admitted to the confidential relations of the Cabinet, would be an authoritative exponent of the broad patriotic policy of the President, and could give to the administration the most trustworthy information of the real views and desires of the Southern whites. The President's own history and that of most of his advisers showed that the interests of the freedmen would be watched by them with friendly solicitude. A representation of the disaffected element would, it was hoped, bring about the mutual understanding which was a necessary condition of a solid pacification. To ensure the best results, it was desirable that the Southern man chosen should possess the absolute confidence of his own people, and yet be, as far as possible, free from the entanglements of an active politician. General Joseph E. Johnston seemed to unite the desired qualities, and President Hayes determined at a very early day to offer him the position of Secretary of War. Johnston was not only a very able man, with dignity of character and of perfect integrity, but he had given such proof of the completeness with which he had accepted the results of the war, and of his desire to assist in cultivating renewed loyalty to the nation, that no one could be a more fit intermediary between his section and the government. As the matter was discussed, however, there was seen evidence that in the army and among the disbanded volunteers there was a good deal of restiveness at the idea of a general of the late Confederate army becoming the immediate represen-

tative of the national commander-in-chief. Many thought it too violent an experiment, whilst recognizing the wisdom of the President's general purpose. General Sherman had doubts of the feasibility of the plan, but he distinctly said that, for himself, he could receive the President's orders through his own old antagonist without chafing or unhappiness. The decision was left open by General Hayes till he went to Washington to be inaugurated, when adverse influences became strong enough to lead him to modify his plan, and, at the last moment, he nominated General Key of Tennessee to be Postmaster-General, and Mr. McCrary of Iowa to be Secretary of War. It is no impeachment of the ability or high purposes of General Key to say that his appointment could not have the full significance that Johnston's would have had, and that the President's plan was not tried in the sense he had originally meant. Mr. McCrary had been a distinguished member of the House of Representatives, and had introduced the resolution which led to the electoral commission. By his loyal coöperation with the President, he justified the confidence reposed in him.

In the organization of his cabinet, President Hayes had consistently carried out the purposes he had formed at the time of his nomination. In his inaugural address he called his countrymen to witness that he only reiterated the principles which he had stated in his letter of acceptance. He scarcely added anything to the list of important measures he had already advocated. He recommended a constitutional amendment fixing a term of six years for the President, and forbidding a reelection. This was a proper corollary to the personal pledge he had given the country that he would not be a candidate for a second term. He referred with dignity to the decision of the electoral commission making him President, and, recognizing the fact that "for the present,

opinions will widely vary as to the wisdom" of their conclusions, rested his own title on the judicial determination of the tribunal to which the law referred the controversy. He rightly saw the best proof of capacity for self-government in the willingness of the people, in the height of political excitement, to submit such a contest to decision under the forms of law.

The first business which confronted the administration was embarrassing. In South Carolina and Louisiana two rival organizations claimed to be the state government. In each State two persons assumed to exercise the governorship, and two bodies pretending to be the legislature were in session. Congress had sent committees to examine the situation, and General Grant had reached the conclusion that the military forces of the United States could not properly be used to maintain local governments which would fall unless upheld by the army. Preliminary steps had been taken looking to the withdrawal of troops, and the question for President Hayes was whether he would change the policy indicated. Strong efforts were made to convince him that he condemned his own title to the presidency if he allowed the Republican claimants in the Southern States to be ousted. He showed true statesmanship in refusing to allow his own title to be considered in connection with the present dispute. To have done so would have made him the slave of a faction, and would have forfeited his claim to be the head of the nation. He determined to send a committee to represent him in a strong effort at voluntary conciliation in the States. The Republican claimants of state offices were to be informed that the administration shared the grave doubts of their predecessors as to the right to use the army as a garrison for the continuous support of a state government. The constitutional authority to use military force was limited to invasion, insurrection, and the

acute rather than the chronic disturbances of the public peace. It was for the local claimants to say whether they had any confidence in a popular support which would be efficient if their opponents were not overawed by the army. If not, they were to be advised that the good of the whole country would be best promoted by their abandonment even of what they regarded as a legal right, and by awaiting the effects of peace and education to determine the political future of their States. The commission was wisely chosen, and performed its task with diplomatic skill. Enough members of one legislative organization went over to the other to remove all doubt as to the *de facto* and *de jure* quorum, the claiming governors who were unsupported by the legislature retired, and the contest was ended. That Mr. Hayes was disappointed in his hope that there would be no recurrence to fraud or force does not invalidate the truth that, in the actual state of public opinion, the cessation of war methods and the return to the ordinary ways of peace was a necessity.

The civil service question remained a burning one throughout the term of the administration. The step which was taken at the Cincinnati Convention, and to which President Hayes earnestly committed himself, did not by any means cover the whole ground. To put an end to the dictation of appointments by congressmen was a considerable advance, if it could be really done. It was open, however, to the criticism that the President could not have personal knowledge of the tens of thousands of incumbents and candidates, and that it would be practically impossible to draw the line between accepting information from members of Congress and acting on their recommendation and request. The earnest advocates of reform saw clearly that the systematic classification of the service with appointments upon impersonal and judicial examination would be the only satisfactory solution of the problem. The

gist of the reform is to take the ordinary administration offices entirely out of politics, and to put them upon a purely business basis. Transferring patronage from congressmen back to the President was a step in the right direction, because concentration of responsibility tends to better selection. The President reiterated his wish to return to the practice of the earliest administrations, when removal of officers for political reasons was practically unknown. He was desirous of cooperating with Congress and of procuring efficient legislation on the subject, but he did not yet see his way clear to doing the work by executive order. Mr. Schurz introduced a system of examinations for appointment and promotion in the Interior Department; and he adhered to it with the support and encouragement of the President, despite the withholding of the money necessary to meet the cost. The Civil Service Commission had a nominal existence, and did such voluntary work as the earnest zeal of its members prompted them to do. Congress refused, during the whole of Mr. Hayes's term, to make appropriations for the necessary expenses of the commission; and without the means to carry on the examinations with which we are now familiar, the commission could do little more than educate public sentiment.

The hostility did not stop here. Every form of pressure was brought to bear upon the President to make him retreat from his position. An informal meeting of congressmen supposed to represent the different phases of opinion was finally arranged at the house of Secretary Sherman, who consented to be the medium of conveying to the President any suggestions or requests on which they could agree. It is not quite clear how the selection for this little caucus was made, but it was probably a fair indication of congressional opinion. The large majority were men who believed that party organization could be efficient only when

the offices were used for partisan rewards, and who insisted with considerable logical force that, if this were true, the members of the Senate and House were the natural distributors of the prizes; the President, through the Cabinet, being only the arbitrator of their conflicting claims. Most of them pooh-poohed the attempt at reform as theoretically pretty and even ultimately desirable, but wholly visionary and unpractical. Butler was there, professing his cynical disbelief in the honesty of the reformers, and openly denouncing the pharisaism, as he styled it, of the "snivel service reform." There was also present a very small but determined minority, who forced the meeting to face the explicit terms of the party platform and the pledges of the President's letter of acceptance as repeated in his first regular message. They asked which party would be likely to bear the penalties of hypocrisy and pharisaism, if, by organized effort, they should succeed in repudiating these pledges. The result was that no formal resolution or other united action was ventured on, and the secretary did not have to report to his chief any ultimatum of his party in Congress. The strained relations were perhaps a little relieved, but the urgency of individuals upon the President to abandon his purpose was not less strong than before. Whether it was that he had a period of real discouragement, or that he thought it useless to continue to press upon the two houses his views on this subject, it is a significant fact that, in his message to the second regular session of the Forty-Fifth Congress, he omitted the subject of civil service reform, though he returned to it again in his messages to the Forty-Sixth, and with a manifestly increased depth of conviction as to its necessity. A good measure of the progress since that day is found in the outspoken declaration of Mr. McKinley, so honorable to him, when, as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the last Congress, he said the reformed

system had "come to stay," and that he would not be party to any effort to defeat proper appropriations for the expenses of the commission.

President Hayes's administration was noteworthy for the number of instances in which he felt obliged to make use of the veto. On some ten different occasions he returned to Congress bills which had been passed, giving reasons for withholding his assent. The bill to provide for the coinage of the standard silver dollar was one of these, and his objection was that, in his judgment, silver should not be made a legal tender for debts incurred before the passage of the act. The bill to restrict Chinese immigration was another. He thought this bill inconsistent with the treaty then existing with China, and that its abrogation by one party, without negotiation, would be in substance a violation of international law. In both these cases the veto was overridden by the constitutional majority of both houses of Congress. In another class of cases, in which the veto was effectual, some curious questions were involved. The House of Representatives, having a Democratic majority, passed several bills in succession in which a "rider" was put upon army appropriations and appropriations for the expenses of deputy marshals, declaring that no part of the money appropriated should be used to carry out provisions of statutes formerly passed relating to the use of troops at places of election, and to the employment by United States marshals of extra deputies to supervise elections. The effect of such "riders" was practically to annul laws which remained upon the statute book unrepealed. The danger of defeating the whole appropriation bill had sufficed to coerce the Senate into acquiescence, but, undeterred by this, the President interposed his veto. He did so upon the ground that it was his constitutional duty to see that unrepealed laws are faithfully executed, and that the restrictions sought to be imposed not only prevented

this in the cases referred to, but were sweeping enough to cripple the executive power in matters committed to its care continuously since 1792.

The contention of the House became, in substance, the assertion of the right of the representatives to dictate to the other branches of the legislative power whenever they believed that a "grievance" existed and ought to be removed. Really, it implied the right to make a deadlock in the business of the government, and to use this as a sort of duress upon the Senate and the President. The common arguments in support of such action were drawn from the history of the English Commons in the well-known cases of enforcing redress of grievances by withholding grants of money. The advocates of this doctrine put themselves in the position of smatterers in history who miss its sense. The English Commons were the only direct representation of the people, and they were forcing upon the hereditary king and lords the constitutional principle that the will of the people must be paramount. The House of Commons thus became the dominant factor in government. In the United States, however, the President and the Senate also derive their power from the people by election and for brief terms. The same constitution fixes their tenure of office and their part in the government which fixes those of the representatives. To attempt to change these at the will of one of the coordinate departments is to alter the Constitution. To do it irregularly and by means of interrupting the conduct of the government is revolution. When this question has been raised, the people have never failed to stand by their Constitution. The party which has tried revolutionary methods has found itself condemned. It is popular in the United States, as well as lawful, for the Senate to assert its full share in legislation, and for the President to use freely his judgment in signing or in vetoing the bills which

Congress may pass. President Hayes temperately but firmly set forth the true doctrine in returning these bills, and though he had to do it not once or twice, but seven times, he adhered to his conviction of duty and was sustained. It was a constitutional crisis of no mean dimensions. Here, if ever, was the occasion on which the right of veto would meet popular disapproval. So far was this from being the case, that viewed merely as a question of parliamentary policy, it was disastrous for the majority in the House, and made easier the unquestioned victory of the Republicans in the next presidential contest.

The detailed history of the events occurring during President Hayes's term would have its interest as illustrating the ordinary business of the country in time of peace. It is often said that the happiest periods of a nation's existence are those which offer the fewest exciting themes to the historian. With no wars or dangers of war, with no scandals to excite the political gossips, with no great issues to stir party organizations to spasmodic efforts, everything seemed to move on in humdrum prosperity. The public debt was rapidly paid off, specie payments were resumed, the Mormon question in Utah was brought within the control of established law and the suppression of polygamy there was made certain, the classified civil service system was applied to the most important custom-houses and post-offices and its principles took firm root, the fisheries dispute was added to the precedents which support arbitration as a better way of settling international differences than war. If the President was disappointed in his hope that the pacification of the South would be completed within his term upon the basis of the removal of the race question from politics, it was not from any lack of effort on his part. The root of the evil was found to be so deep that what had been centuries in growing could not be sud-

denly cured. The cessation of turbulence and organized violence was much, even if frauds remained; for it is only in a peaceful atmosphere that men can hear the voice of conscience and of wisdom in political disputes.

The experience of President Hayes proved that an administration which seeks to abolish the spoils system must expect to lose that appearance of leadership in legislation which has been sustained by the farming out of patronage. The appearance was in the main a sham, but it imposed upon a public not well informed, and gave a repute for strength to administrations that only bought votes in Congress by places under the government. In matters in which the country has an active interest, the real leadership will accompany the clearest knowledge of the public need and of the proper means to meet it. In ordinary affairs a President who will not so purchase help will find his recommendations treated with slight respect, or even ostentatiously overruled. There will be no loss in dignity for the executive nor in advantage to the country when once we are oriented to the new condition of things. The recommendations of the President will be less political and more business-like. The public necessities and advantages which are supported by a strong array of facts will command attention even from a hostile legislature. The presidential presentations of party advocacy and efforts at party control can be dispensed with, and both the country and the chief magistrate will gain by the absence.

President Hayes put himself beyond the temptation to court favors, in Congress or out of it, by his simple and honest adherence to his original withdrawal from further candidacy. He did not dally with the matter, or show the slightest wish to change his resolve. He did not encourage, but repelled suggestions that the determination was ill-advised. He put the thing behind him once and forever. We shall do well to

study his administration carefully from this point of view. It is an object lesson in the essential difference there is in the whole spirit of a government when it is absolutely free from the suspicion of an ulterior purpose to aid a personal ambition. Its duties ran on from day to day in a wholesome independence and vigor. It had no need to slur the expression of duty or to soften its demand for the right. Its recommendations were known to be honest, and not warped by cunning policy. It gave those who will carefully look at it and make comparisons with that which had gone before, an opportunity to see some of the permanent benefits which would come from the adoption of the constitutional amendment fixing the single six-year term. It began under a cloud of odium never paralleled in our history. Its opponents had been keyed up almost to the point of armed insurrection. It steadily silenced its detractors and gained upon their respect, till, when it ended, there was universal assent to the proposition that not only was President Hayes precisely the kind of man for which the presidency calls, but that he had given the country precisely the kind of administration that it needed. We do not need to say that he had been ideal in wisdom or in power. That was not what was called for. He was well balanced in judgment, teachable in the school of experience, single-hearted in patriotic purpose, honest in seeking only the public good, and so successful in enforcing honesty in his administration that not a breath of scandal stained it. The very quietness and modesty of it all was one of its chief merits, and should make his countrymen pray that such administrations may become the rule and not the exception. And from the time that he laid down his great office till the day of his death, he devoted himself with the same quietness, but the same untiring industry, to the good of his country. Looking to education as

the best guaranty for republican institutions, he was especially active in the administration of the Peabody fund, and other endowments of popular education in the South, believing that increase in knowledge and cultivation would go further than any other influence in removing the antagonisms left by the war. Deeply impressed by his executive experience with the fact that prisons are too often the schools of crime, he gave unstinted labor and time to the work of prison reform. The hard fate of the Indians had excited his sym-

pathy, and his aid was freely given to every effort for their civilization and their fair treatment. He cultivated true comradeship with the soldiers who had been his companions in war, though his official messages contained no recommendation for an enlargement of the pension system. From first to last his life was one of consistent and steadfast obedience to fixed principles and earnest convictions, and the more intimately it was known, the more free did it seem from all subservience to momentary influences or merely personal ambitions.

Jacob Dolson Cox.

THE EDUCATIONAL TREND OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE great river which is the central artery and highway of our continent is so varied in its direction — at one point flowing eastward, then northward, with here a stagnant marsh and there an eddy without progress — that those whose observations are restricted to small sections of its course may differ greatly as to what its general trend is, and whether it will finally empty its waters into the Gulf, or either ocean.

For a like reason, we, in the midst of complex and conflicting social forces, with no view of the future and seeing the past in very different perspective, are likely to differ in our judgments or guesses as to whither we tend. Since there is no question which attracts the attention of the American people more seriously than that of education, I shall give in outline, without discussion, what seems to me to be the general trend of educational sentiment in the Northwest in relation to the public school system.

As civilization moves westward, its tendency is to slough off the accidents of local conditions, to incorporate more thoroughly into itself the good results of ancient strife and controversy, and to re-

adjust itself to its new conditions. English pilgrims brought with them to this country the best that the Old World had to give, high ideals of religion and politics, and left behind the conditions which impaired the realization of those ideals. In like manner the great West has inherited the wealth of New England's history, and, removed from some of the effects of her controversies, may add what may prove to be a paragraph, if not a new chapter, in the national life.

Unity on the basis of homogeneity of mass is of the lowest type. Of this type is the government of state or family unified in the absolute will of one man. The higher and ideal type is that based on individuality and freedom of parts acting in unity as one harmonious whole. Conservatism often mistakes crystallization for disintegration. In this line of progress New England represents the freedom of the individual, the separation of church and state, and the duty of the state to provide elementary and secondary education for its children. The institutions of higher education came of individual philanthropy, to which the State has, by its friendly alliance, given contin-

ual support and protection. I note, then, as the first step of progress in the West, that higher education has come to be recognized as an integral part of our public school system. From the common school through the university, the system is one, and commands the unquestioning support of the public. The State that, for its perpetuity and progress, felt bound to teach its children to read and write feels an equal necessity to bring within the reach of its youth the learning and culture necessary to the higher and more vital demands of citizenship in government and industry. In Minnesota for the future, as in Michigan for the past, the property of the State will sustain a regular annual tax for the support of its university, as well as for its common schools.

The second step of progress is that Protestant Christianity is coming to recognize it as the province of the State to provide secular education in all its departments for all its people. This is already an accomplished fact as to elementary education. Christian people have come to see that when the family and the church recognize their respective responsibilities, the influence of the elementary school, in its moral atmosphere and intellectual results, is quite satisfactory; that godless schools are made up of godless children of godless parents; in which case the remedy is in the hands of the church, and not of the State. American Protestantism has turned over its entire work of elementary education to the public schools. There are strong indications that, allowing the State to teach the children all their arithmetic and geography, it will also soon turn over the teaching of chemistry and calculus. In other words, that, as the churches now utilize the instruction of the elementary schools for the religious instruction of youth in Sabbath-school and family, they will at no very distant day utilize the higher instruction in natural science, philosophy, classics, and history

given in the public schools of higher learning, eliminate these branches from their own curricula, and then, under the growing demand for a division of labor, concentrate their resources and energy upon distinctively religious instruction, training specialists in church work, such as ministers, lay preachers, medical missionaries, city missionaries, and superintendents and teachers of Sunday-schools. This is likely to come about because (1) it is the logical outcome of the position taken regarding elementary education; (2) the resources of the churches are wholly inadequate to the demands of secular education at this day in addition to their own special work of evangelizing the world; and (3) the problem of special training for special work is pressing hard upon the attention of thoughtful Christians. This new question, when solved, will divert interest from mere secular learning, and engross interest and all available means in religious schools. Churches will at no distant day have normal religious colleges for the training of teachers of the masses, as the State now has for the instructors of its school.

Michigan and its university are evidently at the front in this movement. About the state university are now clustered separate and generously equipped halls for the use of the students' Christian associations, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, for social and religious culture, and for special courses of lectures upon religious themes for the defense and establishment of Christian truth. It will be interesting to follow the development of this movement, and to note its bearing upon the disposition of the Christian public toward state university education.

The third and most marked indication of progress is the possible reconciliation of the Catholic Church to the public school system. No part of our national organization is more vital to its great future, if not to its very existence, than

our public schools. Hence patriotism and loyalty are words of stunted meaning in the vocabulary of him who is disloyal to our free schools. I believe that the heart of the American Catholic is as true to our free schools as to the old flag itself. Hence I believe that the order and trend of events are toward an American Catholic Church, and a corresponding adjustment of relations in view of historic differences, whether of prejudice or of conviction.

We have seen various phases in the history of this problem in Europe and America, all of which provide for the separate instruction of Protestant and Catholic children by teachers respectively of their own faith. All these expedients recognize the existence of a feeling of mutual distrust that religious faith and character would be liable to corruption if exposed to the influences of persons of any other form of Christian faith than their own. Under such circumstances there is no alternative but to dwell apart; for it is better so to live in peace than together in discord.

But with us this is no solution; it may be a truce, but it is not peace. When our schools are pervaded with an atmosphere of Christian culture, and by such a sense of respect for the religious opinions and rights of others that Protestant, Catholic, and Jew are equally at home in our schools, and the children of Protestants are confidently trusted for their instruction in the secular branches to teachers who are Catholics, and, *vice versa*, when Catholics come to believe that Protestants can teach their children these same branches without the least prejudice to their religion; when the children of both classes may sit at the same desk, recite in the same class, and play at the same game in friendly accord, and then part at the schoolroom door, each to his own home and church life, then, and not till then, we shall have the final solution.

It must be confessed that this day has

not yet come, but no one can measure the progress of the past twenty-five years without feeling that the trend is in that direction.

As Minnesota is the field of controversy, and the Archbishop of St. Paul the prominent representative of the Catholic educational movement, it will help to recall some significant and brave words of Archbishop Ireland uttered at Baltimore in 1889:—

“The watchwords of the age are reason, education, liberty, the material improvement of the masses. . . . I seek no backward voyage across the sea of time. I will even press forward. . . . Do not fear the novel, provided principles be well guarded. It is a time of novelties, and religious action, to accord with the age, must take new forms and new directions. Let there be individual action. Laymen need not wait for priest, nor priest for bishop, nor bishop for pope. The timid move in crowds, the brave in single file. . . . We should live in our age, know it, be in touch with it. There are Catholics, more numerous in Europe, however, than in America, to whom the present will not be known until long after it has become the past. Our work is in the present, and not in the past. It will not do to understand the thirteenth century better than the nineteenth. We should speak to our own age of things it feels and in a language it understands. . . . The church of America must be, of course, as Catholic as ever in Jerusalem or Rome, but so far as her garments assume color from the local atmosphere, she must be American. Let no one paint her brow with foreign tint, nor pin to her mantle foreign linings. . . . Americans have no longing for a foreign church with a foreign aspect.”

Again, at St. Paul, in an address before the National Educational Association in July, 1890, he used these words:—

“I am a friend and advocate of the state schools. . . . The right of the state school to exist I consider is beyond the

subject of discussion. . . . I unreservedly favor state laws making education compulsory. . . . The state school — withered be the hand raised in sign of its destruction.”

And next, in the season of 1892, Mgr. Satolli, representing the Roman pontiff, suggested several expedients for the reconciliation of Catholics with the public schools. Of those proposed, the most advanced was that when the public school is of such a character as to be satisfactory to the priest in character and in its considerate spirit toward the children of Catholics, the children may attend such school; in which case provision shall be made for their religious instruction apart from the school. This is the Faribault plan, so called, and as distinguished from the Poughkeepsie plan.

In response to a request by the Superintendent of Public Instruction for a “statement of the facts in the case and the interests and principles involved,” an official statement was made by the President and Secretary of the Board of Education.

Following the proposition made by Father Conway for the transfer of the parochial school to the charge of the Board of Education, and the offer of the use of the building for public school purposes, the report continues: —

“The Board of Education unanimously accepted this proposition. They are bound by no conditions other than those contained in this proposition. We accepted the building simply because we needed it for the present. Finding the teachers in the school competent, we engaged them. It is the purpose of the Board of Education thoroughly to assimilate the parochial schools turned over to us with the public school system and make them an integral part of it, and to effect this as rapidly as possible. We

believe this is also the wish of the Catholics interested in the matter. We intend to treat all patrons of the school fairly and courteously, and to give to the city the best schools we can, but at the same time we shall carefully guard every interest involved and every principle at stake in our American public school economy.

“By order of the Board of Education.”

It appears, then, that in Faribault the Catholics, priests and people, are satisfied with the public schools.

That this is likely to be the final outcome appears in these reasons: (1) The Americanizing tendencies of the century are irresistible. Nothing short of a complete assimilation of foreign blood will satisfy the spirit of the times. (2) By no other means can the children of the nation secure the knowledge and training necessary to fill the more honorable, lucrative, and responsible positions in civil and industrial life than through the public schools. The field of learning and investigation has so broadened in every direction, and the cost of equipment in scientific branches has so increased that, however well a private school may meet the several demands of religious or social culture, all are alike dependent upon the provision made by the State for all its youth.

There will be an immeasurable gain to religion and the State when, in the freedom allowed every body of Christians to perfect its highest ideal undisturbed by strife about differences, they can grow toward a common likeness in life and character, a common hatred of all evil, a common loyalty to their common country, in defense of which they will stand shoulder to shoulder. In that day we shall profess, with deepest sincerity, “I believe in the holy Catholic Church.”

D. L. Kiehle.

MISS AUSTEN AND MISS FERRIER: CONTRAST AND COMPARISON.

'T is sixty years since the author of *Waverley* died, and only the year before, with the practical kindness which is not always an accompaniment of genius, he had found time out of the grief and toil that were killing him to make good terms with Cadell for the publication of his friend Miss Ferrier's last novel. *Destiny*, for such is the title of this work, is just now come from the press, together with *Marriage* and *The Inheritance*, Miss Ferrier's other two novels, in a beautiful new edition, which contains also a short biographical sketch of the author, and accounts of visits to *Ashestiel* and *Abbotsford* which remained in manuscript until 1874. As happens with most writers who do not at first give their names to the public, Miss Ferrier has paid the price of anonymity by being twice unknown: for a long time she was not found out, even the friendly wizard himself being suspected of the deed by not a few persons; and now for many years she has been forgotten. It has been my lot, and doubtless others have had the same experience, to find any mention of *The Inheritance*, or even of *Marriage*, received with a blank look, followed by the eager inquiry of who wrote it, and at last by the civil subsidence of interest which commonly greets a reference to old novels.

Now, however, that the newspapers are advertising these books, — which *North* described to *Tickler* in the *Noctes* as "the works of a very clever woman, sir," — and the writer's fine Scotch name as well, there can be no more ignorance of the fact that *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny*, were written by Susan Edmonstone Ferrier. But sooth (and sad) to say, investigation is forced to go one step further, and ask who and what that very clever woman was. The whirligig of time does indeed

bring in a revenge or two along with the rest of its cargo, for Susan Ferrier, although during the greater portion of her life she was one of the most brilliant Edinburgh figures, has long been an extinct phenomenon, while the laurels of Jane Austen are each year taking on a brighter shade of green. But poor Miss Austen had no laurels to wear while she was alive, — perhaps that is the reason why she put on caps at an extraordinarily early age; and it is therefore to be hoped that her piquant shade is finding a truly Positivist satisfaction in the immortality of thick-coming editions, memoirs, criticisms, and discussions. An édition de luxe ten years ago was soon followed by the publication of above two hundred household letters, in which the proudest aspiration towards celebrity breathes humorously through the characteristic statement that the writer would like to be Mrs. Crabbe; three memoirs, with the promise of a fourth, have been given to the world within the last two years; and at this moment England and America are vying with each other in new editions, that embrace tentative and fragmentary pieces as well as the six novels known to fame.

Miss Ferrier, although so much the vogue when her stories were first published, has to set over against all this posthumous glory of Miss Austen's only the Bentley edition of 1882, — which called forth the only considerable modern criticism of what Temple Bar had well called these "three clever, satirical, and most amusing novels," in the form of an appreciative article contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Saintsbury, — and the present American issue, uniform with the same publishers'¹ edi-

¹ Both Miss Austen's and Miss Ferrier's novels are published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

tion of Jane Austen. Yet Ferrier is a kenn'd name. A great deal of *The Inheritance*, moreover, of *Destiny*, and still more of *Marriage*, can be accurately derived from Miss Ferrier's forbears and relationships, and from the manner and circumstances of her life, just as there is little in the bright perfections of Jane Austen that might not have been seen within or without the walls of a well-connected Hampshire parsonage a hundred years ago. Yet these causes are far more directly operative in the one case than in the other, for Jane Austen was no copyist, but Miss Ferrier avowedly made thumb-nail sketches, — as is proved in one of the few surviving letters to or from her, — out of which grew the merciless caricatures that created her fame. Thus Lady M'Laughlan was Lady Frederick Campbell, and Miss Ferrier and the friend who began (but did not continue) as a collaborator with her in *Marriage* were a good deal afraid of being found out, in spite of many changes in circumstances, personality, place, and what not. Sir Sampson M'Laughlan, on the other hand, who is thus named, apparently, for the reason that his servant may be punningly called Philistine, has no recorded correspondent in real life. But Miss Ferrier did not always need a grotesque model to feed her habit of exaggeration, and the puny Sir Sampson was a sort of half-anticipation of Grandfather Smallweed, just as the ever spoken of but never seen Anthony Whyte (of Whyte Hall) prevented and came before Mrs. Harris, although Miss Ferrier allowed no skeptical Prig to arise and express to the Pratt her disbelief in any such a person.

These originals, however, as Smollett would have called them, are, one suspects, more often than not done from models and *sur le vif*. The three old Miss Edmonstones, for a good example, — old family friends for one of whom Miss Ferrier herself was named, — furnished more than a broad hint for Miss Jacky,

Miss Nicky, and Miss Grizzy. Their conversation caused the beautiful Lady Charlotte Bury, then Lady Charlotte Campbell, to "screech with laughing;" and Miss Clavering (the collaborator before mentioned), who had read the whole of *Marriage* in manuscript to Lady Charlotte, recommended the speedy publication of the book, lest one of "the aunties" should die and haunt the keen delineator. A gentle, honest ghost would have been that of Molly Macauley, the faithful housekeeper of Glenroy in *Destiny*, as may be seen by a letter to Miss Ferrier from her sister, Mrs. Kinloch: "Molly Macauley is charming; her niece, Miss Cumming, is an old acquaintance of mine, and told me the character was drawn to the life. The old lady is still alive, in her ninety-first year, at Inverary, and Miss C., who is a very clever, pleasing person, seems delighted with the truth and spirit of the whole character of her aunty." The duke who was so much like Lord Courtland in *The Inheritance* may have been a clever, but could scarcely have been a pleasing person, and we find no testimony to delight on his part at the truth and spirit with which his character was rendered. Of some of these sharp strokes of Miss Ferrier's it would not be easy to say, without some external prompting, whether they were coin or copy; but the droll and vigorous rendering of Mrs. MacShake, the old oddity whom Mary Douglas and her uncle called upon in Edinburgh, would be suspected as copy even if it were not known to be such. Mrs. M'Gowk, Mrs. Bluemits, and Mrs. Pullens, — all three, like Mrs. MacShake, minor characters in *Marriage*, — are probably original as well as originals. But Mrs. Pullens is not above suspicion. There is less of the type, more of the individual, in her than in the slatternly hostess and the precious person whose name is evidently an easy transition from Bluestocking; and some especially shrewd lines devoted to Mrs. Pullens

seem bitten in from personal experience. "The great branch of science," says Miss Ferrier, "on which Mrs. Pullens mainly relied for fame was her unrivaled art in keeping things long beyond the date assigned by nature; and one of her master strokes was, in the middle of summer, to surprise a whole company with gooseberry tarts made of gooseberries of the preceding year; and her triumph was complete when any of them were so polite as to assert that they might have passed upon them for the fruits of the present season. Another art in which she flattered herself she was unrivaled was that of making things pass for what they were not; thus she gave pork for lamb, common fowls for turkey poults, currant wine for champagne, whiskey with peach leaves for noyau. . . . Many were the wonderful morsels with which poor Mr. Pullens was regaled, but he had now ceased to be surprised at anything that appeared on his own table; and he had so often heard the merit of his wife's housekeeping extolled by herself that, contrary to his natural conviction, he now began to think it must be true." One seems to see here the true colors of some managing housewife in real life, but heightened, deepened, and arranged, in Miss Ferrier's own most lively manner.

There is no injustice to the lady in thus enumerating instances of her method, but rather justice pressed down and running over, for portrait satire was the very base of her success, and upon it rests her reputation. It would indeed be grossly unfair to Jane Austen to insist upon Darcy, or Mr. Collins, or the moving idea of Northanger Abbey, for these are among the very few exceptions to the beautiful temperance of her method. Whatever she meant to do, — and can one doubt that hers was *mens conscia artis*? — Miss Austen represented life: whatever Miss Ferrier meant to do, — and there is good reason to believe that she thought she was giv-

ing a true picture of contemporary manners, — she too often succeeded only in misrepresenting it. Miss Austen, as might be proved by evidence both from within and without, was the best sort of realist before realism was yet a christom child. She had the extremely rare gift of tracing faithfully through transparent pages the outlines of her world, and these were filled in with an artistic discretion far enough removed from the photographic process which is scarcely more satisfactory when it succeeds than when it fails. The Miss Austen of Scotland, on the other hand, — for so readers and critics were wont to name her, without apparent perception of the cardinal distinction between the two, — practiced in this regard a very different style. Humorous distortion was of the essence of her talent, and, with the notable exception of Miss Pratt, her most extravagant flights were her most characteristic ones. Miss Pratt, Adam Ramsay, Mrs. Major, Lady M'Laughlan, and Mr. M'Dowd, perhaps the five master works of Miss Ferrier, may well be left until we reach a more particular discussion of the books in which they figure; but this is the page for one or two more brief illustrations of her gift of caricature. The whole of Dr. Redgill's lines may safely be commended to lovers of polished farce, and they have also value in fixing a vanished type; Mary Douglas's three "aunties" have made and will make many persons, almost as clever as Lady Charlotte Bury, "screech with laughing;" and "a few more of the broth" is always a by-word in Ferrier-reading households. Hardly less familiar in their mouths are the Ribleys and "Kitty, my dear;" and joys forever are Lilly Black, her letter from the lake country, and the postscript by Mrs. Major which is understood to have had the distinguished approval of Lord Jeffrey.

Eminent among Miss Ferrier's countless minor sketches is that of Mrs. Fairbairn, the maternal Mrs. Fairbairn. This

is of the perplexing order already referred to: one does not quite know whether the study is imagined or appropriated. The long and highly diverting scene with the Fairbairn children (compare, however, the not less humorous but more credible performances of the young Prices in Mansfield Park) can scarce have been without the rancor of experience; but the mother is more generic, and the paragraph consecrated to her matches for satire anything to be found in the three novels. Viewed merely as prose, too, it is — with an opening exception — admirable. The balanced phrases click in time, and the whole passage bristles with “points” in the high eighteenth-century fashion: —

“Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be anything else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and decencies of life were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother, she was the grandmamma of her dear infants; her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts, and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings or refined taste; and although at first he did feel a little unpleasant when he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet in time he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and finally resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother.” Miss Becky Duguid is almost as good in a less pretending way. This poor old maid, who

had thought, by remaining single, to lead a life of leisure and escape the probable grief and the certain perplexities of the married state, is overwhelmed with the responsibilities of others, which they unload upon her. “She was expected to attend all *accouchements*, christenings, deaths, chestings, and burials, but she was seldom asked to a marriage, and never to any party of pleasure.” Miss Ferrier’s fatal habit of exaggeration, however, led her to undo the character by overdoing it; and the specimen letter entrusting Miss Becky with commissions is a monument of literary unrestraint. The letters of Mary Musgrove, of Lady Bertram (on the occasion of Tom’s illness), and even Mr. Collins’s letter of condolence to the Bennets, come immediately to mind as examples of Miss Austen’s way of doing that sort of thing. They are as well within discretion as this letter to Miss Ferrier’s excellent old maid, and, it may be added, the epistles of Miss Jacky and Miss Grizzy, are beyond its bounds. Finally, the author of *Marriage* probably reached the top of her bent in caricature by committing the offense of which Dickens was guilty in his Mr. Micawber, for, writes Sir Walter to himself January 20, 1829, “Honest old Mr. Ferrier is dead, at extreme old age. I confess I should not wish to live so long. He was a man with strong passions and strong prejudices, but with generous and manly sentiments at the same time. We used to call him Uncle Adam, after that character in his gifted daughter’s novel of the *Heiress* [*Inheritance*].” In the gifted daughter’s novel we learn that Uncle Adam was “cross as two sticks,” but his character as a whole is not unattractive, not unamiable; and, though Miss Ferrier the novelist may have been slightly unfilial, Miss Ferrier the daughter was irreproachably filial.

Here again comes in the inevitable comparison with Miss Austen, comparison which is often found to be a con-

trast. It has been said that the author of *Emma* did not found her work upon thumb-nail suggestions, and most unlikely would she have been to take these from relations or friends. William Price, to be sure, and the frequent examples of sisterly affection in Miss Austen have often been thought to owe much to the fact that she had sailor brothers, and to the strong attachment between her and an older sister. The cross that William Price brought to his sister at Mansfield Park, and the topaz crosses, bought with a part of "the produce" of his share of a privateer, that Charles Austen gave Jane and Cassandra, are triumphantly cited, along with the adoption of one of the brothers, much as Frank Churchill was adopted by his uncle, to show that real persons were transferred from life to print by Jane Austen. Suggestions not a few, she doubtless took from the little life about her. She would not have been the cleverest novelist of her time if she had not thus drawn upon the most trustworthy material within a writer's reach. But the sisters of the novels are never strikingly like the sisters of Steventon and Chawton, the young sailors find their counterparts only after the most general fashion in those of the family circle, where one may be sure Lieutenant Price had no counterpart at all, and the two adoptions show all the difference between the rancorous Mrs. Churchill and the amiable and harmonious Knights and Austens. If Miss Austen had been in any degree a copyist, the trick would have shown itself in Mrs. Norris, Mr. Collins, the Eltons, or even in Mr. Woodhouse and Miss Bates, though this the critics seem not to have thought of, rather than in Elinor Dashwood, or Elizabeth Bennet and her sisters, or the good William Price, or the good-looking Frank Churchill. For surely it is the loud and salient (not to say the ridiculous) traits of the people of this world that tempt the thumb-nailer; yet no ill-natured

cousin of Mrs. Norris has arisen in all these years to prove by neighborhood documents that her kinswoman was foully caricatured, no brother parson has come forward to say who was "meant" by Mr. Collins, no lady with an objection to entails has put in a claim to be Mrs. Bennet. The Eltons have not shown up, nor has Jane Fairfax deposed that it was a slander against her aunt, a calumny unworthy of a clergyman's daughter, to make poor Miss Bates as little able to decide as *l'âne de Buridan* between Mr. Woodhouse's pork and Mr. Elton's marriage. For the apparently personal note in *Persuasion*, Mr. Austen-Leigh's memoir of his aunt (the second edition) implies that there may have been a personal reason. There may have been, there may not; but much at least of the subdued tone, the half-lights, in a word the charm of Anne Elliot, must have come simply from the autumn, the twilight, and the evening bell, in the writer's own life. However this may be, there is nothing in the most keenly etched characters of Miss Austen, and less than nothing in that most gentle and beautiful personage, Anne Elliot, to show that her author owed anything more than suggestion to the individual (as distinguished from the general) realities that are beneath the poet's "painted veil." All the evidence, indeed, from within Miss Austen's art, bears toward the truth that she permitted herself only suggestion, selection, and combination — if the formula be not too bald — to aid imagination, to fortify and direct the inventive faculty.

Some weary one may say that all these words might have been spared, might have been condensed and expressed in the single word that Miss Austen is an artist, and that her Caledonian rival — this pen has been dipped in Miss Ferrier's ink — belongs to the larger band of non-artists. Yet such a condemnation would have been hasty, such a classification rigid, for Miss Ferrier is often an

artist, and an admirable one surely, by scenes and bits. And in *The Inheritance*, still more, it may be, in *Destiny*, there are many considerable periods in which the writer's besetting sin ceases to beset her. She can relent, too, from the sharpness it breeds (Molly Macauley and Uncle Adam are witnesses), and let Sir Walter come into the court to declare that her own life was gentle. He writes of Miss Ferrier in the *Gurnal*, that greatest monument of all to his fame, on the title page of which should be set the *Colonna motto*. "Though sad, I am strong:" — "A gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author — female, at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered; simple, full of humor, and exceedingly ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the bluestocking." He would have liked to hear that other gifted and humorous personage say, as she did in one of her letters, apropos of *Waverley*, that Walter Scott had no business to take the bread out of other people's mouths by writing novels. And his heart must have been touched, could he have known what Lockhart knew about Miss Ferrier's last visit at Abbotsford, — the visit that called forth the praise of her just quoted from Scott. This reminiscence of the year 1831, which was gleaned for *Temple Bar*, together with most else of the little existing record of the author of *The Inheritance*, commemorates one of the most touching offices of friendship to be found in books. Says Lockhart in the *Life*: —

"To assist them in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might make these hours more frequent, his daughter had invited his friend the authoress of *Marriage* to come out to Abbotsford, and her coming was serviceable. For she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could

not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gayly as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation of his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect, but before he reached the point it would seem as if some internal spring had given away. He paused and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes gave him the catchword abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking, and she affected also to be troubled with deafness, and would say, 'Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so,' being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity."

To go back again from life to literature, a comparison between a novel of Miss Austen and a novel of Miss Ferrier is likely to show us each writer in the light of the other better than any amount of unfortified comment on the works of either. It will be fair to each to take her best book, and this, in the case of Miss Ferrier, is by common consent *The Inheritance*. If we set over against it *Emma*, the partisans of *Pride and Prejudice*, and even of *Persuasion*, though these are more subtle and more difficult, will perhaps let the choice pass for the sake of argument. Now in *The Inheritance* the reader is met almost on the threshold by Miss Pratt, for whom I have a profound respect as by far Miss Ferrier's best achievement in character. The masterly, hard brightness of the pages that introduce this feminine Paul Pry is kept up through all her "scenes." With such eyes, such ears,

and such a tongue, it is not to be wondered at that she is commonly to be found where she is not wanted. Miss Pratt humiliates the proud and outrages the dignified. She interrupts lovers' confidences, and listens to political news not meant for her; and finally precipitates the end of Lord Rossville by alighting at his door from a hearse, — the omnibus of death being the only vehicle she could find to speed her on the way through a heavy snowstorm. Thus does the vivacious busybody shuttle in and out through the complications of *The Inheritance*. But the word is misleading, since Miss Pratt has far less to do with the web than a shuttle, and will rather be remembered as a brilliant strand, — of a shade that fights with all the other colors, — which appears, vanishes, and reappears, without apparent premeditation and with little influence on the pattern. Miss Pratt is never in greater form than when she talks about her invisible nephew, Anthony Whyte, — a stroke of genius, and the anticipation of a stroke of genius in an author with whom Miss Ferrier has much in common; and were it not for the too constant repetition of his name and for the farcical monstrosity of the hearse, this triumphant invention would run some of Miss Austen's best characters hard. The management of this best personage of her triad is, by the way, a curious and valuable illustration of Miss Ferrier's lax method, for, with all the traits of a marplot, Miss Pratt, except in the instance of the Earl's incredible taking-off, is let neither to make nor to mar the plot of *The Inheritance*, from which we stay too long. A chapter of accidents precedes the first chapter of the book, and by these Mrs. St. Clair finds herself bringing her beautiful daughter Gertrude to the halls of Rossville Castle. The castle is the inheritance, to which Gertrude, as the only child of a younger son of Lord Rossville, is heiress presumptive. But she has the misfortune to fall in

love with the wrong nephew of that nobleman, who, when she refuses to convey her affections to the right nephew, threatens to disinherit her. All this time a villainous stranger has hovered about. He has some mysterious hold on Mrs. St. Clair, who makes her daughter and the reader equally unhappy with her melodramatic schemes and lamentations; and Gertrude is assisted, at a moment when the hovering becomes acute, by her mother's old Uncle Adam, an excellent study in portrait exaggeration. But, before things can be brought to a crisis by disinheritance, Lord Rossville dies intestate, and the new Lady Rossville, now her own mistress, goes away to London, accompanied by the wrong nephew and Mrs. St. Clair. She drinks deep of the turbid spring of London gayety, which makes her sick of the metropolis and all its works. Miss Ferrier, who, when she is not a caricaturist, is very apt to be a moralist, has her opinion of London and of fashionable life; and in each of her three novels, it is to be observed that any truly good person soon wearies of the world and its ways. But worse things than London are in store for poor Gertrude. She no sooner returns to Rossville than Lewiston — the villainous stranger, and an American — not only hovers about the castle, but actually swoops down upon it and enters its doors. It now appears through Lewiston that Gertrude is not what we took her for, that she is not of the St. Clair blood at all, and that Mrs. St. Clair introduced her to Lord Rossville as his granddaughter, not only to grasp the inheritance, if so she might, but also to avenge the slights which in the past had been put upon her own inferior birth. The wrong nephew now proves himself very wrong indeed by deserting his love and marrying the Duchess of St. Ives, but the sky soon clears, for the good Mr. Lyndsay, a third nephew, not yet mentioned, inherits the kingdom by the death of the heir. He has long loved Ger-

trude, and so, by a bouleversement with which Lord Tennyson's ballad has made the world familiar, she no sooner steps down with a single rose in her hair than Mr. Lyndsay comes forward as Lord Ronald, and Gertrude is still the Lady Clare.

The humors of the novel are well attended to, as, in addition to Miss Pratt and Uncle Adam Ramsay, there are to make us laugh the immortal Mrs. Major, who is always talking about "my situation," the scarcely less immortal Lilly Black (whose Augustus, by the way, although droll enough, is as conventional as the London 'Arry whom he is a good deal like), the Major himself, and the Blacks in general, Mrs. St. Clair's vulgar relations, — not to speak of the Major's too-maternal sister, Mrs. Fairbairn, and Miss Becky Duguid, who have already been spoken of. Scenery less abounds than in *Destiny*, where the influence of Wordsworth's poetry is unmistakably felt, or even in *Marriage*; but wherever it occurs, Miss Ferrier shows her unusually good powers of description. The story is on the whole well managed, — *The Inheritance* and *Destiny* differ chiefly from *Marriage* in having a story — and the persons of the drama revolve fairly well, in the old-fashioned way, about a young woman who is much less trying than Miss Ferrier's other two heroines. Edith Glenroy and Mary Douglas have an afflicting amount of sensibility, and Mary, as readers of *Marriage* may remember, is one who would "sink lifeless" on her mother's bosom at the least provocation. The English of this novelist, barring *will* or *shall*, and a few other Scotticisms, is always good and often excellent, but quite too conscious of itself to be of the best service in dialogue. Her French is as often bad as her English is excellent, and a lady who is capable of writing *esprit forte* should be charier of that language than is Miss Ferrier. There are, however, evidences on every page, far too many evidences,

indeed, for fiction, that the author is uncommonly well read in both English and French; Cicero, Montaigne, La Bruyère, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas More, and everybody else, are made to stand sponsors for the chapters in *The Inheritance* as in *Marriage*; and Mr. Lyndsay, the virtuous hero of the former work, is so apt at quotation that he sometimes narrowly escapes the absurdity of the precious ladies who enliven Mrs. Blumits' *salon*. As for Lewiston, one knows not whether he is queerer in his capacity of American or of a villain who gives away the circumstances of Gertrude's birth, and thus spoils his only chance of getting any more money. All for all, then, *The Inheritance*, in spite of an enormous expense of talent on the part of an indubitably "clever woman, sir," is a rather grotesque blend of modern manners with the old-fashioned romantic novel, the whole conducted in the presence, and with the occasional aid of a group of those Smollett-like originals who make Miss Ferrier's novels worth reading. So that we of to-day read with unfeigned surprise what the Shepherd said in November, 1826. He had been speaking of *The Inheritance*, which was published two years before, and added: "which I aye thought had been written by Sir Walter, as weel's *Marriage*, till it spunked out that it was written by a leddy."

Sir Walter did not write much like the leddy who wrote *The Inheritance* — *pace* the Shepherd — and still less did she write like the lady whose crowning glory is *Emma*. Consider for a well-spent moment the plot of that delightful narrative. It may without exaggeration be said to consist of perfectly commonplace people in perfectly commonplace circumstances, to whom happen perfectly commonplace things. It is so very probable that once or twice it verges on improbability, just as vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself, or as a very straight person is prone to bend back-

ward. "Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her." She is at the head of her father's house, everybody knows, her mother being dead and her sister married. The Woodhouses are people of consideration, and Emma, with a particular propensity to match-making, takes great pains for the advantage of a silly, pretty friend of hers in a humbler way of life. Much of the interest results from these attempts and what becomes of them. Emma is forced, in the long run, to let the girl to whom she is attached marry the very man whom at first she kept her from marrying. She unexpectedly finds herself (or her consequence and money) beloved by a man whom she wished to love her friend; she herself almost falls in love with a man who cares for some one else; and ends by marrying the very man whom it would most have astonished her to think of marrying six months before. The various shifts by which all this is brought about have the verity and detail of life, and the on-looker cries bravissima to a writer who, with the help of no unusual character, except perhaps the slightly heightened comic mask of Mr. Woodhouse, can tease us out of thought as does Jane Austen. She has invested the commonplace with enduring charm. She can be quiet without being humdrum. In a word, Miss Austen chronicles the smallest of beer, and makes it sparkle like Mumm's extra dry. Yet Emma — and (with qualifications) *ex Emma Jane Austen* — has as many dramatic complications as *The Inheritance*, if indeed it has not more. But how infinitely quieter are the tone and accent of the play! And the stage, how infinitely small! It is a "little bit (two inches wide) of ivory," and the scenery is

painted with the finest of brushes, as to which Miss Austen made only one mistake, namely, that it "produces little effect after much labor."

What the pseudo-Austen of Scotland would have done with the materials of Emma is awesome to conjecture, but useful also as a means of critical comparison. She would, I am sure, have taken away what little sense Miss Bates ever had, and bestowed considerable sensibility upon Emma. Mr. Woodhouse would have had some droll disease peculiar to valetudinarians, and there might not improbably have been a Scotch cousin to recommend a few of the gruel. Wicked fashionables would have come down from London — vide *Marriage*, vide *The Inheritance*, vide *Destiny* — to flaunt their follies and vices before the morality of Hartfield and the rural ingenuousness of Highbury. Or else the reader would have been taken up to town with Frank Churchill when he went to have his hair cut, or with the John Knightleys — though not to Brunswick Square — and folly and fashion would have been shown in all the insolence of their native heath. It is easy to imagine a Ferrierized Miss Bates, vastly funny, we may be assured, but speaking two pages to her present one, and burlesquing the Elton-pork scene out of all recognition. Jane Fairfax and Mr. Knightley would be triple prigs, and Knightley would be even more tiresome than he is in reality. The little group of old women round Mr. Woodhouse would be funny incredibilities, there would be a long rigmarole and mystery about Harriet Smith's father, and the harmless Fairfax-Dixon dealings might, it is to be feared, be an intrigue of the deepest dye. But there is too much Ferrier in this mode of criticism. Let us hasten to be good-natured and add that, although a great part of this new, monstrous Emma would be grossly tedious and most of it improbable, another considerable portion could not fail — to

go back to Miss Clavering's word — of being screechingly laughable. Yet we should not care a button, when all was over, how long Mr. Woodhouse lived after the end of the book to keep Emma and Mr. Knightley out of Donwell, or what the word was that Frank Churchill placed before Jane Fairfax and she indignantly swept away unread. We do care very much in the real Emma, and Jane used to tell those who asked her, if they were worthy of confidence, that Mr. Woodhouse lived two years after his daughter's marriage, and that the rejected word was *p-a-r-d-o-n*. There may be, by the way, discreet and uninformed ones who would like to know that Miss Steele did secure the doctor at last, and that "the considerable sum" given by Mrs. Norris to William Price was — one pound. It is grievous to think that Miss Austen could not have been there at Lyme on the day when the Laureate, having been very carefully shown where the Duke of Monmouth landed, made answer that he should far rather be conducted to the exact spot where Louisa Musgrove fell. Miss Ferrier's people and places have no such hold upon us.

One curious point has been left unnoticed in this scant consideration, and that is the lack of a certain element in Miss Ferrier's novels which was to be expected there. She shows so sensitively in many ways the effect of surrounding conditions, and her mental temper is so keenly satirical, that it is hard to account for the absence of any caricature of the Edinburgh society of her own day and generation. Where Scott, Wilson, Brougham, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Chalmers — to name no more — raised the flag and led the van, there must have been many learned Thebans who made themselves supremely absurd in trying to keep up with the Athenian procession. We do not hear of them from Miss Ferrier. Did n't she dare, or had she compunctious visitings from her better nature? There is no depo-

nent to say, and Charon will not carry a subpoena. But possibly Edinburgh suggested the *précieuses* in Marriage, and Miss Ferrier thought it prudent to establish them at Bath. They are very droll, monstrous droll, in fact. Their talk is the very bravura of burlesque, but it does not wear so well as the discussions of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, or the flow of soul that mingles with Mr. Woodhouse's friendly bowl of gruel, or as this wonderful little bit, taken almost at random: —

" 'Well, Fanny, this has been a fine day for you, upon my word!' said Mrs. Norris, as they drove through the park. 'Nothing but pleasure from beginning to end! I am sure you ought to be very much obliged to your Aunt Bertram and me, for contriving to let you go. A pretty good day's amusement you have had!'

" 'Maria was just discontented enough to say directly, 'I think *you* have done pretty well yourself, ma'am. Your lap seems full of good things, and here is a basket of something between us, which has been knocking my elbow unmercifully.'

" 'My dear, it is only a beautiful little heath, which that nice old gardener would make me take; but if it is in your way, I will have it in my lap directly. There, Fanny, you shall carry that parcel for me; take great care of it; do not let it fall; it is a cream cheese, just like the excellent one we had at dinner. Nothing would satisfy that good old Mrs. Whitaker, but my taking one of the cheeses. I stood out as long as I could, till the tears almost came into her eyes, and I knew it was just the sort that my sister would be delighted with. That Mrs. Whitaker is a treasure! She was quite shocked when I asked her whether wine was allowed at the second table, and she has turned away two housemaids for wearing white gowns. Take care of the cheese, Fanny. Now I can manage the other parcel and the basket very well.'

“‘What else have you been spunging?’ said Maria, half pleased that Sotherton should be so complimented.

“‘Spunging, my dear! It is nothing but four of those beautiful pheasants’ eggs which Mrs. Whitaker would quite force upon me; she would not take a denial. She said it must be such an amusement to me, as she understood I lived quite alone, to have a few living creatures of that sort; and so to be sure it will. I shall get the dairymaid to set them under the first spare hen, and if they come to good I can have them moved to my own house and borrow a coop; and it will be a great delight to me in my lonely hours to attend to them. And if I have good luck, your mother shall have some.’

“It was a beautiful evening, mild and still, and the drive was as pleasant as the serenity of nature could make it; but when Mrs. Norris ceased speaking it was altogether a silent drive to those within. Their spirits were in general exhausted; and to determine whether the day had afforded most pleasure or pain might occupy the meditations of almost all.”

Sixth and lastly, from whatever point of view Miss Austen and Miss Ferrier are looked at together, there is no escape

for the eye of criticism from the dividing distinction which is none the less obvious because Mr. Saintsbury has seized upon it — none the less important because it is obvious. This distinction, and it has perhaps been tediously insisted upon already in our discussion, which so sharply divides the writers of prose fiction, one band of them from another, leaves on one side the practitioners of the normal and on the other the practitioners of the abnormal. Le Sage, Fielding, and Thackeray, are great names, yet not so great that Jane Austen, in these days of Girtton and the Annex, may not be admitted licentiate of their college, if only because no one of them is so uniformly normal as she. Dickens and Smollett are great names, but not so great that Lady M’Laughlan, Miss Pratt, and Mr. M’Dow — who should have a page to himself — do not entitle Miss Ferrier to mention in their company. There must be no attempt here to pronounce on the merits of the rival classes, but thus much may be observed, namely, that the partisans of those who practise the abnormal, who misrepresent life humorously, are always striving to prove that they really belong to the numbers of those who practise the normal, who represent life humorously.

Charles Townsend Copeland.

CHOCORUA IN LITERATURE.

THE White Mountain region in New England is well known to the tourist and the city vagrant. Certain features of its physical and its human life have even passed into literature, for, among others, Hawthorne and Whittier have lighted it with their genius. Hegel says somewhere that one thought of man is worth the whole of nature. He set the price of this commodity high, like Proudhon, because he knew he should be beaten

down; but there is no paradox in the statement that it is not the land speculator, but the poet, who enhances the real value of a mountain. And when we say poet, we distinguish clearly between the one who reports the charms of a scene in nature and him who in whatever form reflects those charms. A thousand pens may make known the attractions of some valley; but not until some one pen has drawn in lines of light

the beauty which he may now see who never has set foot in the valley does the valley have that independent existence which literature gives to inanimate life. This is the function of art, to liberate, for the delight of all, that which nature keeps secret for the eye of her lovers.

The White Mountain region is buttressed on the south by what is known as the Sandwich range, a series of wooded slopes stretching from the Pemigewasset on the west to the Saco on the east, and serving thus as the base from which are drawn the two ranges of Franconia and the Presidential group. Out of this range rise Sandwich Dome, Whiteface, Passaconaway, Paugus, and Chocorua, the last a mountain so individual, so nobly moulded, so kingly in its bearing, that whether seen from the distant waters of Asquam or from the triple lake which lies at its base, it commands the landscape with a strong will. The eye, following the lines which meet at its head thrown back against the northern sky, rests with content upon a form which is singularly self-centred, yet harmoniously composed with the sweep of mountain lines stretching to the west and south. The rich title which it received from the Indian chief whose story clings to it as the mist of tradition is the most satisfying name ever given to a mountain, and the voice dwells upon it as upon a strain of music.

From the base of this range of mountains flow streams of which the Bearcamp River is the most notable. Meadow and wooded slopes and sandy barrens and half-hidden lakes make the foreground and the approach to the heights, and a few farming villages with light factory industries are dotted over the landscape. The railroad skirts the neighborhood through which the mountain stages before the day of the railroad carried their lively freight during the short summer season. The compara-

tive seclusion of the district, with its marvelous picture of mountain beauty, has attracted little by little those who enjoy nature singly rather than in crowds, and especially about Chocorua Lake are gathered the summer homes of down-country people to the gradual extrusion of the diminishing farming folk.

It is this region which forms the theme of Mr. Bolles's pastoral.¹ In a preceding volume, *Land of the Lingerer Snow*, he lured the reader by degrees, from jaunts about the country neighboring Boston, deeper and deeper into the mountain fastnesses, until the book closed with a few sketches of life in the Chocorua region. In this volume he leaves the city almost wholly behind him, returning to it once for an impressive contrast, and devotes himself to a chronicle of life in sunshine and storm within the brooding forest, by the shore of the gleaming lake, upon the slopes and on the summit of the mountain range.

Two or three of Mr. Bolles's chapters have already been under the eye of readers of *The Atlantic*. From these, such as *Alone on Chocorua at Night*, and from other papers not included in the book, it is possible to get a taste of the flavor of his writing; but a careful reading of the two books which include thus far his deliberate work impresses one with the belief that in Mr. Bolles we have an artist in letters who, if he leaves these books only, will have made a distinct contribution to American literature. We are half inclined to regard him as the spokesman of a large class of cultivated men and women, — those who retire into the mountainous country with genuine but somewhat inarticulate delight in nature; who see and hear, without distinguishing clearly, the plumage and notes of birds, who watch the changes on the mountain slopes, and follow the day as it shades into night, and the night as it blossoms into day, without the power

¹ *At the North of Bearcamp Water: Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from July to De-*

cember. By FRANK BOLLES. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

which art gives to communicate this delight to others. The summer boarder has had his experience set forth for him by the airy story-teller. It is much that the resident in the mountain region has his emotion in the midst of the silent world of nature interpreted by the sympathetic and often profound report of a keen observer, a vigorous spirit, a delicate artist.

Mr. Bolles is this because he does not elect to be a spokesman. His individual but not isolated genius has impelled him to go "across lots," and not keep to the highways or even footpaths which other men have laid out. As a result there is an aggressive tone to his writing which belongs to one who enjoys the freedom of nature; but that freedom is in reaction from artificial life, and thus the expression corresponds to the feeling so sure to find a place in the minds of those who have made a temporary return to wilder scenes. The exhilaration which vibrates in his prose meets a responsive chord in the souls of readers who have been made sensitive alike by the restraint of conventional life and the unloosing which follows the rebound to nature. It is not, we suspect, the mind's eye of a countryman which pierces the appearance of things, but his whose training has been amongst men and books while his native instinct has known a homing for the woods and fields. There is a brief passage at the close of a graphic chapter headed 'Lecture Day, '92, which illustrates well this cast of thought. Mr. Bolles had gone to Tamworth to vote, and returning had spent the evening in Boston in a newspaper office, waiting for the returns from the great presidential election. "Before sleep came to me," he writes, "a panorama of the day swept in feverish review across my closed eyelids. I saw the surging mob in Washington Street, the group around the telegraph machine, the motley crowd in the Tamworth town hall, the baby beauty of

the Ossipee plains, and then, like a benediction, came a vision of Chocorua, snow-capped and immutable in a pale blue sky, with the rosy light of the clear November morning flooding its wondrous peak." The noble passage which forms the culminating strain in the fine description of a night on Chocorua was written by one whose thought was deepened, not created, by converse with the mysterious depths of nature.

It is this element of human thought which lifts the delightful descriptions of scenery and narrative of adventure into a higher place than commonly belongs to writing of this class, and closely allied is the element of sympathy with human life which is shot through the whole like a golden thread. Without parade, this element is conspicuous by its kindly presence. There is, for example, in the chapter from which we have just quoted a charming description of a little home in the woods on which the writer stumbled as he was returning to the railway station, and readers of *A Wintry Wilderness* will recall the little interior scene painted so deftly near the end of the narrative.

It is, in brief, the art of a keen and sympathetic observer of a bit of nature where man is no intruder, but a part of the scene, which makes this book a genuine piece of literature. Mr. Bolles's sense of the life, the color, the movement of nature is very keen, and something of the swiftness of his eye has gone into the deftness of his touch. If he rests for a moment, it is only because he would catch some tremulous moment and hold it for his reader. For the most part, it is an art which transfers the passion, the stir, the moving force of a world pulsating with life to the printed page, and renews through literature, in sentences compact yet flowing, something of that divine beauty which is impressed upon the eyes of those who have the good fortune to know the little world of Chocorua.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Children of the King, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) Mr. Crawford will not in this book disappoint those readers who expect much from so accomplished and versatile a story-teller. We use the last words advisedly of one who is a story-teller by inborn gift, and not, like many of his more or less successful co-workers, by force or circumstance. The *blasé* gentleman and the noble son of the people are familiar characters in fiction, and are often depicted with so much conventional sentiment, not to say cant, that all the reader's sympathy is perversely given to the high-born reprobate. But Ruggiero, who, with his brother, is the last of a family of Calabrian peasants that has no other surname than *dei figli del Rè*, perhaps a long-past inheritance from some Norman conqueror, is a genuinely heroic figure. The author's touch has seldom been more vigorous and truthful than in the sketch of this strong, brave, honest, and, we may say, primitive man. The well-bred and worthless Conte di San Miniato, the indolent, self-indulgent, and heartless marchesa, and their victim, the clever, impulsive, charming Beatrice, are drawn with equal delicacy and effectiveness. How San Miniato and the marchesa make their evil bargain, covering ugly truths with the suavest Italian courtesy of phrase, and how Ruggiero, loving Beatrice with an entirely hopeless passion, gives himself body and soul to save her from a hateful marriage, is what the story admirably sets forth. The tale is excellent in construction and swift in movement, save for some quite unnecessary deliberation in the introductory chapters. That it has the color and atmosphere of Southern Italy need not be said. — A Mere Cipher, by Mary Angela Dickens. (Macmillan.) The heroine of this novel, and by far the most interesting character in it, is Mrs. Custance, the cowed, shrinking, colorless, and almost inarticulate wife of an indolent and self-indulgent doctor, whose heartlessness and utter want of principle are somewhat veiled by a certain attraction of person and manner. Though no one recognizes the fact, least of all the young man himself, Mrs. Custance is really the good angel of the

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hero of the tale, who has won the forlorn woman's heart by simply treating her with the courtesy and consideration to which, in her wretched married life, she had grown unaccustomed. Her timid pleadings rouse him from the apathy and despair to which his own folly and weakness have brought him; she turns to him the heart of the woman he loves, and finally, at the heaviest possible cost, saves him from ruin. This pathetic figure is exceedingly well drawn, — sympathetically, yet without exaggeration or false sentiment. As we have intimated, the interest centres in herself and her pitiful story. The other characters are more or less conventional, and the chapters devoted to the exposition of the hero's philanthropic schemes are, truth to tell, rather tiresome. — Playthings and Parodies, by Barry Pain. (Cassell.) Capital criticism on literature and life in the form of imitations, parodies, and mock-serious essays. The fun in the book is never uproarious, but it is often exceedingly keen, and the gravity of demeanor with which Mr. Pain announces his whimsies adds to the humor. — By Subtle Fragrance Held, by Mary Fletcher Stevens. (Lippincott.) A slight novel, in which the author aims to transform a not too hardened society girl into a woman of principle and with power of loving. There are the customary misunderstandings, the timely loss of property, the masterful young man who has himself already been converted from the error of his selfish ways; and though the incidents are not many or important, and the characters not very effectively modeled, there is refinement, honest sentiment, and good English. — An Artist in Crime, by Rodrigues Otto Ungui. (Putnams.) A well written and cleverly planned detective story. It is the old game of Button, button, who's got the button? and we can promise those who like literature of this sort more satisfaction than they often get; for though the book belongs to the order of puzzles in literature, the touch is lighter and the handling more skillful than is usually the case. — Sybil Trevelyan, by Mrs. Reginald Hughes. (Ward & Drummond, New York.) An English love story, correctly written, with figures that

are almost venerable in the service of novelists, and misunderstandings and readjustments which have become so well known in books that it would seem almost impossible for the reader of fiction ever to make similar mistakes in real life. There is a death by drowning, of course, and a rescue and "mine at last" on the seventh page from the end; the closing six pages being reserved for explanations. — Mr. Eggleston's *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* (Orange Judd Co., New York) comes to us in a new edition, with an Introduction and Notes on the Dialect by the author. This introduction is entertaining from its half autobiographical nature and the freedom with which Mr. Eggleston lays about him.

History and Biography. The Tragedy of the Cæsars: A Study of the Characters of the Cæsars of the Julian and Claudian Houses, by S. Baring-Gould, M. A. (Imported by Scribners.) Those readers (a large class, we think) to whom the personal element in history most strongly appeals will find these volumes peculiarly attractive. Indeed, the narrative is biographical rather than historical, and only such political and military events are described as are in the writer's view needful for the proper comprehension of certain great actors therein. As a preliminary to his work, Mr. Baring-Gould devoted much time to a careful study of the faces of his subjects, as shown in the portrait-busts preserved in various museums, thus adding greatly, he feels assured, to his knowledge of the men and women of the Julian and Claudian houses. The author's position is that of an Imperialist, so to speak; and as to the first three Cæsars, it may be briefly said that he idolizes the great Julius, warmly admires Augustus, and regards Tiberius with a mixture of respect and pity. In contradistinction to this, it hardly needs saying that Cicero is treated with consistent injustice by a writer who, as a devotee of Cæsar, goes beyond even Mommsen. Two of the most curious passages in the book are the rapt description of the face of Cæsar, with its "sweet, sad, patient smile, . . . and that far-off look into the heavens, as of one searching the unseen," and the presentment of Cicero as an intellectual but time-serving English parson on the look-out for a deanery. The latter portion of the work tells the direful tale of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, the terrible

ending of the Julian race. The book is vigorously written, and is readable from beginning to end. If the writer is sometimes carried away by partisan zeal, he does not forget in certain matters, which he views without prejudice, that persons greatly placed are also greatly libeled, and that the gossip of old Rome was inexpressibly malignant and virulent. In many cases, the reader will be willing to give with him the benefit of very real doubts. The book is admirably and very fully illustrated with portraits taken from statues, busts, medals, coins, and gems, all of which are described in detail, while the questions as to their authenticity and comparative value are intelligently discussed. This feature of the work deserves the heartiest commendation. — *Memories of the Professional and Social Life of John E. Owens*, by his wife. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) A familiar narrative of the career of a well-known comedian, written not by some one who saw Mr. Owens from the front of the stage, but by one who knew him as something besides an actor, a kindly, cheerful and enthusiastic man. It is full of detail, without very much regard to the importance of the details, and is enlivened with anecdote, gossip, and slight running comment and criticism on impersonations. In reading memoirs of actors, one is struck with the almost vain effort to make scenes vivid which depend for their vividness upon the histrionic. One is reluctant to confess that a book will not do what the stage does, and the anecdotes all seem to lack the accompanying gesture and facial expression which made them so witty at first hand. — *Through Colonial Doorways*, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. (Lippincott.) An exceedingly pretty book in its exterior presentment, and disclosing when one comes to the contents a light and agreeable *réchauffée* of the humane side of our colonial antiquities. The Meschianza, that pageant of Revolutionary days which glitters like a jewel in the distance and shows paste when one gets nearer, the Wistar Parties, in which Philadelphia society shows how it can be dignified in the midst of frivolity, the Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies, New York Balls and Receptions, — these and similar topics enable the author to give some notion of the frisky side of not too distant antiquity. May not our descendants have historical societies

devoted to the great Whist Revival of the last Decade of the Nineteenth Century? — *The Lost Atlantis and other Ethnographic Studies*, by Sir Daniel Wilson. (Macmillan.) Eight papers, chiefly on prehistoric subjects, which the author collected from their temporary depositaries and revised before his death. They relate to the Lost Atlantis, the Vinland of the Northmen, Trade and Commerce in the Stone Age, Pre-Aryan American Man, Relative Racial Brain-Weight and Size, and are marked by the patient accumulation of facts and cautious deductions of a trained scientific mind. In his paper on Vinland, for example, Sir Daniel recites with perfect courtesy the conjectures of enthusiastic men who have established Leif's landfall as confidently as if they had access to his log, but quietly dismisses the result with an exclamation point and a "to his own satisfaction, at least, it is manifest that the author has identified the site."

Economics. American Marine. The Shipping Question in History and Politics, by William W. Bates. (Houghton.) In an octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages Mr. Bates has reviewed the history of navigation in this country, especially in its connection with legislation. He has considered the question of materials, of seamen, of insurance, of commercial profit, and above all of national self-reliance. He has amassed a great body of facts which men of different way of thinking will use differently, but he makes them all support his thesis of governmental support. His book will be of great service to students, not only as a vigorous plea by a man of long experience, but as an arsenal of weapons to be used on both sides of the economic controversy.

Education and Text Books. Aleuin and the Rise of the Christian Schools, by Andrew Fleming West. (Scribners.) A volume in The Great Educators series. A careful, reserved study of the man and his influence with special reference to the place which he occupied in the transmission of learning. It is a glimmering light in the darkness which Aleuin's lamp seems to show, but it makes the darkness more visible. — *The Theory of Education*, by William T. Harris. (Bardeen.) In this address, besides making an historical résumé, Dr. Harris assails vigorously the lazy oral

method; lazy, that is, for the scholar. — *The Foundations of Rhetoric*, by Adams Sherman Hill. (Harpers.) Mr. Hill regards words as the raw material of literature, and his method leads him to proceed from the consideration of words to sentences, from sentences to paragraphs. The method has its advantages, and inasmuch as the process looks to a constant criticism and vigilance, and to a study of good usage, the only peril lies in an exaggerated attention to details and an undue uneasiness over form. It is a risk worth taking, when so many young writers rely upon the standard of familiar speech. — *Figure Drawing for Children*, by Caroline Hunt Rimmer. (Lothrop.) This charming little volume, by the artist daughter of the late Dr. Rimmer, tells in a simple and fascinating way, how the method of drawing the adult human figure, taught by that distinguished artist, may be applied to the education of the child. It is no quack pretense of teaching one to draw perfectly in so many lessons, but aims to awaken the artistic feeling in a child, by giving, in the first place, the fundamental proportions and lines of the figure, then showing how these lines rightly divided can be made to express action and "tell a story;" then how by the addition of the rounded outline of flesh and muscle a beautiful and harmonious whole is formed. To a child thus taught, the habit of observation roused, and the universal desire of imitation rightly directed, infinite avenues of pleasure are opened wide. — Recent numbers in Heath's Modern Language Series are *L'Expédition de la Jeune-Hardie*, by Jules Verne, edited by W. S. Lyon; *Schiller's Der Neffe als Onkel*, edited by H. S. Beresford-Webb; *Assolant's Une Aventure du Célèbre Pierrot*, edited by R. E. Pain; *Gervais' Un Cas de Conscience*, edited by R. P. Horsley; *Legouvé and Labiche's La Cigale chez les Fourmis*, edited by W. H. Witherby.

Theology. *Prayer-Meeting Theology. A Dialogue*, by E. J. Morris. (Putnams.) Three men, who have been steadfast in all weathers and under all discouragements at the prayer-meeting of their church in the country for twenty years, fall to discussing first the cause of the decline of interest in the meeting, and then those fundamental questions of faith and life which are restated and re-answered in modern Chris-

tianity. The writer has a pungent and forcible style, and though he does not put much vitality into the persons of his interlocutors, who are reduced to the letters A, B, and C, he distinguishes their separate attitudes toward the subjects discussed, and is plainly no indifferentist himself, but an open-minded, earnest pursuer of the elusive truth, who rests his faith on something more than logic. The book is well worth reading.

Poetry. A Paradise of English Poetry. Arranged by H. C. Beeching. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) Under such comprehensive terms as Love, Home Affections and Friendship, Man, Patriotism, Art, Romance, Nature, Pastorals, Death, Religion, Mr. Beeching has brought together from the lyric and dramatic poetry of England the most lofty and permanent examples. He has arranged his matter substantially in chronological order, and as he excludes copyright poems and poems of living writers, he has the advantage of Time as a critic. Why he should have disregarded all sonnets we do not quite see; the exclusion seems somewhat arbitrary; but by narrowing his range and drawing from the great springs of poetry, he has produced a book of high order. There is a small body of judicious and serviceable notes, and the editor professes to have used great care in his text. — The Eloping Angels; a Caprice, by William Watson. (Macmillan.) A little volume of twenty-nine eight-line stanzas. Surely Mr. Watson need not have stepped down quite so far after his poems had been brought together. The audacity is in the title alone; there is no wit in the scheme nor poetry in the execution.

Travel. A Handbook for Travelers in Japan. (Imported by Scribners.) This is one of Murray's handbooks, and bears on the title-page for its chief editor that master of things Japanese, Basil Hall Chamberlain.

Mr. W. B. Mason, associated with him, is late of the Japanese Department of Communications. The book is based on Saton and Hawes's original handbook, published a dozen years ago, but is after all practically a new and up to date book, though it should be said that two years have elapsed since the Preface was dated. The plan followed is that familiar through Murray's classic series. There is useful introductory matter and there is a good index, there are fifteen maps, and there is a compactness about the plan which permits fullness of information and paucity of mere comment.

Bibliography. The Best Reading. Fourth Series. Edited by Lynds E. Jones. (Putnam's.) A most useful little book, giving in classified form the titles in brief, with prices and places of publication of the more important English and American publications for the five years ending December 1, 1891. One may not always agree with Mr. Jones in his relative estimate of the writers of fiction, whom he ranks as a, b, c, and we question the wisdom of attempting such judgments, as when he undertakes to put Miss Wilkins and Kipling among the b's, and Ruskin in his King of the Golden River among the a's; but this is a slight blemish. The book must be of service to librarians and other book buyers.

Books for the Young. The Moon Prince and other Nabobs, by Richard Kendall Munkittrick. (Harpers.) An entertaining piece of nonsense, as uninterrupted in its succession of fancies as a variety show, but much more refined. There is an endless play on words and situations, and we can imagine a child sitting down and reading the book gravely through, bewildered by the friskiness, but on the alert to know what comes next. A little less fancy, a little more imagination, might last longer, but the book is a study in fun.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Literary
Lack of
Logic.

THERE is something quite striking in the occasional lapses of correct reasoning on the part of writers of no mean ability. At certain points the power of clear perception has apparently for a moment forsaken them. This may happen from various causes. It may come from carelessness. It may come from possible ignorance. It may come from sheer willfulness. What is here meant is best shown by examples.

In Mr. Reade's novel of *Foul Play* the shipwrecked heroine, after her long abode on the desert island, comes bounding down to the shore to greet her father, who has arrived to rescue her, in her clean *white* dress. A lady friend of the contributor's who was reading this story quietly looked up at this place and remarked, "I wonder who her laundress was!" This was carelessness on Mr. Reade's part. It was a lapse of the same kind when Coleridge wrote, —

"The horned moon with one bright star
Within the nether tip."

It was carelessness which made Poe cast the shadow of his raven on the floor, when the raven was sitting on the bust of Pallas just above the parlor door. Even the suggestion of a kindly critic that there was a transom and a hall-lamp in the second story will not overcome the optical difficulty.

It was probably ignorance when Poe in his *Murders in the Rue Morgue* made a point in the story turn upon the falling of a window-sash into place where it appears to be secured by a nail, the head of which is in fact broken off at the neck. The unraveler of the mystery dwells on the inefficiency of the police in overlooking this, thus emphasizing the point. Poe could not have known that such a window as he describes was not to be found in all Paris, or for that matter in all France. But it was a direct failure of the logical faculty, the more remarkable in a story of acute and wonderful analysis, when he represented the owner of the homicidal ape as looking in at the window from the point on a line with it where he hung on a lightning-rod. It is distinctly stated that the distance from the rod to the window-sill was too great for the sailor to reach from one to

the other. The ape gained access to the room by swinging on a shutter, a Venetian blind, which he left standing out at a right angle to the wall. A moment's thought, at least a moment's experiment, will show the utter impossibility of looking into a room under such circumstances. The sailor is too far at one side to reach the window by stretching out from the rod. He could only bend away from the wall at arm's length. His head is at one angle of a right-angled triangle, of which the base represents his distance from the plane of the window, in which runs the perpendicular of the triangle, at least double in length to the base. In that case the hypothenuse will barely clear the sides of the window, and if, as in Paris is the case, the wall is a foot or more in thickness, will not enter the room at all. The interposing Venetian blind would also cut off the view if there were any.

To illustrate the share which willfulness has, one can hardly do better than to touch upon the anachronisms of Scott. These cannot be set down to ignorance of dates. Thus *The Abbot* is at least ten years beyond its real historical distance from the dates of *The Monastery*. If this concerned the hero alone it would not much matter, but it requires the advancement to middle life of Sir Halbert Glendinning, of Mary Avenel, of Edward, and of the Regent Murray. Murray was not forty at the date of his assassination. He appears at the head of the Scottish armies when Halbert is introduced to his notice and when the latter rescues the infant babe of Julian Avenel. This was after the Queen's return to Scotland in '61. For Murray to become the patron of Roland Avenel, when that youth could not well be less than eighteen, would bring Murray to an age at least ten years after the bullet of Bothwellhaugh had ended his career. Since Sir Walter was familiar with the dates of Scottish history, as his *Tales of a Grandfather* show, this can only be set down to willfulness. Quite in keeping with this is the treatment of history in *Ivanhoe*. The clerk of Copmanhurst sings his jolly ballad in praise of the barefooted friar at a

date when St. Francis of Assisi was just founding his order, and one must come down to the days of Chaucer to find any likeness to the picture in the ballad.

It may be said that fiction and poetry are not bound by the laws of logic. Nevertheless, it is not the modern style to be caught tripping. Perhaps, however, it is in grave history that the lapse of this faculty is most evident. No critic was more merciless to the fallacies of an opponent than Lord Macaulay, yet in spite of his omnivorous reading and magnificent memory he was not always sure. He sometimes let a safe general conclusion hurry him into false inferences in the details. He was probably right in considering Marlborough as a lover of money to a great and even criminal degree. That such was Churchill's reputation in his own day is shown by the well-known *mot* of Peterborough, when the mob, misled by the similarity of the coronets, attacked his carriage. "My good fellows," said he, "I am not my Lord Marlborough, and I can prove it to you in a moment. I have only five guineas, and here they are at your service." The cheer of the crowd bore witness to the popular estimate.

This assurance of the general fact trapped Macaulay into unwary generalizing. Marlborough, he tells us, kept hoards of guineas in his drawers, which he was fond of counting and displaying. For this he gives a reference which I was led to look up. I found that the duke did once show to an acquaintance some twenty or thirty guineas put away in a writing-table, and said, "I keep this sum just as it is, for it was the first money I ever earned." If anything could redeem Marlborough's reputation it would be this story. It proves that in one instance the duke was ready to sacrifice a considerable sum of money to a sentiment. The guineas ceased to be money. Since he would not spend them or part with them, they became a souvenir. Macaulay's usually clear intellect missed a very plain distinction. Marlborough was avaricious, but not miserly. He would do much for money that better men would have turned from. But he was as far from the madness of men like Elwes and Daner as he was in his military methods from the temper of Frederick William of Prussia, who hoarded up his high-priced battalion of giants, and shuddered at the thought of

war. Marlborough did not hesitate to put troops into the field when a battle was to be won. And so, with an adequate end in view, thousands of gold pieces would have been spent with the same freedom as that with which he hurled his troopers upon the lines of Blenheim, or rallied them amid the deadly fire of Malplaquet.

There is another field wherein this failure of the logical faculty is even more frequent. It is doubtless because the feelings are more ardent, and foregone conclusions more prevailing. It is the field of Biblical criticism. It is a matter of conscience to sustain or to overthrow certain writings, and the fervor of conviction is often in ludicrous contrast to the poverty of proof. Dr. Schwegeler, the Tübingen critic, devised a neat and symmetrical theory of the origin of the New Testament writing. In dealing with the Pauline Epistles this forced him to reject that to the Ephesians, and he gives as a very convincing reason that it was impossible for St. Paul after his long and loving service at Ephesus to write to that city without many personal greetings. This has weight to a modern scholar and divine who feels that he would surely have closed his letter with abundant messages of affection. But an examination of the whole body of the Pauline Epistles, and especially of those conceded as genuine by every critic, will show that the only cases where personal greetings are used are in letters to churches which St. Paul had never visited. The greatest number of these greetings is in the Epistle to the Romans, and there was a church to which St. Paul was personally a stranger, and where for him to write at all was a very daring venture. The inference then is that these greetings are not tokens of friendship, but are credentials. How they were to serve this end does not matter, since our knowledge of early Christian life is very meagre; but one point is sure, and that is, they were not tokens of personal affection. St. Paul was equally dear to the churches at Corinth, at Philippi, and at Thessalonica, but there is no trace of these greetings in his letters to them.

While on this topic it is impossible to pass by the quaint explanation (in the interests of St. Peter's primacy) of the presiding by St. James in the first General Council — the synod of Jerusalem. "I suppose," said the good brother, "that Peter wanted

to make a speech and so got James to take the chair." It is refreshing to think that Cushing's Manual, or at least the principles thereof, can boast so early and so honorable an origin.

Because of the failure of the logical faculty, a metaphor or simile will sometimes suggest the opposite of the intended meaning. Thus Longfellow's

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight,"

almost impertinently thrusts upon one the sense of night's flying away and leaving the darkness behind it, to the exclusion of the real thought, the descending, fluttering, feather-like fall of the evening gloom. So, too, in another charming lyric where he wrote, —

"The past and present here unite
Beneath time's flowing tide,
Like footsteps hidden by a brook,
But seen from either side."

There is a suggestive beauty in the imagery which might almost condone the misapplication. But logic is pitiless, that the footsteps instead of being hidden are the one visible token that the pathway has come to the spot and gone further on. The associations and memories called up are vivid here at the scene, and fade away into dimness as one recedes. The imagery would befit a slumber or a trance which breaks the continuity of life, but here is just the opposite.

Neither Emerson, Whittier, nor Lowell would have written thus, though one may name other poems of Longfellow which not one of them could have written. The reason for this was, I think, that Longfellow was more exclusively and entirely literary, and that there is something in the pursuit of literature apart from other ends which is unfavorable to the logical faculty. Literature for itself alone to literature for a purpose is as composing a picture to the copying of nature. The artist who does the latter serves truth; the one who attempts the former bids truth serve him. When he gets what he wants he is ever tempted to say, "Go! I don't want you any longer."

A Shelley Haunt. — Certainly, memories and mosses are more decorative to a house than turrets or marble facings, and

no one will deny that the association of a poet's name confers charm upon any home. It may not be amiss to describe our summer abode, in which Percy Bysshe Shelley, with his Mary, spent three months of 1818.

Bagni di Lucca, nestling in the green valley of the Lima in one of the most fertile parts of Tuscany, has been for several hundred years a favorite health and pleasure resort, so that it can boast a long list of distinguished visitors. The names of Byron, Landor, Browning, and many another great man are associated with its leafy ways, and memories of Malibran and Catalani cling to the old ducal palace on the hill. The place, like an antiquated belle, remembers past triumphs and grandeur, days when the Dukes of Lucca and the Grand Dukes of Tuscany held court here, and wealthy foreigners came in their carriages to spend the summer. In more than one garret, tattered old sedan-chairs point back to a time when powdered, jeweled beauties were carried up to Her Highness's balls at the Bagni Caldi, while the generous scale on which all the houses are built indicates a provision for large retinues of servants in every family. Now, with our quicker means of transit, the rich who winter in Rome and Florence go on to Switzerland and the Tyrol; and Bagni di Lucca, with its boast of decayed gentility, is left for families who need to economize and for the omnipresent British old maid. The Bagni is composed of three villages, each one with mineral water bathing establishments; two of them, Ponte Seraglio and the Villa, lie a mile apart along the banks of the river, and the third, Bagni Caldi, is perched high on the hillside.

Shelley's house, overlooking the Villa and on the way to the Bagni Caldi, is too much out of the way to be popular with those who wish for gay summers. Passers stop to look at the big hydrangeas blooming in the tiny sloping garden before it, but grass grows thickly on the path and between the steps which lead up to the narrow arched doorway, and, pronouncing it a "moated grange," they go on by. The house itself seems more like an asylum for old ladies. Eighteen windows on the front without shutters (like lidless eyes) give it a staring look, and one must enter to understand why a poet should have chosen the place. It is explained when one

issues at the back into a garden fit to revel and to dream in. Masses of jessamine hang over the doorway, and there is a big cool well at the kitchen window. Growing geraniums and lemon-trees are set along the side nearest the house, but the rest of the garden is a broad grassy esplanade, shaded densely by beautiful plane-trees, and seeming to be almost suspended over space. To separate it from the vineyards of the upper mountain slope are a few tall yellow lilies and straggling monthlies, and on the valley side is a dainty hedge of canes, overrun with roses and a grapevine, whose leaves and tendrils gleam green and golden against a background of "vaporious amethyst." Lying here in the cool shade, the murmur of the flowing river below floats up to the ear, and the eye dreamily rests on meadow, hillside, and purple height lovely enough to have inspired lines like those written in the Euganean hills. But Shelley was here with a doctor's warning against the excitement of composition; so he read Ariosto with Mary and Claire Clairmont, bathed daily in a rushing mountain torrent, and took long rides in the dewy mornings and evenings, absorbing beauty for coming days. In his letters from here to the Gisbornes and to Peacock, we find reflections of this pleasant life. He says in one letter: "I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder-showers with which the noon is often overshadowed, and which fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fire-flies are fading away fast; but there is the planet Jupiter, who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night, at intervals, over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things, that, when the fire-flies go out, the low-flying owl may see her way home." In another letter he describes the clear pool and spraying waterfall of his forest bath, where, sitting undressed on "the rocks to cool off before an icy plunge," he was accustomed to read Herodotus. While rejoicing in the radiance of the stars, "the finely woven webs of vapor" and the growing richness of the chestnut woods, he found time to translate Plato's Symposium and the Phædrus, began a Discourse of the Manners of the Ancients

relative to the Subject of Love, and, "to please Mary," finished Rosalind and Helen.

The interior of this Shelley house is cut up into many small rooms, all frescoed those vivid blues and greens and yellows that seem a specialty of the Bagni, and the drawing-room is furnished with terrible cockney furniture which it is to be hoped the Shelleys never saw. Upstairs, however, is a big garret to go to one's heart. The dark beams and rafters have never been ceiled, and the walls are only roughly plastered; but it is hung closely with old-time paintings which formed my delighted amusement in days when Shelley was only a name to me. There are long, narrow landscapes made brilliant in the foreground by sections of watermelon so enormous that they dwarf mountains and towers; portraits of slim-waisted rouged ladies, and ruffled ancestors, and, most fascinating of all, realistic Bible scenes. In one of these, God the Father, attired in a long blue dressing-gown, is feeling Adam's head, while Eve, a bold, brazen-faced hussy, stands by with arms folded and an expression of cool indifference. In another, Potiphar's naughty wife has a firm grip on the scarlet coat of flying Joseph; and a *vis à vis* of this shows Joseph's brethren holding up a disreputable pair of bathing-drawers before the weeping father.

Fortunately, the landlady who brought this place as dowry to her husband is of too saving a disposition to alter house or furniture, so year after year we find its delicious ugliness untouched; and the gilt still clinging to the clumsy bedsteads, the cracking inlaid table, and the stained Bartolozzi print remind us that

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Behind the — How many people, I wonder,
Scenes. are blessed or cursed — one
hardly knows which term is the more appropriate — with that irresistible desire for getting behind the scenes which I have felt since childhood? I do not mean, it is scarcely necessary to say, a desire to be introduced into the Green Room, or to have the freedom of the scene-shifters' precincts,

but an impulse to penetrate those still more mysterious regions which form the character and consciousness of the actor himself. The play within the play is the thing that engrosses my attention. There is a fascination in this pursuit, although it sadly interferes with one's enjoyment of what is more strictly speaking the dramatic art. There we sit, the reader and I (for I assume that he shares my idiosyncrasy), gravely conjecturing about the life or character of a particular actor or actress, so absorbed in striving to catch the natural tones in his voice, as distinguished from the theatrical, so intent upon all his gestures and movements, that the real play, to call it such, passes over our heads, almost unheeded.

This, I repeat, is not the legitimate drama; it is not the object for which we pay our money at the box office; and yet perhaps in this way one gets as near a view of the tragedy and comedy of human life as a closer attention to the actual play upon the boards could afford. What romances, what joys, what catastrophes, what sorrows do we not discern speaking even through the paint and powder, through the strange costume, through the assumed manner, through the artificial voice in which the actor vainly seeks to hide his personality! A child-like forehead, a melancholy eyebrow, a sensitive mouth, a graceful throat, the "false twist of a hip," a liquid, or a flashing, or a cold and glittering eye,—any one of these or of a thousand other singularities in appearance will provide a sufficient starting-point for our imaginations.

Sometimes the audience and not the players furnish the tragic or the comic figure which diverts our attention from the fictitious scenes upon the stage. I remember among the spectators at one performance a little crippled boy, with pale face and shabby clothes, his crutch hugged under his arm, lest it should be lost in the crowd of the gallery where he sat;—this small, pitiful figure eclipsed for me, in spite of myself, the unreal scenes upon the stage. I was compelled to spend the evening at a tragedy, whereas it was a comedy that I had come to see. The fact is, people are never at any other time so pathetic to look upon as when they are enjoying some unusual pleasure; the very intensity of their delight on such a rare occasion calls atten-

tion to and emphasizes the darkness of their ordinary life.

But it is not only at the theatre that I find myself thus haunted by an inclination to get behind the scenes, to study the play within the play. Even at church—I confess it—a sacrilegious impulse to dissect the clergyman (morally speaking) seizes upon me, and especially at sermon time. I like sermons,—perhaps I am one of only half a dozen persons, or thereabout, in this country who possess a taste so archaic. Newman's sermons, Robertson's, Trench's, and a few others are on my bookshelves, and from time to time I read them, but alas! not in the right spirit, not, I fear, to edification, for I regard them in the light of works of art. And so of the preacher; when he ascends the pulpit, instead of putting myself in the attitude of a sinner ready to be exhorted and admonished, I take my place, in imagination, beside the minister. I sit in the pulpit. I go along with him in his assault upon the congregation. I appreciate, criticise, condemn or praise, as the case may be, the art with which he manages his subject. I wonder what effect he is producing, and sometimes, when a particularly telling passage has been delivered, I find myself thinking, "That must hit somebody extremely hard,"—never taking the application to myself, although it may be one of my pet vices that is under discussion.

Besides, of course, I have to keep a close scrutiny upon the preacher himself, noting all the subtle tones in his voice, and conjecturing as to whether he really means what he says or not; striving to decide in my own mind when he is absolutely sincere and spontaneous, when he is intentionally theatrical, when he wanders in the vast neutral territory between these two positive states of feeling. This is a very difficult task; and it is not strange that I like hearing sermons, nor can it be accounted singular that they do me no good.

My condition in this respect resembles that of the sexton. As a child I used to wonder—nearly all serious thinking, by the way, is done in childhood—how the sexton could by any possibility be saved, seeing that although his body was necessarily present in the sacred edifice, his mind was occupied with other things than the prayers and sermons, so that he might, spiritually speaking, just as well have been

absent. And this childish problem is one which, even in mature life, I am unable to solve. How, indeed, can there be hope for a man who invariably stands upright while the congregation kneel! How can the heart of the sexton be softened, considering that at the very moment when the minister gathers together the converging threads of his discourse, when he reaches the climax of his appeal, when the light grows dim, when the church is absolutely silent — except for the preacher's voice, when the coughers stop coughing, and even the sleepers awake, conscience-stricken, and pay attention, — how, I say, can the heart of the sexton be softened, considering that at this vital moment he has to steal out on tiptoe and open the storm doors in the vestibule! Perhaps Providence in its infinite mercy may find a way to save the sexton (and me), but I confess that I hardly see how it can be done.

There is another mode of getting behind the scenes which, I take it, is more common, and which certainly has the merit of being innocent. I mean the practice of detecting in the work of a painter or illustrator some hint as to his private life and character. We are all familiar, for example, with the face of Mr. Du Maurier's beautiful wife, and with that magnificent St. Bernard, which must be a frequent guest in his studio. There are two illustrators of a weekly paper published on this side of the water whose clever drawings are often suggestive in a similar way. One of them can scarcely take up his pencil without depicting a certain girl, — a tall, beautiful, stately young woman, with a noble head and an imperious air. This girl is shown in many situations, sometimes talking idly in an easy chair, sometimes standing in a drawing-room, sometimes walking outdoors, and once, I remember particularly, making a slight but graceful courtesy as she greets her hostess in a ball-room. Of course she is the artist's wife, or else she is betrothed to him? Well, no, I fear not, for the peculiarity of this girl (as we see her through the eyes of the artist) is that she always wears an expression of scorn, or at least of disdain. Even when the nature of the situation does not require it, this proud and disdainful expression still appears upon her face. I cannot help thinking that it was stamped indelibly upon the artist's mind

in some supreme and unpleasant moment. However, the most obdurate women have been known to relent; and I live in hopes of seeing this hitherto unapproachable girl drawn in a different fashion. Then, when the haughty head is bent, when the scornful eyes are cast down, when the proud lips are parted by a smile, when a blush (if a blush can be indicated in black and white) appears upon her cheek; — if the weekly — ever contains such an illustration as this, I shall be moved to send the unknown artist a congratulatory present.

The other draughtsman to whom I have referred has enjoyed, unless I am much in error, a happier fate. His girl is always wreathed with smiles. She is short and plump, with a pretty face and a small foot, and an expression roguish, piquant, and essentially good-humored. This is a girl of such character that a strange child would crawl upon her lap, or a strange dog would come and lick her hand without fear of repulse. She is a sad flirt, though, it is to be feared. I remember one scene where, in the very presence of a sleepy chaperon, she kisses a young man behind a book of conveniently large size. Was this lucky youth the artist?

But the picture from which the most certain deduction as to this young woman can be drawn deals with a street-car incident. Probably many of my readers will recollect the three or four successive scenes in which it is described. An unprotected man in a car full of women (among whom is our girl) is at last, by the mute battery of female eyes turned upon him, compelled to give up his seat to a petticoated passenger. To bring this about, the other women look indignant, angry, shrewish, or viragoish, according to their several natures. But how about this particular girl? Could the artist bear to draw a frown upon her beloved face? No; the rogue eludes the difficulty by ingeniously screening her with the body of the woman who is tacitly demanding a seat. When the matter has been arranged, when the vanquished man despondently arises, then indeed her smiling face comes out, as the sun from behind a cloud; and I firmly believe that it shines perpetually upon the fortunate artist.

Shelley, with — Pasted into an old common-
a Codicil. place book is a page, in the late
Dr. Thomas William Parsons' delicate large-

spaced handwriting, which will have an interest for all lovers of Shelley who knew that other humanist poet of ours, gone away, even as he walked among us, unapprehended save by a few, or, in a favorite phrase of his, by a "blessed few." In an idle and affectionate hour, when (as it seems supererogatory to remind the public to whom "Dante's man" confided so very little) there was no thought of more than one reader, Dr. Parsons pleased himself by affixing its final stanza to that sweet and famous fragment of Shelley's called *The World's Wanderers* :—

"Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now ?

"Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now ?

"Weary wind who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or pillow ?"

There the divine little lyric breaks in twain. It bears the date of 1820. Sixty-five years after, a reverent and elder hand sought to match it with these four Shelleyan lines :—

"Spirit of man, O drifting worn
Wreck outgrown of ages, torn
By many terrors ! is thy bourne
A prison or a pillow ?"

"For so," wrote Dr. Parsons playfully, in copying his step-brother verses for a young girl to whom Shelley was the breath of life,—"so do I complete the rhyme, if not the sense, of that bad man, —

'The Kirk maun call him sae' !"

Beautifully, at any rate, does this daring last touch of as exquisite a poet as the New World ever bred compare with another superadded quatrain which is to be read in books. Does any one recall Kirke White's gentle moral quite needlessly hitched to Go, Lovely Rose ? That, moreover, was a finished song, which Shelley's was not; and alas ! it failed, in the nineteenth century, to enrich itself in Waller's own manner.

Port versus — "Firm and erect the Caledonian stood :
Claret. Old was his mutton, and his claret good.
'Let him drink port !' the English statesman
cried.

He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

When the philosophic mind looks at a literary topic, it does so from a contributory,

and not from a prohibitory point of view. Therefore it may be permitted to consider (after a literary fashion) the bearing of national beverages upon national conduct. As a local-optionist of the most pronounced stamp, the present contributor opposes alcohol in every shape, not excepting even Jamaica ginger. As a member of the Club, it is impossible to overlook the fact of the large place in poetry and fiction filled by the juice of the grape and the blood of the barley-corn. From the text of the above epigram, it may be permissible to evolve a brief exposition on the subject of national tastes expressed through their drinks and diet.

Claret and mutton in the north, beef and beer in the south, whiskey in Edinburgh, gin in London, are some of the antitheses which are visible in the chronicles of Great Britain. For a Scotch preference of course an Irish reason is excluded. In the days of Sir Jonah Barrington, a certain squire of Galway, in chronic pecuniary difficulties, was advised to furnish his guests with punch, as being cheaper than claret. His well-known reply was, "An' where would I get tick for a lemon ?" It is not within the limits of credulity, even at the extreme bound set up by the Jew Apella, to suppose such a reason recognized north of the Tweed. To examine more fully the fare of the two nations will perhaps illustrate the difference. Scotch mutton compared with English beef ; Scotch ale, light and effervescent, with English porter, heavy and heady ; oat and barley meal bannocks with close and heavy wheat bread ; Glenlivet with Hollands ; and lastly claret with port, show in contrast the tendency of the one nation to mind and of the other to matter. The English objection to thin potations is that one "gets no forrarder" in proportion to the amount consumed.

The beginning of the national tastes was probably this, however. Up to the accession of James I. Scotland and England were two hostile realms. The constant ally of Scotland was France, and in Scotch words and customs are still found survivals of the impress of French ideas. Up to the act of union the two peoples of Great Britain continued almost as distinct as England and Hanover under the Georges. There was one sovereign, but there were two governments. On the other hand, the commercial and po-

litical ties between England and Portugal were of long and unbroken standing. Doubtless it was for reasons of revenue that the English statesman cried, "Let him drink port!" But apart from these, there was a certain understood persuasion that the drinking of port was a badge of loyalty and orthodoxy in church and state, a good old Tory practice, while claret was apt to mantle in the glass that was waved above the water carafe when the toast of "the king" was honored. As a proof of what is here laid down, it will be found that when wine is mentioned unqualified by specific title, the Englishman understands port, and the Scotchman claret.

There is yet another explanation of these opposed tastes. Port was the accepted and canonical drink of the beneficed clergy of the English Established Church. The old school parson, as late as the Waterloo era, was stanch to this tradition. Arthur Pen-dennis, Esq., owns that to the rector of Clavering St. Mary's was due the taste for old port which he preserved through all his days. Lord Tennyson, the son of a clergyman, in his Lyrical Monologue to the plump head-waiter at the Cock, chants the praise of his pint of port. This would go far to make the wine of Oporto "poison" to the "firm and erect Caledonian." As a true blue Presbyterian he shunned the prelatical beverage. He chose his claret drawn from the wood, and not his port in glass. If he could not get claret, he was content with whiskey, which, like the Covenanters of old, had its lurking place in the same glens and hillside morasses that had baffled the dragoons of Claverhouse as after they defied the gaugers of Walpole. Claret came indeed from France, but there were Huguenot vineyards as well as popish, while the presses of Oporto and Xeres were trodden only by the feet of the children of Belial, the servants of the Man of Sin, the devotees of the Scarlet Woman. But, how-

ever the taste began, the fact seems to be manifest of the varying tastes on the opposite sides of the border.

The contributor of this brief note is of course unable to speak with assurance of the comparative influences upon national character of the two vinous preparations. He is bound to esteem the port to be indeed "poison" to the Caledonian without conceding that the claret could be "good" for the Englishman, so long as any portion of the original sin of alcohol abode in it. But, as a theoretical and tentative speculation, he may be permitted to query whether the English choice did not incline to the drink which was supposed to lull and soothe the nerves after violent physical exertion, while the Caledonian valued the draught which should stimulate convivial and intellectual activity. From various passages of authors who are presumably experts, he is led to regard port as ruminant and sedative in its effects. Port is pictured as the wine which a solitary drinker sips in unsocial solitude, while claret is associated with a table round which gay guests are gathered, and across which flash bright rays of wit and song. The Jacobite melodies, the ditties of Burns and Cunningham and Hogg, the gay *chansons* of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, the "high jinks" of Counsellor Pleydell, the symposia of the Baron of Bradwardine, point to claret as the inspirer of the gay revel. Of course the final stage of ebriety is much the same with over-indulgence in either potation, but the inference seems to be that the Scotchman prefers to travel toward it along the path of stimulation, — as Thackeray puts it, "to chirrup in his cups," — while the Englishman seeks the same goal by the road of stupefaction.

Perhaps some other member of the Club will say who the English statesman was who called out the epigram given above, and what the process by which the Caledonian was forced to "drink the poison."

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